Collier's

AUGUST 15, 1942 TEN CENTS

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HITLER REACHES FOR THE WO

By Harold L. Ickes

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

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Duraglas* protects the Vitamins that Protect America's Health
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America's leading vitamin products come to you in Duraglas bottles and jars . . . safe from crushing and moisture. Duraglas provides trustworthy protection for the Vitamins that help each of us keep fit. Look for brands in modern, convenient Duraglas* packages. More and more industries are adopting Duraglas.

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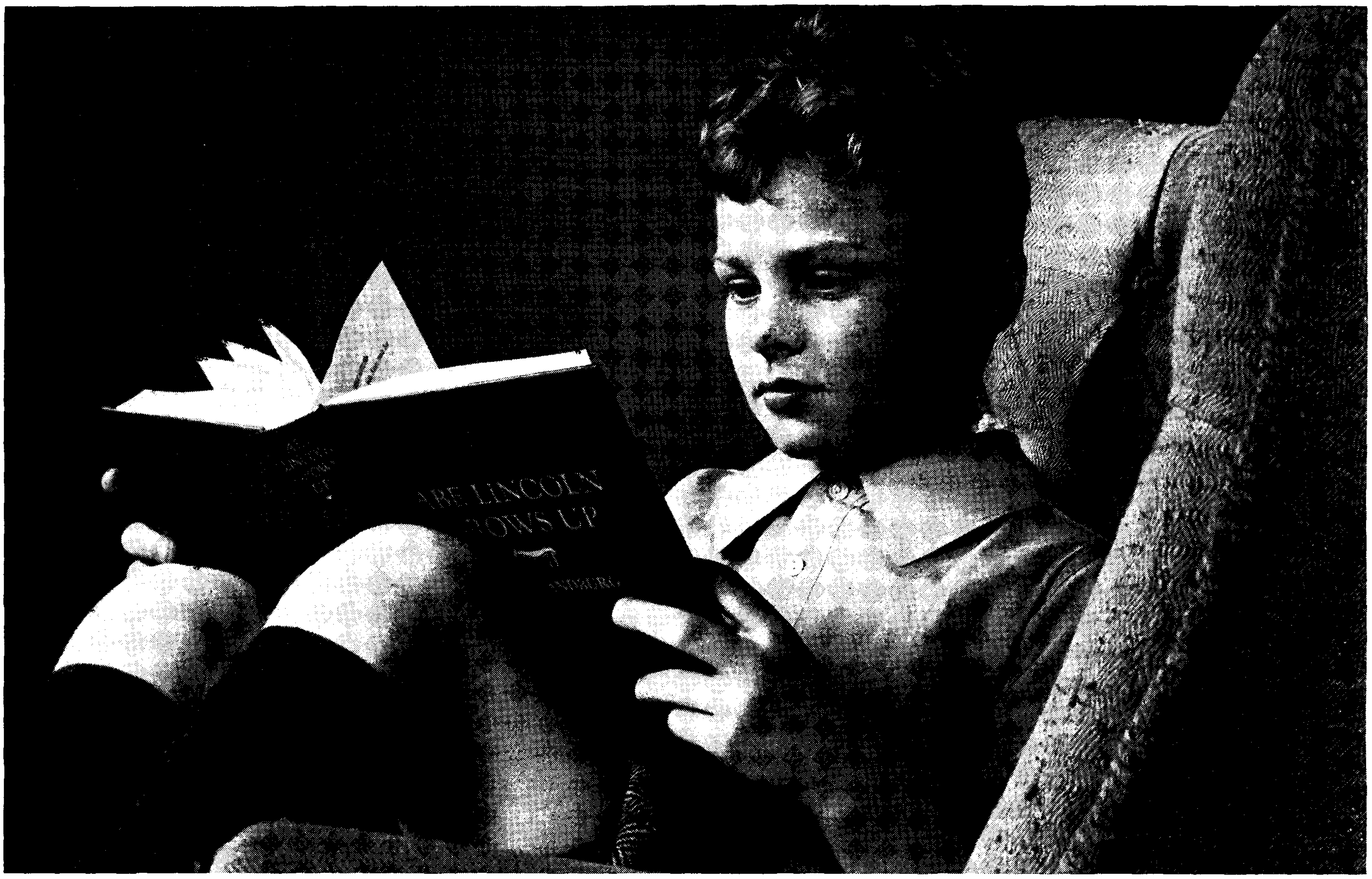
DEVELOPERS OF *Duraglas — THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE IN GLASSMAKING

Have You a Fireside?
Have You a Boy Like This One?

Your Heart must be Proud
You can see Character in the Making.



And We see him a Man who inspires Confidence —a Man with a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

HERE IS AMERICA—her hopes and her future. Here is a picture that should warm your heart and make you confident of the years ahead.

Lucky America and lucky young Americans. So much is being done for our children—to assure them of a brighter future—to prepare them to face that future ready, confident and smiling.

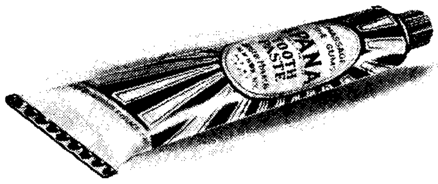
Yes, smiling! For even now this youngster has by heart a lesson in dental health that many an adult has still to learn. In classrooms* all over the land, young Americans are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to sound teeth and bright, sparkling smiles.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a Warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away*. It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums are sensitive—they need more work—the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And like thousands of dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana today.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
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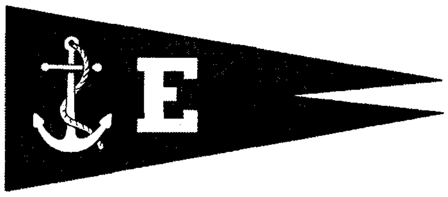
Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

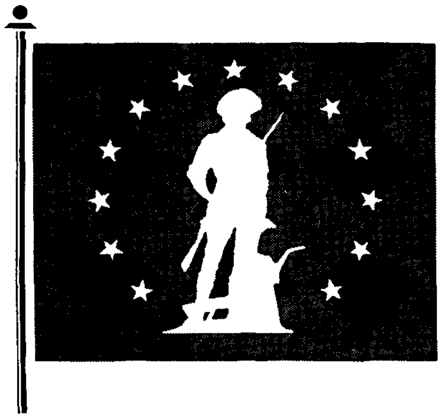
WE'RE SPEEDING UP THE TEMPO OF THE

BATTLE OF PRODUCTION

Here, at RCA Victor, we're working to *win* . . . You, as an American citizen, are our judge and jury. It is our job to satisfy you with our wartime work and service . . . just as we satisfied you with our peacetime products.



This "E" flag is the highest award the Navy can give to a private company. We were able to win it through the unstinting cooperation of our thousands of employees and with the help of machinery which *your* peacetime purchases of RCA Victor products made possible.



HERE IS another flag. It is the U. S. Treasury Department's "Minute Man" Flag—given to us because more than 90% of all RCA Victor men and women subscribed to the regular purchase of War Bonds. In fact, 88% of all our men and women have pledged *10% or more* of their income!

These rewards are but a reflection of the policy announced by RCA Victor in an advertisement three months before Pearl Harbor, when we said: "With RCA Victor, national defense comes first. By comparison, we hold nothing else important."

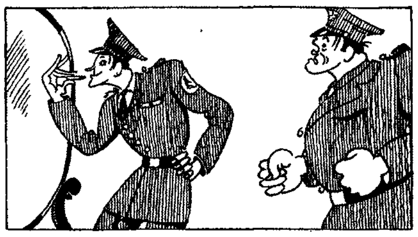
That statement expressed a pledge—and a promise. *Beating* that promise in America's "Battle of Production" is our job today. Our *only* job until Victory is won!

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!

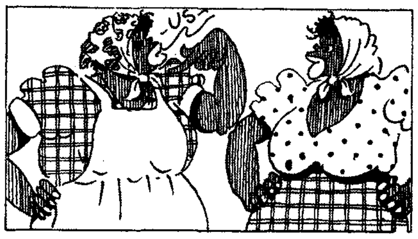
RCA VICTOR
RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

ANY WEEK

TO BEGIN with, we hand you a bonus. Farther back in this magazine you'll find the customary short story, and a nice fresh one it is, too. But here, as a bonus for being good faithful readers, we give you another. It comes in a letter from our energetic friend Mr. Bernie Smith of radio station KECA in Los Angeles. Mr. Smith and a personable young lady were sitting alone in Hollywood Bowl enjoying vast solitude, the high, heavy purple of the firmament and memories of pre-Pearl Harbor symphonies. Sitting alone in the Hollywood Bowl is something like having Texas all to yourself. The place is large. At half past one in the morning the nostalgic solitude of Mr. Smith and lady was broken by the entrance of another young man and girl friend. They did not see the Smith party, cozily snuggled halfway up the bowl. But both were in evening clothes and, Mr. Smith seems sure, quite in love. They kissed happily, and the young lady, catching up her skirts, climbed to the top of the bowl while her young man took a stand on the podium. Mr. Smith guesses that they were of a scientific turn, too, bent on testing the place's acoustical properties. Finally she was sitting at the top and he, taking a deep breath, roared: "Can you hear me?" From far away came her silvery voice: "Perfectly." Whereat, the young man took a great wind-tunnel of a breath and let go with what Mr. Smith truly believes to be the loudest belch on record. From away up and back yonder came the silver of her voice: "Lovely, darling." Then she climbed down, joined him on the podium, kissed him with noticeable warmth. And arm in arm they strolled out, leaving Mr. Smith and his lady more convinced than ever that victory will inevitably perch upon the banners of the United Nations. And soon thereafter they both belched and went their way, leaving Hollywood Bowl alone with its purple echoes.



AND yet the war will not end without certain minor unpleasantness at, for one place, the Marine barracks of the Jacksonville, Florida, Naval Air Station. We regret that we cannot give our informant's name. The poor wight lives in Jacksonville, has a family to support. But he reports that full-length mirrors (heavy bevel) have been installed in the Marine barracks with orders that the lads from the halls of Montezuma and the shores of Tripoli shall stand in front of same before appearing in public and survey their touts ensemble or whatever it is. And probably all would have been well, had not some squirt of a kid who drives a four-motor bomber heard about it, borrowed his girl's compact and, mincing up to the nearest Marine mirror, begun to primp while humming the Marines' hymn. The trouble will increase when the station's Navy Relief Annual is published. Several interested cartoonist-bluejackets are working on the theme. What next, what next?—we always say.



WHAT with one thing and another, including the war and its labor problems, the Negro question is somewhat painfully moot. We wouldn't say that it was particularly so in Atlanta, the citadel of that great liberal, Gene Talmadge, but anyone thinking that it's ignored there is unfit for human association. We've just been informed by Mrs. Julie Hunnewell Tharp of that historic city that she overheard her maid and her neighbor's discussing a dinner party she threw not long ago. "Big party you had last night," said the neighbor's maid. "Lots of guv'ment cars and Army cars. Big folks and spacious goings-on." Said Mrs. Tharp's maid: "Uh-huh." Said the other: "Who-all wuz there?" Mrs. Tharp's maid thought carefully: "Two generals, two cunnels, two gent'men fum the wah committee in Washington, couple ladies with satchels of papers and stuff from Washington. The guv'ment housin' man. A lady fum Mrs. Roosevelt and a lady and gent'man who is all worried about workin' folks. Pow'ful people." The neighbor's maid was properly impressed. Then, after a pause, she said: "Whut them high folks talk about?" Mrs. Tharp's maid leaned forward, lowered her voice: "Us," whispered she.

IT ISN'T necessary for us to tell you that getting away to your usual holiday resort will not be as simple this summer as it was a year ago. Tires, gas, rail-travel priorities and the like. But wherever you rest you'll need to do a bit of reading. Of course there will be Collier's without which it would

(Continued on page 59)

THIS WEEI

AUGUST 15, 1942

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She Looked Wonderful. It coul
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Suited for Work. Easy clothes f
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Gardens in Storage. How to deh
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Self-Defense Against Black Bas
Largemouth or smallmouth—they'
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●

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You Can Be Too Cautious. Page

COVER REA IRVI

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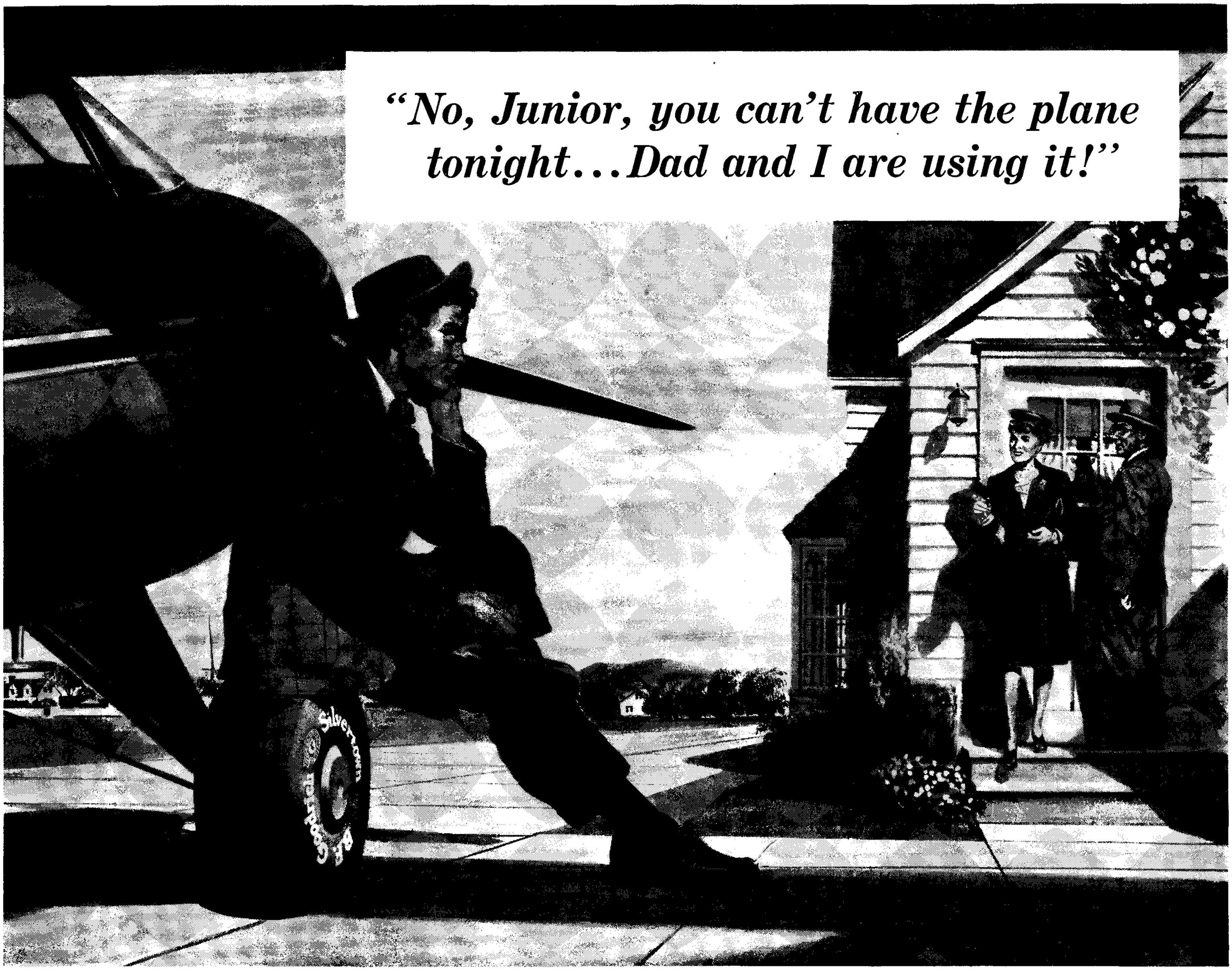
"No, Junior, you can't have the plane tonight...Dad and I are using it!"



DON'T feel too sorry for Junior. Life in the America that lies ahead has other compensations. In fact, it will be so far superior to what his parents had at his age, their fondest hopes will seem meagre, their deepest dreams will seem trivial.

For ours is a land that sets its future by the stars themselves. Even with a war going on, we who live here can see the shape of things to come.

It's not hard to imagine a family plane. Many were flown before the war. American manufacturers have blueprints of them for larger production when peace comes. It's not hard to conceive of hourly air travel to distant continents. Our ferry command is doing just that today. It's not hard to believe in fleet upon fleet of flying freighters when we're turning out gigantic bombers by the thousands right now.

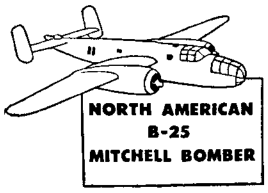
Is this new America a dream? Yes, in the sense that its wonders reach into the depths of man's imagination. No, in the sense that it is real and inevitable. For the men who are planning and building the planes of Victory *now* will soon be planning and building the planes of Peace.

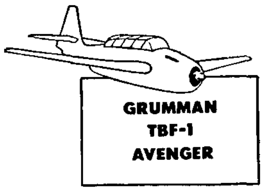
Out here at B. F. Goodrich our Aeronautical Division has been making dreams come true for over 30 years. We've played our part in the miracles of aviation with Silvertown Tires that make a plane's landings safer and smoother, with Expander Tube Brakes that give pilots greater ground-control, with De-Icers that defy the elements.

Naturally, most of the 80 B. F. Goodrich aviation products we turn out today are used by Uncle Sam—on his bombers, fighters, training planes.

We're proud of this. Every B. F. Goodrich employee knows that what he makes goes to create a plane that is the world's best. One reason he's doing his job today faster and better than ever is that he too wants to get started building the new America. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Aeronautical Division, Akron, Ohio.

Skyway or Highway
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER


NORTH AMERICAN
B-25
MITCHELL BOMBER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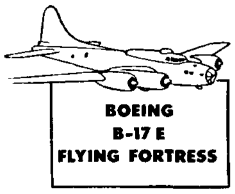
TBF-1
AVENGER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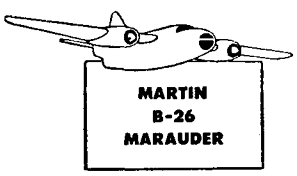
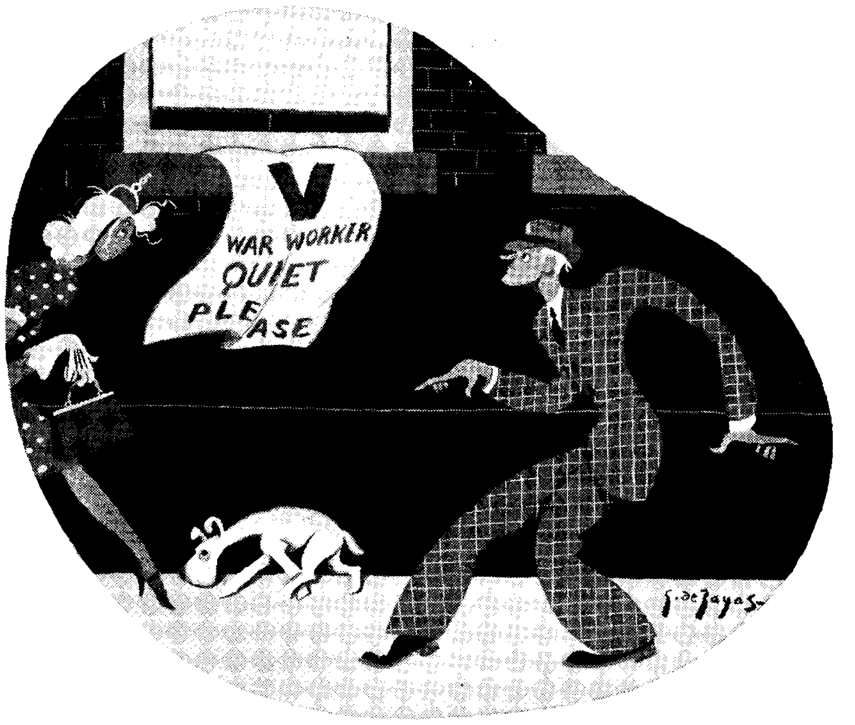
FLYING FORTRESS


MARTIN
B-26
MARAUDER

HERE ARE SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN FIGHTING PLANES THAT ARE SUPPLIED WITH B. F. GOODRICH EQUIPMENT

WONDERS OF AMERICA
On the Treasure Trail!
WHOO-OO, WHAT SPOOKY EYES HE HAS!
THE BETTER TO SEE THE SUNKEN TREASURES — THESE DIVERS ARE AFTER THE BILLIONS IN GOLD AND JEWELS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
THIS IRON MONSTER CAN RESIST SEA PRESSURE DOWN TO 1,500 FEET, YET ONE DIVER CAN MANAGE IT
THE MECHANICAL CLAWS ARE FOR GRAPPLING ON THE SEA-BOTTOM
I'LL BET MR. IRON MAN WOULD SMOKE A PIPE IF HE HAD TEETH
AND IF HE HAD A TONGUE, I'LL BET EVEN HE WOULD APPRECIATE PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE SMOKING!
SMOKE THE TOBACCO THAT'S EASY ON THE TONGUE — PRINCE ALBERT
IT'S THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE — NO-BITE TREATED AND CRIMP CUT
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND — THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
THIS IS ONE OF THE DE LUXE MODELS IN DIVING-BELLS FOR USE IN SUPER DEPTHS. HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS...
....THE ARMS STRETCH OUT OVER EIGHT FEET. NOTE THE SEARCHLIGHTS AT THE ELBOWS. THERE IS AN OXYGEN SUPPLY INSIDE THE BELL....
WELL, THERE'S ONE PRECIOUS THING PIPE-SMOKERS DON'T HAVE TO SEARCH FOR — AND THAT'S PRINCE ALBERT'S MARVELOUS TEAM OF NO-BITE MILDNESS AND GOOD TASTE!
WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS, TOO, GO FOR THAT P.A. COMBINATION — PLUS THE EASE, SPEED, AND SMOOTHNESS OF P.A.'S CRIMP CUT IN SHAPING UP
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!
PRINCE ALBERT


V
WAR WORKER
QUIET
PLEASE
J. DeJayes

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Persons employed on night shifts in war plants in and around Paterson, New Jersey, now have a flag which they hang in a front window of their homes during the daytime hours they are asleep to remind those in the neighborhood to refrain from making any unnecessary noises. The flag is twelve inches wide by eighteen inches long and reads: "V War Worker. Quiet Please."

Despite the fact that fingerprints, unlike handwriting, do not indicate that their owner was conscious, sane, sober or even alive when they were made, the practice of accepting them in lieu of signatures on wills, deeds and other documents continues to grow steadily in this country.—*By James Lindsay, New York, New York.*

Although they can recognize all other sounds, persons afflicted with auditory aphasia, or word deafness, cannot understand spoken words. Even the sound of their own name means nothing to them.—*By William Carney, Brooklyn, New York.*

About forty years ago, Emperor Menelik II, of Ethiopia, ordered three electric chairs from America when he learned that electrocution was the modern way to execute criminals. Much to his astonishment, the two that arrived in Addis Ababa could not be used because they required electricity, which was not yet being generated in his country. So for years, he used one as a royal throne.—*By E. William Grant, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

During the first seasons of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, organized in 1842, as many as three conductors were used at a single concert and each concert was preceded by about four "dress rehearsals" for which cheaper seats were sold. When the curtain went up, the musicians marched ceremoniously onto the stage and all, except the cellists, stood during the entire performance.

The only vessel in the United States Navy to be named for a woman was the U.S.S. Harriet Lane. It was the flagship of Admiral David Porter during the Civil War and Miss Lane was the niece and official hostess of President Buchanan.—*By Kenneth Kinnaird, Flemington, New Jersey.*

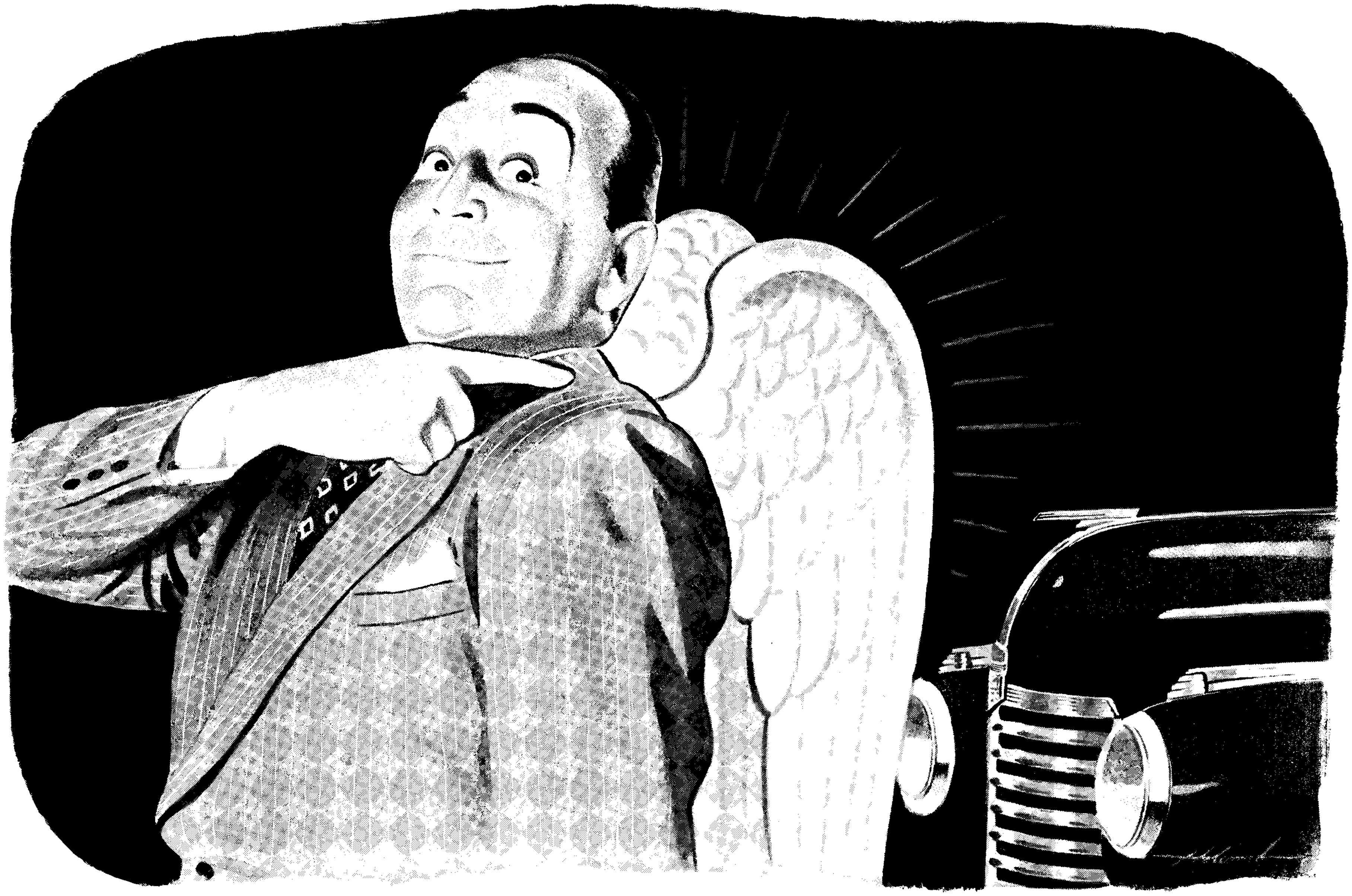
America spent more than $101,000,000 in 1941, on curative and preventive medicines and surgical equipment and supplies for its animals and poultry. That preventive measures pay is illustrated by the fact that the loss of horses and mules from sleeping sickness was reduced ninety per cent between 1939 and 1940 through extensive vaccination.

The Natural History of Selborne, a book written in 1789 by Gilbert White on the animals, plants and minerals of a small parish in England, has passed through approximately 150 editions and is one of the few classics on these subjects in the English language. —*By E. Hill, Hancock, Massachusetts.*

The Malay language has increased so much in popularity and prestige during the past century that today the peoples of nearly forty different nationalities speak it to the exclusion of their mother tongue.

Medical history contains some almost incredible cases of obesity in infants and children. One Ruth Pontico weighed sixteen pounds at birth, an Isaac Butterfield weighed one hundred pounds at one year, a Susanna Tripp weighed 203 pounds at six years and a Millie Josephine weighed 422 pounds at thirteen years.

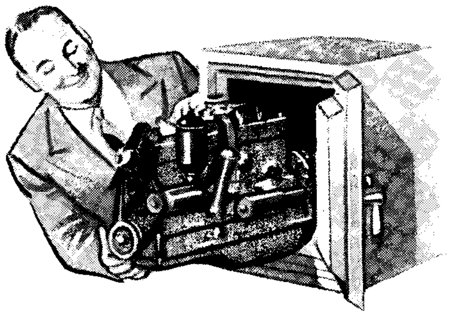
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



"All of a sudden, there they were!"

JUST look at me *now*—and I used to treat my car like the devil!

But the war's pounded some sense into my bean (about time, too!). For one thing, I'm watching the mileage to spare my tires—and I'm being *super*-careful of my precious buggy's engine!



Brainiest step I've taken was to step up to Veedol. Costs a little more—but what's a few pennies when you're getting Veedol's extra tough "film of protection" against wear on rings and bearings? I don't want *my* car on blocks before her time—just because some second-rate oil lay down on the job!

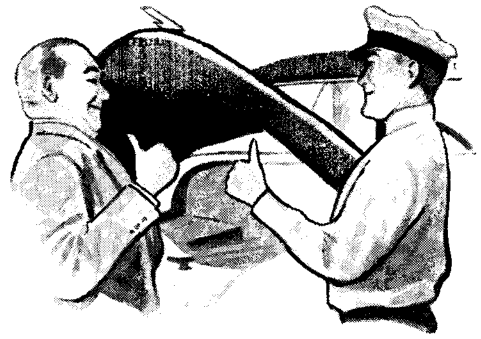
I like Veedol because it's 100% Pennsylvania at its finest. Made from the world's toughest, most wear-resistant crude. And I understand there's an *extra* patented refining process which boosts its wear-resistance up to something *special!*

Yes, Veedol—fresh every 1,000 miles—is going to be a big help in keeping my car and me on the job together. I'm *one* car owner who's learned his lesson!

THE FILM OF PROTECTION
VEEDOL
MOTOR
OIL
100% PENNSYLVANIA

Change Now to VEEDOL

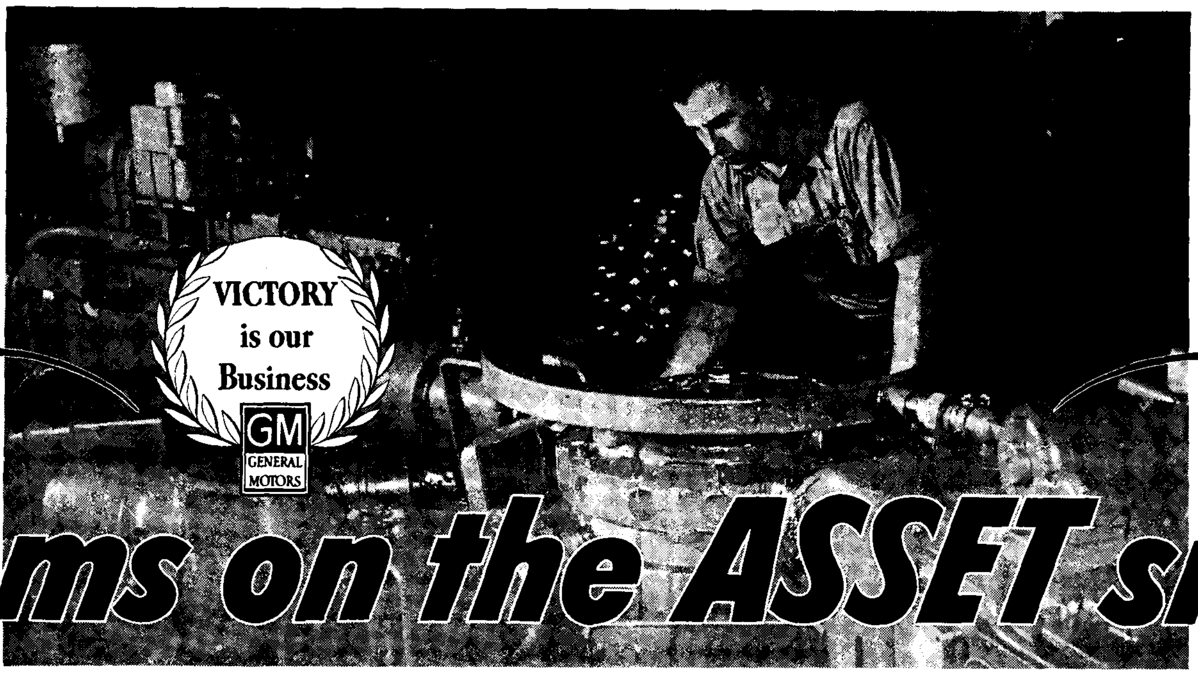
100% Pennsylvania Oil at its Finest



I LEARNED PLENTY more from my neighborhood Veedol Dealer, too. His Veedol *Safety-Check* Lubrication is a wonderful wear-beater—and his advice on tires can make that rubber really stretch! Why don't *you* take your car in—*today*?

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

★ ★ ★



Items on the ASSET side

THERE are two ways you can look at what is taking place in busy, wartime American industry.

You can consider, first, the immediate aspect — what is being done to provide the specific weapons which our army must have before victory can be forged.

Or you can take the long-haul view — what is happening that can serve to make life richer and finer once peace is won.

On the first score, news items like these, which could be multiplied many times over, tell the story quickly:

★ "The rate of production on Buick-built airplane engines has for some months been more than a year ahead of original schedules. Quality in these engines has proved to be above what the most optimistic at first thought possible."

★ "One of Buick's newest and most important contributions is the production of large shell casings by a method which permits the use of steel instead of precious copper and brass."

★ "The Buick tradition for building rugged vehicles that can take it is being well maintained by Buick's part in the nation's tank program. Building essential drive parts, Buick is more than meeting requirements of volume while providing precision that is a great factor in our tanks' reputation for dependable performance."

★ "Anti-dive-bomber shells are being produced by Buick in quantities."

★ "Gun mounts, made in one Buick plant, require a freedom from gear play and backlash such as might be expected only from hand-finished laboratory products. Quality-wise, Buick mounts might pass for just that, if steady and voluminous output did not prove them the fruit of established mass production."

The list of such items would be longer if the whole tale could now be told.

The important thing is — America is getting its needed war goods — and while getting them, is acquiring other precious assets for the days to come —for example:

ITEM ONE:
NEW PRECISIONS

Here at Buick we used to pride ourselves on the number of operations we performed within limits measured in ten-thousandths of an inch. Now there is one part we make in steady and considerable volume where a tolerance of twenty-five-*millionths* of an inch has meant the difference between filling the bill and not.

ITEM TWO:
NEW MATERIALS

Faced with material shortages that compelled fast action, America probably has learned more about new materials, alloys, metallurgical formulae, and so on, in the past year than in the preceding five or ten. One thing we have cooking here at Buick, for example, is a new way of toughening steel *sans* nickel, chrome and other hard-to-get hardening ingredients.

ITEM THREE:
NEW TECHNIQUES

Count the items made for all-out war, and you have a close approximation of the number of new techniques America has had to develop to handle this job. Quoting again from Buick experience simply because it's what we know best — we have developed a process of handling steel that permits its use in places where for years only copper or brass would serve.

ITEM FOUR:
NEW TRAINING

Skip military trucks, scout cars and like vehicles, and there are very few special skills used in automobile building which are instantly applicable to the making of war goods.

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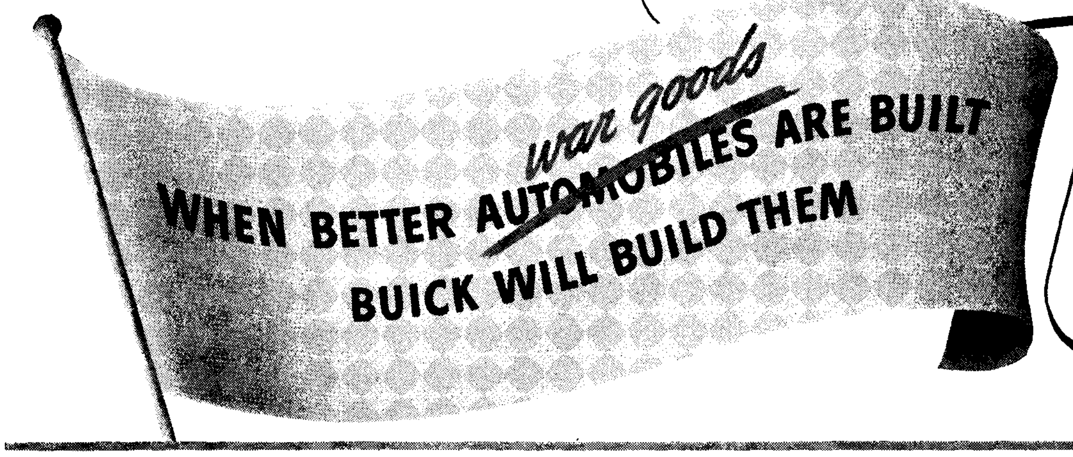
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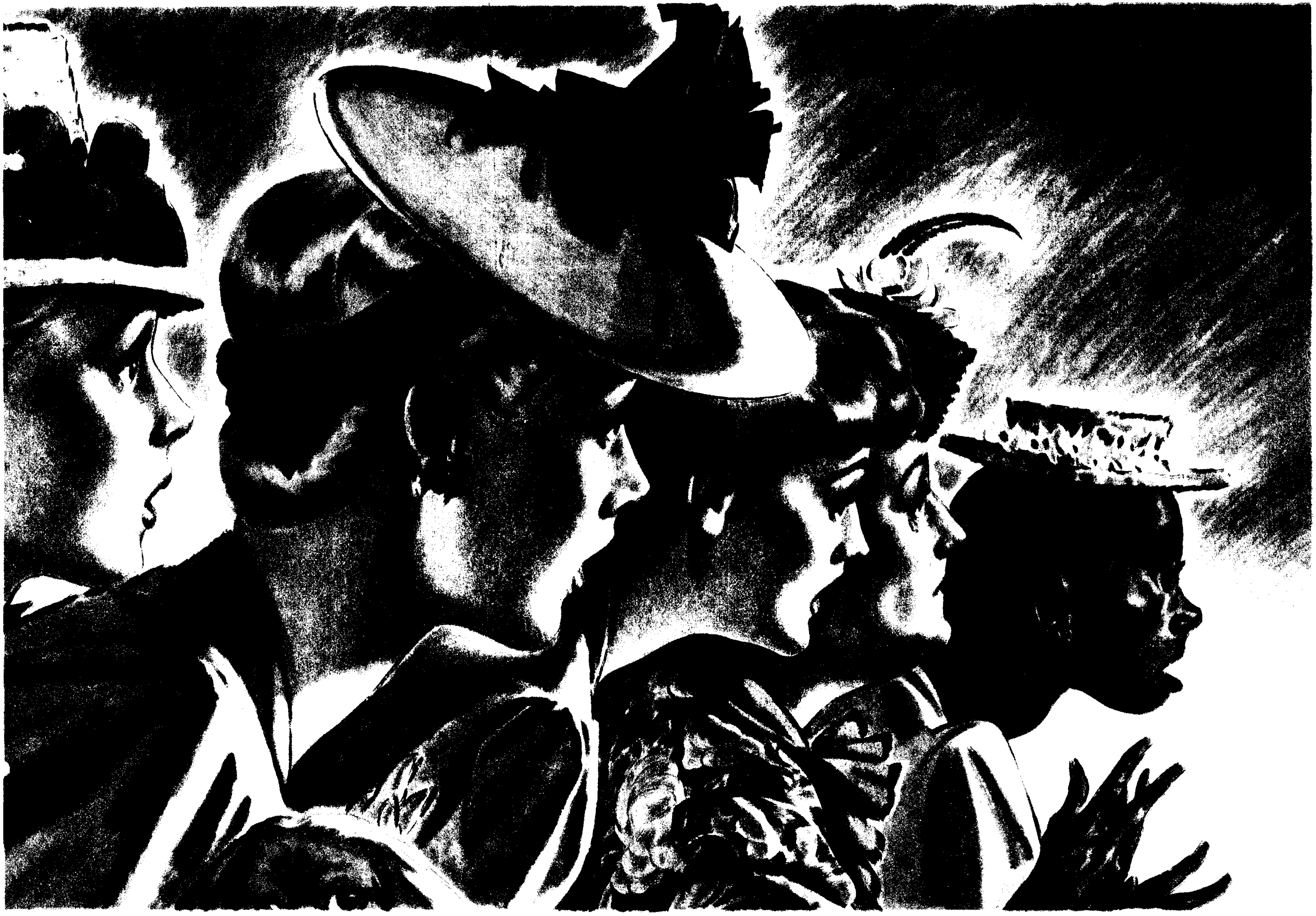
Collier's The National Weekly for August 15, 1942



There was a squeal of brakes, a flash of headlights and a spray of gravel on the porch. "What happened?" Mrs. Cugat gasped

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

By Isabel Scott Rorick

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Presenting America's most engaging couple. If you haven't met Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, the pleasure is all ours

"WHEW!" sighed Mr. Cugat, setting down his suitcase in the front hall and tossing his overcoat over the newel post, "it's good to be home!" He kissed Mrs. Cugat with satisfaction. "Anything happen while I was away?"

"Nothing much," Mrs. Cugat said, tenderly gathering up the overcoat and carrying it off to the hall closet. She hurried back to him, bright-eyed and beaming.

"Did you have a nice trip?"

Mr. Cugat made weary tracks for the lavatory. "Lousy," he said. "Ask Anna if I have time for a drink before dinner."

"Dinner can wait," she said comfortingly, "I'll fix you a highball," and sped, humming, to the pantry.

Mr. Cugat had been away for ten days—in Washington. Things, of course, *had* happened since he'd been gone, about which she could hardly wait to tell him, but it was better, she'd found, to give him a moment or two before she started in. That is, if she wanted full and sympathetic attention. Mr. Cugat was apt to be a little abstracted right after a trip to Washington.

He recovered rather more quickly than usual after this one, however, and stretched back comfortably in his chair and twinkled at her fondly and sipped his highball. She'd made it rather strong.

"Well, spill it," he said indulgently, "before you burst."

So she told him first about the trouble with the hot-water heater and the plumber's verdict that the pipes were "gone;" and then about Charlie calling up from the bank to say that she was overdrawn again (only she wasn't—she could prove it); and then about the laundress being impudent, and the neighbor's threats to poison Lillian, and the Carradines' picnic for Elsa Maxwell, and the two Chinese generals visiting the Blakes. Then she said, a little too casually, "Oh, yes, and such a pathetic postcard came from your cousin Adela—I just wrote and told her to come and stay with us for a while—"

"You did *what?*" said Mr. Cugat.

Mrs. Cugat plunged into culpable explanation.

"Cousin Adela!" he exclaimed, not even listening. "Good lord!"

Anna, with a welcoming grin, announced dinner.

"I know you never cared much about the poor little thing," Mrs. Cugat apologized, following him out to the dining room, "but she sounded *so* sad, and we mustn't be small and selfish any more, you know. Think how you'd feel if you were fighting in Libya like what's-his-name and *I* was living alone in a strange country with just our two babies."

"Is what's-his-name out in Libya?" said Mr. Cugat with a flicker of interest.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cugat eagerly, "way over there in the desert—probably not knowing, from month to month, where she is or what she's doing—"

"There's a break," he said unfeelingly.

"George!" she protested, shocked. "I don't think that's a bit funny in times like these. You might, at least, try to remember those poor babies!"

"I'm trying not to," said Mr. Cugat. "A couple of terrible-acting, buck-toothed brats. I never thought old what's-his-name liked them very well himself."

"It's perfectly disgraceful of you to talk like that!" she exclaimed indignantly. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Would you like to have it said you turned your own relatives out in the cold?"

"Where are these shivering waifs?" he inquired tartly.

"Newport—just now."

Mr. Cugat looked eloquent. "Well, it's your funeral," he said, attacking his steak. "Don't expect any help from me."

"You make me sick!" she declared. "A lot of people have been *glad* to take perfect strangers into their homes. Look at Evie and Howie!"

"Ah," said Mr. Cugat, "now I see."

"What?" she queried crossly.

"Why all this sudden hospitality?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" she protested.

"Why, all you gals have been burned up, and you know it, ever since Evie wangled little Lord Adenoid for the duration. But if you think those tots of Adela's will bear showing off, you're in for an awful disappointment."

This was actually rather unfair of Mr. Cugat. It is true that Mrs. Sturm, dear but ever unsettling friend of Mrs. Cugat, *had* somehow wangled the Honorable Jeremy Spenser and his Nanny for the duration and was enjoying him to the hilt. She had even had her picture in one of the magazines—kneeling beside him on the grass, cheek pressed to his, while her own two infants stared fascinated from the rear—and had, really, according to the bridge club, not been fit to live with since. Not that there wasn't one of the bridge club who wouldn't have given a right arm to be harboring the Hon. Jeremy.

He was perfectly adorable. He made everyone feel like a peasant when he was brought in to say good night at dinner parties. Those manners and that accent! And he was good in school and liked to eat. As for the Nanny who came with him! A treasure. Already licking Evie's two mewling little girls into shape. Trust Evie to fall on her feet.

But Mrs. Cugat, to give her credit, really hadn't asked Mr. Cugat's cousin Adela and her babies to visit for the sole sake of keeping up with the Sturms. Mrs. Cugat was a creature of intense and whole-hearted enthusiasms, and her imagination impetuously flamed in response to any cause afoot. It required continual damping down.

The picture immediately conjured up by Cousin Adela's postcard from Newport of a frail, grief-ridden young mother, chin up to a strange world for the sake of her little ones while what's-his-name marched in Libya had simply kindled unquenchable fires. Unquenchable, that is, with no Mr. Cugat on hand to quench them. She had impulsively written, gathering Adela to her breast, and Adela had written right back that they would arrive Monday week, September first.

THAT it wouldn't hurt Evie Sturm any to have a little of her thunder stolen was, however, undeniable. But nobody's motives were ever entirely unmixed, reasoned Mrs. Cugat, anxiously examining her own in the face of Mr. Cugat's cynical implications. She sincerely longed to comfort poor little Adela and her babies and make them feel less homeless. The English had been so wonderful and brave, one wanted to do anything one could to help. Of course, Adela was only English by marriage and so not exactly homeless—but the idea was the same. Mrs. Cugat could hardly wait till she got here. Mr. Cugat would get used to the idea in a day or two—it was just that he'd been to Washington and was a little cross.

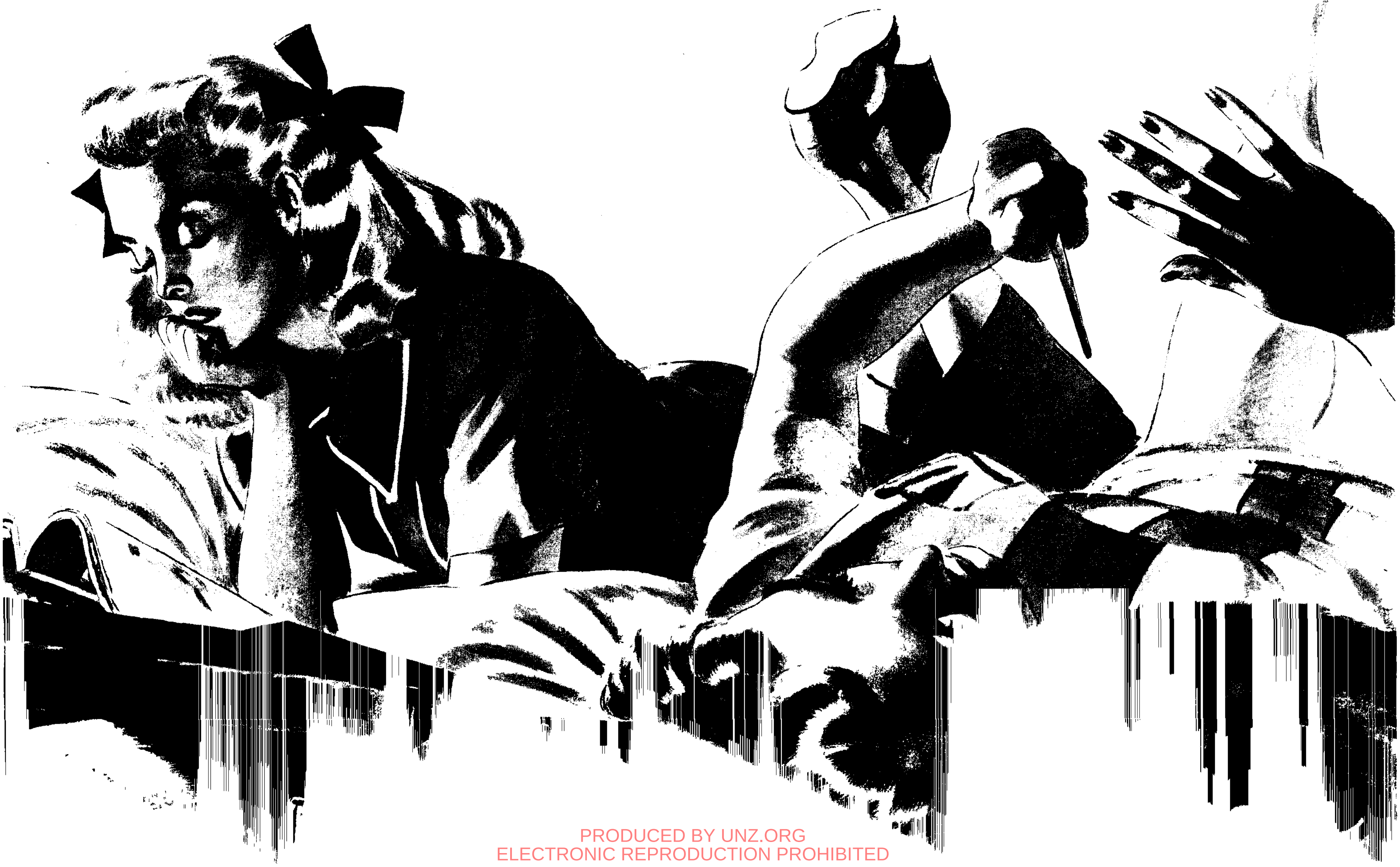
But Mr. Cugat's enthusiasm during the next few days remained dormant. He looked glum whenever Cousin Adela was mentioned and perversely sidestepped any discussion of plans, finally announcing with obvious relief, that September first, Mr. Atterbury was taking him back to Washington for another week.

Mrs. Cugat, who ordinarily would have been disconsolate at this news, found herself rather relieved. This would give her a chance to get everybody settled down before he came back. And when he came back, he'd be surprised to find how smoothly things ran. She had everything beautifully planned to the last detail. Adela would have the big guest room—its taffeta spreads and little lace chaise-longue pillows had been sent to the cleaners and they would be nice and clean. Mrs. Cugat was planning to have fresh flowers always on the dressing table and Adela's breakfast sent up every morning on the new tray. She had bought a little white fur rug for in front of the fireplace and a big jar of English bath salts and a sponge.

In the little guest room, on the other side of the connecting bath, the babies could sleep—conveniently near. Until now, Mrs. Cugat had never done very much about the little guest room and usually kept the door shut—it being furnished with an old ivory-painted bedroom set she'd had as a child and inadequately carpeted by a small rag rug. Anna kept the vacuum cleaner in there with her salvaged wrapping paper. But all this was to be changed. Blue organdy curtains with little Dumbos were being run up by Miss Terry, and China lamps with little Dumbos only waited to be unwrapped. The blue velvet rug from her mother's morning room already made a different place of it. In the event of Adela's babies having a Nanny like the Hon. Jeremy's—well, then, Anna would simply have to move over.

But Anna's room was light and airy and the bed a double one—she probably wouldn't mind. She was always having that sister spend the night, wasn't she? (Mrs. Cugat had decided to wait, however, until the Nanny materialized before broaching the subject. Anna was something of a brooder but had never failed in a pinch.) When Adela'd been here a day or two she planned to give a small, carefully picked luncheon for her at the club. And then, when her mother got home from the Cape, she'd get her to have a big tea. "To meet George's little cousin from London—perfectly pathetic, my dear, but so attractive—yes, he's in Libya—but she's so brave it is touching."

Meanwhile, Cory would be over the first thing and probably fall in love with Adela—he usually did—which would be pleasant and distracting for her and very convenient because then he'd come every night and they could always have a bridge game or perhaps go out dancing once in a while. Mr. Cugat would have to go out dancing if they all worked on him. And it would be just what he needed—take his mind off Washington. Thus, she laid careful, innocent plans, facing Monday week without presentiment.



The babies roamed the house —taking showers, changing nail polish, making cocoa and playing the phonograph—usually Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto in B Flat on REPEAT

Monday week, however, came and went without advent; Tuesday likewise. Mrs. Cugat waited upon the telephone nervously and made four meals off a lobster mousse which had been too precipitously prepared. On Wednesday morning, however, without warning, a pure white station wagon, driven by a colored man in a beret, appeared at the door and began to unload. Not passengers—baggage, of a peculiarly conglomerate appearance unmistakably English. Innumerable strapped and bulging bags, umbrellas, blanket rolls, tennis racquets and parcels tied with string piled up in the hall; two sun lamps, a pneumatic mattress, a foot-bath, a dog basket, an electric hair dryer and a roll of linoleum were stacked on the porch.

The folks might arrive by afternoon, the colored man said with no conviction; meanwhile, would they kindly show him to his room, he'd like some rest. Mrs. Cugat had to do some fast thinking. However, with the help of a man who was cutting the grass next door, the glider from the front porch, a table from the laundry, one of the dining-room chairs and the erstwhile rug from the little guest room were boosted to the loft of the garage and hastily arranged. The window in the loft of the garage never having been opened, the mean temperature there was about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit and it was full of dead flies, but the colored man, whose name was Leonard, was quite nice about it and stoically retired. Mrs. Cugat, subduing anxiety, left on tiptoe and went back to the porch to wait.

BUT by seven-thirty that night, the folks had yet to appear and, picking her way for the hundredth time through the clutter in the hall, she went wearily to tell Anna not to go on with dinner—just to fix her a little something on a tray. Anna, she found ominously quiet and frying fish; at the kitchen table, napkin in his collar, Leonard, waiting politely.

At ten minutes after eleven, however, the phone rang. Mrs. Cugat, tumbling out of a bed she had just gotten into, answered it dazedly. Mrs. St. John, said an impeccable male voice, pronouncing it Sinjin, would arrive in about half an hour and asked if there might be a little bouillon ready as she was very tired. Mrs. Cugat scrambled into her clothes and dashed to the third floor. Anna, more ominously silent than ever and with her hair in a braid, descended. Mrs. Cugat flew around and lit the lamps again and brought up vases of flowers just put away in the basement. Should she, she wondered, rouse Leonard? Anna, however, here looked up from wrenching the top off a can of tomato soup and vouchsafed the information that Leonard had borrowed a dollar and gone to town.

Mrs. Cugat's first sight of Cousin Adela was, of course, a shock. There was the trouble with Mrs. Cugat. She had known exactly what Adela would look like, how she would act, what she would say. She had made up long and delightful conversations between herself and Adela and she had grown, during them, very fond of her. That the Adela who emerged from a town car at midnight was not Mrs. Cugat's Adela was hardly surprising but really, she was very unforeseen. This Adela was middle-aged, roly-poly, and fretful; with faded blond hair, a great many beads and a coat trimmed with monkey fur. She came up the walk, leaning heavily on the arm of a languid young woman, who was black as night, and sank panting to the settee in the front hall. "My heart, y'know," she gasped, smiling bravely up at Mrs. Cugat. "Just give me a moment—some brandy perhaps—"

Mrs. Cugat hurried to find Mr. Cugat's Napoleon.

"Aren't the babies with you?" she ventured anxiously as the glass emptied and the patient seemed to revive.

"Aren't the babies with us, Myrtle?" inquired Cousin Adela interestedly, glancing at her ebony-skinned companion.

"They was, but they stopped for a hot dog," said Myrtle. "We want all this stuff upstairs, don't we?" She looked reproachfully at Mrs. Cugat.

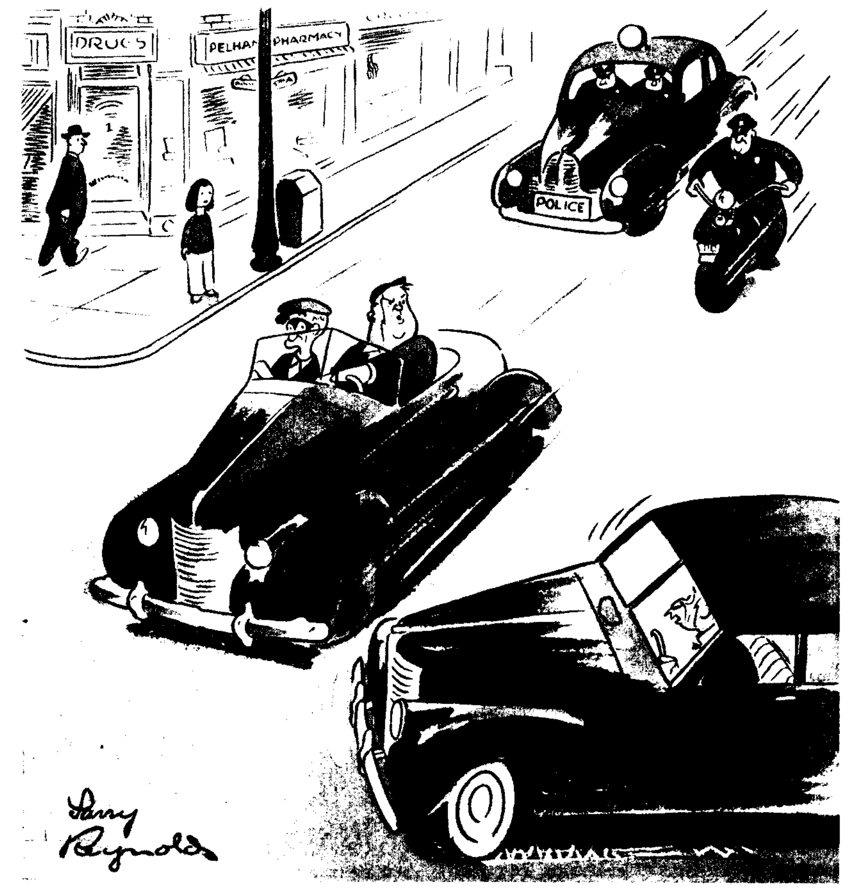
"Yes, child, yes," said Cousin Adela, passing a weary hand across her eyes. "Have it seen to."

"Supper," said Anna, sticking her head in the door.

Mrs. Cugat took a deep breath. "Is your chauffeur still outside?" she asked hopefully.

"If you mean Cladwell," said Cousin Adela, "I'm afraid not. He's Poppy Farnese's man. She sent me on in her car, dear thing. I can never go by rail, y'know. Air-conditioning."

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds



"What'sa matter, buddy? Can't y'hear th' sireens?"

Mrs. Cugat desperately picked up a hatbox, an ancient golf cape and a portable phonograph and started for the stairs but at that moment the babies sauntered in. They were tall, blond, divinely fair and about eighteen. Each carried a Pekingese. "We were utterly famished," they explained in lovely voices, "so we stopped in at a place for a sausage roll. Will someone see to our car?" There was a squeal of brakes, a flash of headlights and a spray of gravel on the porch.

"Who is it? What happened?" Mrs. Cugat gasped.

"Just old Leonard," someone remarked, pointing to the station wagon in the middle of the front lawn, "potted again."

MRS. CUGAT awoke four days later and stared morosely at the pattern of little Dumbos flying across the curtains. A small lake spread from under the bathroom door and lapped at the edge of her mother's blue rug, but she regarded it without surprise. One of the babies had probably taken a shower in the night. One of the babies was always taking a shower but neither baby ever thought to hang the curtain *inside* the tub. Sometimes the babies' showers lasted for hours at a time and one of these days the steam-sodden ceiling was going to come down on one of their beautiful heads. Which most certainly would be all right, too.

TODAY was the day Mr. Cugat got home. Thank heaven! How he would get her out of this mess, she couldn't imagine. But Mr. Cugat would do something. He wouldn't put up with this situation five minutes. Her eyes fell on the little Dumbo flying on the lamp shade beside the bed. Wait till Mr. Cugat found himself sleeping among flying Dumbos in the little guest room! And he would find himself sleeping there because Cousin Adela had had to have their room. It was the only room with a dressing room and Cousin Adela always had to have a room with a dressing room so that Myrtle would be within call. Her heart, y'know. You could stick pins in Myrtle and she wouldn't wake up, but Cousin Adela felt more comfortable when she was near and anyway, in the case of Myrtle, one could hardly ask Anna to move over.

All idea of putting the Amazon babies, with their Pekingeses and their mountain of luggage, in with the little Dumbos had to be given up right at the start, of course. There simply wasn't room enough for them. They had been ensconced in the big guest room and seemed fairly comfortable there, cosily cooking cocoa in bed on a small electric stove and casually changing their nail polish while the Pekingeses rooted happily among the lace pillows and jealously attacked the new fur rug.

Mrs. Cugat heard Anna come creakily down the back stairs. Anna, as far as anybody knew, had not spoken since Wednesday. Mrs. Cugat found it necessary to be often in the kitchen but she carried on any conversation there with herself. "Anna, Mrs. St. John never eats starches, it seems. Could you just open a can of crabmeat or something quickly. Oh, good! Just bake it with a little cheese, I guess. My goodness—all those fried potatoes in the middle of the morning! Well! Doesn't a man in the kitchen make a difference, though! It certainly does. Do you think we might try a soufflé tonight? No? Well, I guess perhaps not—"

Anna rattled the milk bottles loudly and in her room down the hall Cousin Adela whimpered. Cousin Adela never got up until noon but she began whimpering with the birds. After she'd got Myrtle aroused she would mercifully shut up for a little, while she had her rub and her tray, but directly this was over she'd start in again, whimpering for Mrs. Cugat.

She adored Mrs. Cugat—had right from the start. Mrs. Cugat had become the only person who could soothe her when she felt an attack coming on and as she was liable to an attack every time she had a dull moment, Mrs. Cugat was beginning to bead with sweat at the sound of her voice. And she called Mrs. Cugat "Betty." "What do they call you, dear?" she had asked sweetly that first night over her tomato soup and Mrs. Cugat, answering "Liz," had been horrified to have Cousin Adela cry, "No, no! I want to call you Betty!" and stick to it!

Mrs. Cugat had been called Liz all her life and being called Betty made her crawl. But that made no difference to Cousin Adela. When the impending attack was soothed, Cousin Adela would then have a salt spray or a mud bath or a shot of violet ray or something to tone her up. This gave Mrs. Cugat mercifully a little time before lunch to do the ordering, and most of the housework, also to deal with the problem of Leonard's inroads on Mr. Cugat's Scotch and the laundress thinking she ought to know that there were sixty-four bath towels in the wash. It was the only time she had for such details because after lunch Cousin Adela liked to go driving. They had been driving every afternoon—affectionately holding hands in a rear seat of the white station wagon while Leonard, in his beret, steered drowsily up one street and down another.

THEY occasionally passed intimates of Mrs. Cugat's who almost fell out of their cars with curiosity but Mrs. Cugat simply stared stonily ahead. Cousin Adela never wanted to go anywhere or see anybody—she just liked to get Mrs. Cugat by the hand, where she couldn't get away, and talk.

Mrs. Cugat had politely talked back for a while asking sympathetically about what's-his-name in Libya and what Adela's plans for the babies were but she'd given it up. Any reference to what's-his-name invariably brought on an attack—(Adela hated to say it about the babies' own father but he was a perfect swine) and any mention of the babies brought on tears—presumably of maternal tenderness. All in all, it seemed safer to just let Adela do the talking. She wanted to, anyway.

The babies, meanwhile, roamed the house—taking showers, changing their nail polish, making cocoa and playing the phonograph—usually Tchaikowsky's *Piano Concerto in B Flat* on REPEAT. Mrs. Cugat had to admit they were rather sweet but they seemed much too big for a house—like Great Danes. They couldn't be in a room half an hour without filling every ash tray. She felt she ought to get around to doing something about them—take them over to the club and introduce them to somebody their own size or something—but so far she

(Continued on page 54)

You Don't Need Glamor

By Kyle Crichton

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

When Nancy heard that the studio might be able to glamorize her she said hopefully, "You think this side of my face might do it?"

Nancy Coleman's secret is a simple one: She can act rings around anyone she's likely to be cast with, and that's enough —even for Hollywood

IN CASE you missed the picture, we may tell you that Nancy Coleman was one of the characters in Kings Row that went nuts. This might seem to have little distinction in a film in which everybody went nuts, but Nancy went nuts good. The executives at Warner Brothers gazed at her first rushes and said, "Not only does the kid act nuts; she *looks* nuts!"

Miss Coleman accepted this with some reserve until it was impressed on her that she was being complimented. What they were saying with admiration was that Miss Coleman is an actress. At a conservative estimate, there are not more than ten actresses in all Hollywood. When the ordinary actress known as Miss Sally Glutz is asked to reveal emotion, she achieves her effects in the most direct way possible by revealing more of Miss Sally Glutz. This easy road is barred to Miss Coleman because she is no beauty. Based on a theory we have heard enunciated recently, this may make Miss Coleman a sensation in the films.

"Hollywood," says this theory, "is a place where pulchritude is so common that even streetcar conductors yawn."

Following her success in King's Row, she was given the feminine lead opposite John Garfield in Dangerously They Live, then a featured role in The Gay Sisters and a lead opposite the great Errol Flynn in Desperate Journey. Most important of all, her option was taken up by Warner Brothers for another year. This is the symbol of achievement. You are really a success in Hollywood only when bank cashiers begin speaking to you.

The Coleman child is an Everett, Washington, prodigy. Her father was editor of the town's paper and that meant free tickets to anything that came along. The only thing that came along, however, were the Moroni Olson Players from Utah, who ducked in and out of the place six times a year. Nancy went through all the childish nonsense of writing plays, acting them and allowing the neighbors in for pins, and the family was reconciled to the fact that it had a problem on its hands. She had mature ambitions and the psychology of an infant.

"Even in high school," says her mother in despair, "she was wearing pigtails and middy blouses."

This did her no good, either, when she went to the University of Washington and entered the dramatic department. She was a tall, redheaded kid on the scraggly side. She learned a lot about hauling scenery around but never had a chance to act because she was too big to play kid roles and too kiddish to play older parts. "I was also a little bit stumbling as a maid," admits Nancy.

The family was left a small amount of money when Mr. Coleman died and it was decided to make a try at San Francisco. Nancy really had an eye on Hollywood but was too wise to butt her head against that wall at that date. In San Francisco, she made a few tentative stabs at radio and got nowhere. Then she went down to the Emporium, the well-known San Francisco store, and got a job as elevator girl. Salary: $11 a week. After two months she was in the hat department; salary, $16 a week. Noon hours she would spend nagging radio directors and nights she attended classes given by Reginald Travers. Travers saw talents that had never been apparent in Washington and also saw faults.

"My dear little big-mouth," he said caustically. "You have that mouth, so say those lines for pedestrians passing in the street. Give forth."

An Enviable Quality

The result is a perfection of diction that could be the envy of better-known actresses. In fact, she has had to tone down both on the radio and in the movies, but it was part of the quality that later made her a Theater Guild star at an infant's age. She got a job in Hawthorne House, a radio serial very popular on the West Coast, as a result of Travers' coaching. That paid only $15 a week and she kept on at the Emporium, but it was a start.

Radio was a great beginning for a girl who had previously been occupied exclusively with thoughts of Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry and Helen Hayes. She was compelled to be adept and resourceful. If she accidentally turned two pages of the script instead of one, she had to know how to cover up the mistake. It was the era in radio when wooden blocks were being used for hoof beats and members of the cast also acted in mob scenes. The work also brought out a fault that is still around to bother her: forgetfulness. In one program when she was merrily making gay sounds to simulate wedding excitement, she forgot to come in for her own part.

"I didn't forget," protests Coleman. "My mind wandered."

She finally worked full time in radio, saved a thousand dollars and went to New York. With the letters she had from the West it was easy to get radio auditions but it seemed impossible to get jobs. She lived at the Rehearsal Club (scene of the famous show, Stage Door) and made the usual rounds of theatrical offices. She had the address of William Pittman, an agent with offices on Broadway, but the geography of Times Square baffled her. At this point Broadway crosses Seventh Avenue and to residents of the hinterland all is confusion.

"It took me a month to fathom it," says Nancy, "proving, probably, that I'm a dope."

After trapping Pittman, he looked at her for a while and then asked if she would like to do a part in San Francisco.

(Continued on page 58)

She Looked Wonderful

A fable of old Hollywood, where a good press agent is worth his weight in stars

By George Bradshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

I USED to say to myself, Dan, when you have been twenty-five years in Hollywood will you have the fish eye like Hitch McCabe?

That I could not answer but I figured probably not because I knew I had a heart—I could often feel it beating—and I was sure that no matter how long I stayed I would like people better than he did.

What I could not promise myself was that in twenty-five years I would be as good a publicity director as Hitch. All I was certain of was that I would not be such a hard-bitten one.

I had worked for Hitch a year before the affair Lily Morrow. I was one of his two magazine contact men; another fellow, Dick Jordan, took care of the fan magazines and I had all the rest. This was at the studios of Gorin International Pictures, Al Gorin, President.

Hitch had a strange and awful knowledge of what stories and what photographs the newspapers and magazines would take and which they would not. So it seemed to him a very simple matter to arrange the lives and loves of our actors and actresses to fit that knowledge. And if ever his campaigns ran counter to the emotions or morals or manners of one of our players—and there are young men and girls in Hollywood who have both emotions and morals, and even manners—he was, I think, only surprised. He was never contrite or sorry, and he certainly never altered his course.

Once there was a stock girl around the lot—that means a girl who gets seventy-five dollars a week and does bits in pictures and poses for leg art—who was driving along in the valley one day and looked up to see herself pictured with practically no clothes on across the billboard advertising some soft drink and, incidentally, a new Gorin picture. Well, the girl was offended and hurt and frightened—she had sung in a church in Kentucky before the studio signed her—so she rushed back on the lot and hung around four hours and finally got in to see Gorin himself.

The next day Gorin came to see Hitch.

"Why do you do it?" he said.

Hitch gave his answer: "It promotes good will."

"But the tears," Gorin said, "they always cry so many tears. It breaks my heart."

"Yes," Hitch said, "but your heart breaks easy."

"Maybe so. Maybe that's it." Then he said, "You'd think these girls were actresses the way they were made to show their legs."

"No, no," Hitch said. "You wouldn't think they were actresses."

"Well," Gorin said, "if this one asks if I spoke to you, say yes. I spoke to you."

"You spoke to me."

And so the little girl didn't have to show her legs to the camera—until the next time.

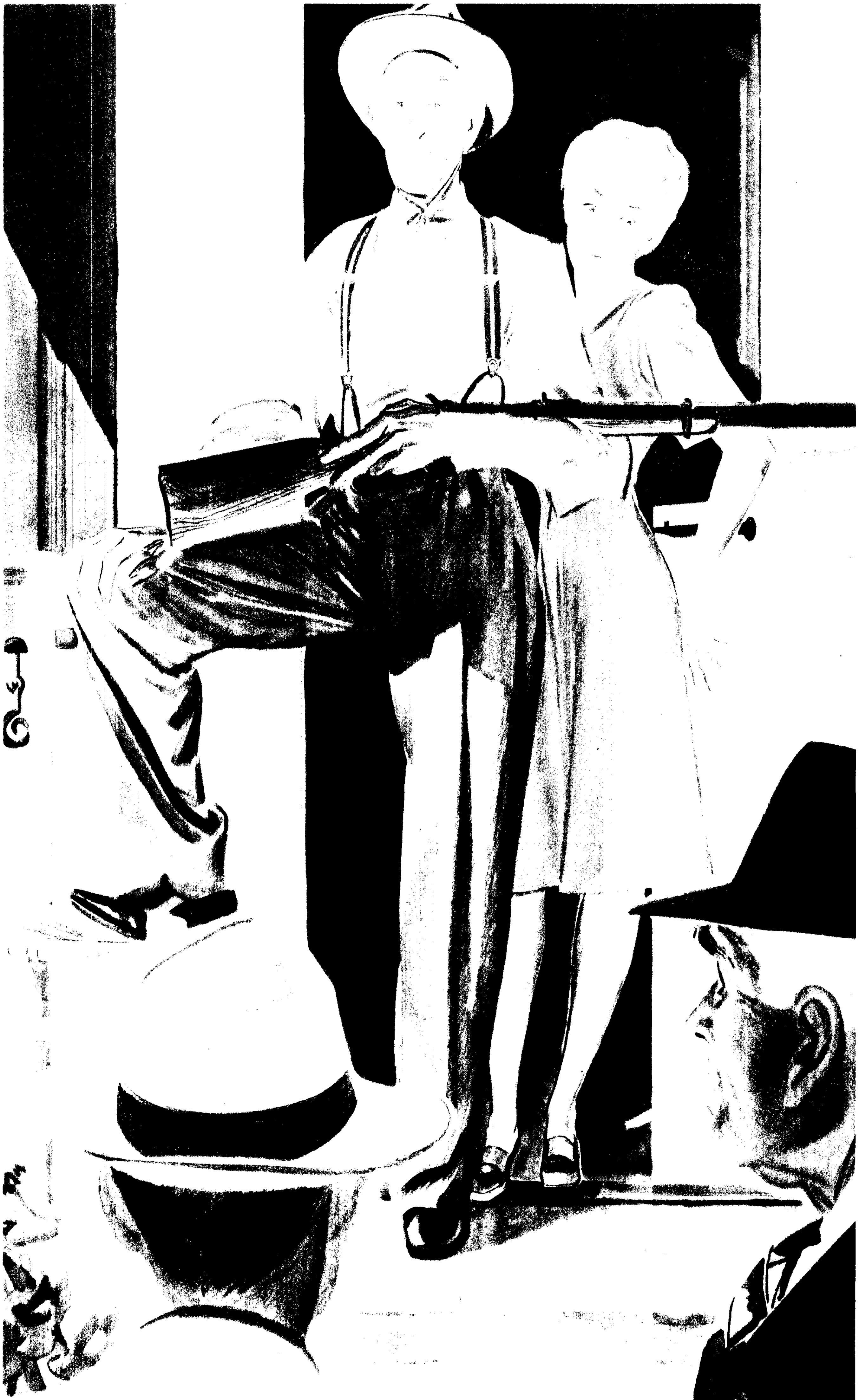
Hitch invented, or at least he made the best use of, fake romances. When he had a couple of kids he wanted to publicize he'd inform them that they were in love, introducing them first, of course. The romance would last as long as he could get space for it.

Hitch was a fatherly-looking man. He was about sixty, his hair was almost white and he was heavy, not fat. He had been in one phase or another of show business since he was fifteen. He should have been jovial and amiable and lovable, he should have handed out good advice, he should have been kind to young ones. But he wasn't. The only time he ever opened his mouth was to issue an order or call somebody down.

IN THE year I worked for Hitch McCabe I was never sure whether he knew I was alive. That was the reason, I suppose, I got so much pleasure, and such a surprise, out of the business of Lily Morrow.

Lily was a stock girl, but not the usual kind. She wasn't one of those round, blank, beautiful faces that appear for a term and then go back to St. Louis. No, Lily was at twenty-two a veteran of twenty years in the entertainment world. Her family had been in small-time vaudeville, and as soon as she was able to walk she had become part of the act. At five she was an acrobatic dancer, and from then on she had done everything there was to do, from stock companies to carnivals. Such

(*Continued on page 60*)



"You got to treat her like a star," Granddaddy said. Just then Lily appeared in the doorway. "Oh, Mr. McCabe," she said. There was a catch in her voice

With the British armed forces in Egypt—Frank Gervasi, correspondent for Collier's in the Middle East, makes his bed before going on the day's story

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICE

FLIGHT FROM

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM KHARTOUM

Fear is a weapon against which there is no defense, and this is what it does to a city when the enemy is knocking at the gates

AT DAWN the big Douglas rose from the airport at Heliopolis, a suburb of Cairo, with forty passengers. They jammed the aisle and sprawled on the floor and in the baggage compartment—wherever they could find leg room in a ship built for twenty-three. The passengers were U. S. Army officers, legation secretaries, airplane mechanics and American Red Cross field workers. Five were women; one was a three-year-old boy. For the first time in their lives, all were experiencing the humiliations and heartbreaks of flight before an enemy. It was July 3d and, ironically, they were to celebrate Independence Day in Luxor, Assouan, Khartoum and Asmara, tagged and shipped and about as independent as so many head of cattle.

The Americans were experiencing what the Poles, Czechs, French, Yugoslavs, Greeks and others have known before them—hasty farewells to families and friends they might not see again, abandonment of homes and familiar things with which they'd lived, and the multitude of problems of people suddenly uprooted from jobs, separated from property and become refugees overnight.

You quietly hoped this wouldn't happen to other fellow countrymen. You prayed calmly that Americans at home would never know roads crowded with cars piled with hastily gathered belongings; airports, railroad stations and docks filled with men and women and children in flight. It isn't a pleasant sight.

Upward of four hundred Americans fled from Cairo during the crucial three days preceding Auchinleck's stand at El Alamein, where the Egyptian desert narrows to a bottleneck between the sea and the edge of the Qattara salt marsh fifty miles to the south. Most of the large British population remained in Cairo. They had far more faith than the Americans in Auk's ability to cork the bottleneck at the edge of the Delta of the Nile—which meant Egypt, for there's no Egypt but the Nile.

Those weird days during which Cairo lived from rumor to rumor, oscillating violently between profound pessimism and the heights of optimism, demonstrated again the power of propaganda. The enemy bombarded Egypt with broadcasts.

"The Axis isn't making war on the Egyptian people," shouted Radio Roma. "It means merely to liberate Egypt from the domination of the British. Don't worry! Lay in a week's supplies and remain indoors—no harm will come to you. But see that the Jews and Greeks don't get away—"

Egyptians paid remarkably little attention to the Italian and German broadcasts; they remained calm. The effect of propaganda wasn't visible on them. But the Jewish and Greek refugees were disturbed. On the first day the Ministry of the Interior ran out of stamps for exit visas; banks couldn't cope with the withdrawals and were obliged to reissue pound notes previously recalled from circulation for replacement.

Symptoms of Panic

Automobiles which had become scarcer than new ones at home and sold at fantastic prices—such as $3,000 for a secondhand low-priced make—suddenly swamped the market. I could have bought a year-old car in excellent condition for $500 and I almost did for the tires—only I couldn't figure out a way of putting the transaction into my expense account.

Hysteria spreads in an endangered city much as a disease must spread throughout the circulatory system of a human body. The virus of fear enters the streets and buildings of a city, and gradually the city's heartbeat quickens. People's voices grow louder. The volume of traffic and the noise it makes increase in the streets. People's movements quicken and their gregarious instincts assert themselves strangely. They want to be together, to find out what others know about the "situation," but they make their plans for escape alone. Self-preservation dominates love and hate and the primary rules of friendship. The instinct for self-preservation asserts itself so strongly it enables acquisitive, property-loving people to abandon all they own.

The first symptoms of fear in Cairo—that had seemed so safe, so remote from war—were felt upon the fall of Mersa Matruh. It had been the popular notion that the British armies would make a major stand there instead of drawing the enemy as far eastward as El Alamein. Nobody had told the people that, but everyone believed Egypt would live or die on the defense position that reached southward from Mersa Matruh.

When that town fell, refugees and evacuees began arriving from Alexandria, the obvious target of Rommel's advance. Well-dressed women held onto the leashes of spaniels and terriers with one hand and clutched jewel boxes with the other. Jewel boxes are always a dead giveaway.

For Americans, the most significant straw in the wind was word from the legation that it might be wise to evacuate. They had been warned repeatedly for the past two years that unless they

(Continued on page 55)

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her mother and her grandmother, in a rambling old house near the California town of Indian Hill, Loveday Gurney often hears the story of her grandfather's lost fortune. The old gentleman, it appears, had stipulated in his will that two thirds of his estate be used to found a hospital for crippled children; he had died, and no trace of his holdings—no cash, no collateral of any sort—had ever been found! Another story to which the girl often listens revolves around her brother, Hugh, who had wandered from home when he was five and, lost, had died of starvation and exposure. . . .

When Loveday is twenty, she meets, and falls in love with, Lawrence Ingersoll, who lives in Bakersfield. Larry, attracted to her from the first, tells her that he is going to Florida to attend an aviation school. When he leaves her, they are engaged. . . .

Loveday's mother and grandmother both die. Realizing that she will be lonely in the old Gurney home, Warren St. George, a friend of the family, takes her to his home in San Francisco where he lives with his wife and children.

Among those whom Loveday meets, and likes, are the St. Georges' sons, Christopher (Chris)—a young married man whose success as a playwright has made him famous—and Rodney; and a young Frenchman who is a guest of the family—Doctor Marcel (Marc) Villard, who, an orphan at an early age, had been given an education by a generous American woman.

All three men are attentive to Loveday. But, when a month passes and Loveday gets no word from the man she loves—no letter, no telegram, nothing—she turns to Chris for advice.

Chris listens to her story. When she has told it, he says that he is going to Hollywood, and that Rodney, Nini (his sister) and Marc Villard are motoring down to join him. He suggests that Loveday go to Bakersfield with them, have a talk with Larry's mother (with a view to learning what his intentions really are), rejoin the party after the interview, and go on to southern California.

Loveday follows the suggestion. She finds Larry's mother and his sisters in a dilapidated little cottage. Astounded, she listens as they tell her that Larry is with them—that for two weeks he has been at home, desperately ill!

III

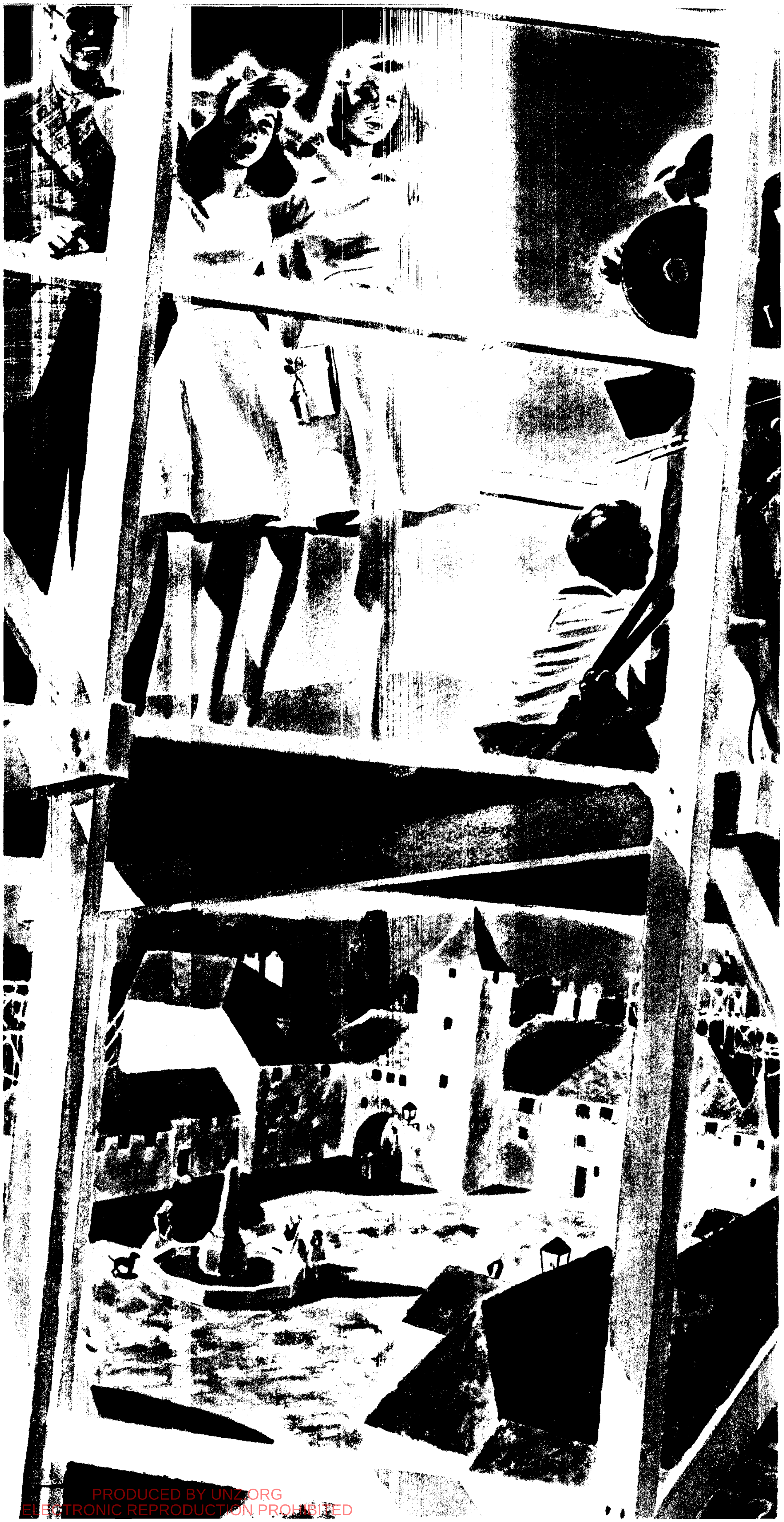
HE GOT typhoid, and he didn't know what it was," Marge explained. "They think he must have had a light run of walking typhoid down in Florida, and then he started home and got a relapse, and when he got here it was all we could do to pull him through!"

"I don't want to live through those days again," Mrs. Ingersoll said fervently. "We've got him out here in the shed; he fixed it up when he came back from his trip around the world. It's really the back half of the garage, but he made it into a real nice room. And wasn't it a blessing that we had it for this sickness! It quarantined him perfectly, the doctor said."

While they were talking they had crossed through a small hot kitchen, darkened and orderly, but with an unappetizing odor of tomatoes and peaches—both slightly past their prime—permeating it, had traversed a narrow back porch and descended three steps to a back yard furnished with a garbage barrel, a clothesline upon which girls' silk underwear was pinned, and various brooms, ladders and rakes set against a plank fence. A path across the yard led to the open door of a room that backed against the garage, and in this room Larry was lying in bed.

Evidently a hasty effort to put the place in order had been made; a pyramid of detective and confession magazines was heaped on the floor in the corner, the bed had been straightened, and Larry's hair was freshly combed. His father, a lean, old, mustached man, rose from the baggy armchair that faced the bed as the women came in, cleared his throat, and said pleasantly, "Here's comp'ny for ye, son."

Larry looked shockingly thin to Loveday's eyes; his eyes were sunken and he wore a beard of several days' growth. She went straight to the bed



They went to the big studios and wandered through half-built villages and miles of scenery. It was all such breath-taking make-believe

and knelt down and kissed him, afterward taking the chair that was beside him. The stubble of his beard had pricked her face; she was breathing hard, trying to smile, completely unable to speak. His hand in hers was limp and cool.

"Say, what a swell thing for you to do!" Larry said, in a hoarse deep voice. Something of bravado, of gallantry in the few words wrung her heart; there was fortunately no need for her to speak for everyone else was speaking. His mother's sharp pretty face under the damp ringlets was radiant; his father beamed; Marge kept up a constant chatter and another girl, younger and pretty in a chubby fashion that was oddly like Larry's leanness, had joined them now. This was Alma, another sister and the bride-to-be.

They were all delighted that Larry's girl had at last got in touch with him. He had written her days ago and had watched the mail ever since, but that she would actually come down to Bakersfield on so hot a day was a grand surprise. They reiterated over and over, and of course she must stay for the wedding! Larry was going to be up for the first time; he would not go to the church, of course—not in this heat—but an aunt had generously promised to come over and see that he was comfortably established in a chair in the house so that he could share the reception.

THE room was hot and scented with coffee and pipe smoke and sickness. Larry's mother took up a fly swatter and went slapping about the room; his sisters sat studying Loveday with obvious admiration, rejoicing in the surprise of her visit.

"He'll be all right now!" they said.

"Listen, I'll go over to Aunt Alma's; Loveday can have my bed," Marge said.

Loveday said quickly, apologetically: "Oh, but I can't stay. I'm with the St. Georges, and we have to go on to Los Angeles tonight. I didn't know Larry was here," she added.

"He wrote you," said his mother. "He wrote you at San Francisco; I mailed the letter myself."

"I didn't get it. I haven't had a letter for a long time."

They all said a shocked "Ah-h-h!" at this. Alma had left the room; she now came back with a tall glass of milk, and Larry, sitting up, gulped it down heroically.

"Well, that's the first time he's done *that!*" his mother exclaimed. "I guess Loveday's done you good already!"

"Got to get well now!" he said grinning.

Alma had also brought Loveday a glass of ice water; she drank it gratefully, suddenly conscious that her head was aching. There were probably significant glances among the other women at about this time, but she did not see them; she only knew that presently she and Larry were left alone.

"You've been really sick," Loveday began, reaching for conversation.

"Oh, gosh, I was awful sick!"

"I wondered and wondered."

"I knew you would."

"Not getting that last letter, or any letter except that short one from Florida—" she said, and paused.

"I couldn't write you when I first got sick down there; I felt too rotten."

"Were you in the aviation school then, Larry?"

"I had six weeks of it, then they kicked me out. I couldn't get along with the pip-squeak they had in charge there. I think his uncle was a colonel or something," Larry said. He dropped his head back with an air of weariness and shut his eyes. "*He* got kicked out later," he added.

"Then what?"

"Oh, then I was helping a fellow that was selling refrigerators, and I began to feel rotten. So this Morris—did I tell you about Morris?" Larry asked, opening his eyes. "Well, anyway, he was a man I knew in college and he was driving west and told me to come along and help drive. He waited until I thought I was all right again. There were two old ladies coming with us, one of them had a son in San Pablo; they each paid him forty dollars for the trip and he paid for gas and oil, and so on. But I kept feeling worse and worse and I just about made it this far, and Ma's been taking care of me ever since. I guess I pretty nearly died," he ended, again sinking back wearily with closed eyes.

She saw that he was very weak.

"I am tiring you," she said with compunction. He tightened his grip on her hand.

"You bet you tire me," he said, feebly ironical. "How are things going with you?"

S CIAL
Perfumes

"Why do you bother? These sailors haven't seen a girl in two months"

LEONARD DOVE

"I'm with the St. Georges, you know. You met the father and Fanny and Rod. Fanny's married now; she married a Canadian officer. They're wonderful to me."

What else could she say to him? What did he expect of her? What was he thinking?

"IF YOU'LL trust me—and wait for me—" he presently began. His lips trembled, and tears slipped down his thin cheeks. "I wasn't going to ask you—I didn't have the nerve. I never wrote to you in San Francisco."

"But your mother said she mailed the letter!"

"She did, but it was addressed wrong. Instead of writing 'Sea Cliff' on it I wrote 'Presidio Terrace.' I knew they'd never find you. I hadn't put the St. George name on it. I didn't want you to know."

"I had a right to know." Loveday said it automatically. It was like a line in a play that had to be said.

"I knew how you thought things were here," Larry presently went on. "Well, we used to live in a bigger place, on the other side of town, and Mother had a Jap cook. My uncle sent me to Princeton all right, and I went 'round the world with the school band. But I knew—"

HE WAS silent and she was silent. But her thumb moved slowly across his hand.

"When you said that perhaps Ma wouldn't thank me for bringing an unknown girl into the family," his troubled, reluctant voice went on, "I felt like a dirty sneak! I knew how you'd look to my folks—and you do! I could see the way the girls were looking at you—your hair and your black dress and the way you talk. I couldn't let you in for it. I love you too much! I love you too much!"

The last words were said thickly; his eyelashes blinked hard.

"I'm so darn' weak," he said fretfully, "it doesn't take anything to make me play the baby!"

"You'll be getting stronger every day now, Larry."

"It isn't that!" He jerked his head impatiently. "It's just that—everything seemed to be getting away from me," he explained it ineloquently. "My dad retired four years ago—or he quit because they told him they were going to cut him down to sixty-five a month is more like it, I guess, and Ma gave up the other house and came here," he said. "Marge and Alma had jobs then and the idea was that I was going to get a job. But my mother's half-brother, he's a congressman from New York, said he'd put me through college. I only stuck it two years and then I came back here. I hate this town, but I got a job here with the Gas and Electric, and when they asked me if I'd transfer to Indian Hill, I jumped at it. Any place but 'round here!

"And then to get a chance to do what I'd always wanted to do—in aviation, learn something about a plane and perhaps how to fly by and by," he said bitterly, "and have it all go haywire. The fellow in charge there was riding me—everyone hated him, but he had it in 'specially for me—"

A silence. Loveday watched his face; his eyes were closed.

"You'll wait for me, won't you?" he presently whispered. "I couldn't ask you to. But you've come here now, and that shows you haven't forgotten what we promised each other. That shows it, doesn't it? Loveday, I've let everyone down; I've let myself down. But I'll not let you down again." His fingers struggled, freed themselves from her hand, changed places so that he was holding her hands in his. "All I needed is you!" he said.

"Just don't talk," Loveday told him, seeing the sweat standing in beads on his colorless forehead. She sat quite still, and after a few moments saw that he was asleep.

Marge put her head into the room, nodded mysteriously, and Loveday gently loosed her hand and went noiselessly to the door. The two girls crossed the burning brightness of the back yard, went in through the kitchen. In the dark, suffocating little dining room, chairs were drawn around a table upon whose brown polished surface a lace runner and a bowl of marigolds were placed. Near it, slipping as it melted in the bowl, was a great lump of ice cream, strawberry pink and chocolate brown, and a plate of packaged cookies.

LARRY'S mother and her two eldest daughters gathered around; a third sister had come home now for a look at Larry's sweetheart. Betty Lou was quite pretty, with colorless cheeks, dark eyes and a hanging mane of dry curls. All four women looked steadily at Loveday, laughed at everything she said, agreed eagerly, apologized—interrupting one another—for Larry's unshaven state and the appearance of his room, and reiterated their appreciation of her coming.

"How do you think he looks? We think he looks pretty good," the mother said wistfully more than once.

"He picked up the minute Loveday walked into the room!" Marge exulted. "D'you think any one of us could get him to drink that milk down that way? Not if they went on their knees!"

"You'll be here for my wedding, what do you know," Alma said. It was not a question; it was a statement of fact.

"Oh, but I'm so sorry, I have to go! I have to go now, really. The others were to be at the hotel at five to pick me up. We're going all the way to Hollywood."

Consternation sat upon the four faces turned toward her. Protest broke forth. She couldn't do that! It would break his heart. Marge would go over to Aunt Alma's to sleep—there were oceans of room—and the wedding—

"No, dear, you can't go away now. When he woke up he'd probably have a relapse if you did," Mrs. Ingersoll said firmly. "Look at the good you've done him already! When I came out Papa was just about crying with joy. 'She's what he was needing,' he kept saying. You stay and let your friends pick you up when they come back."

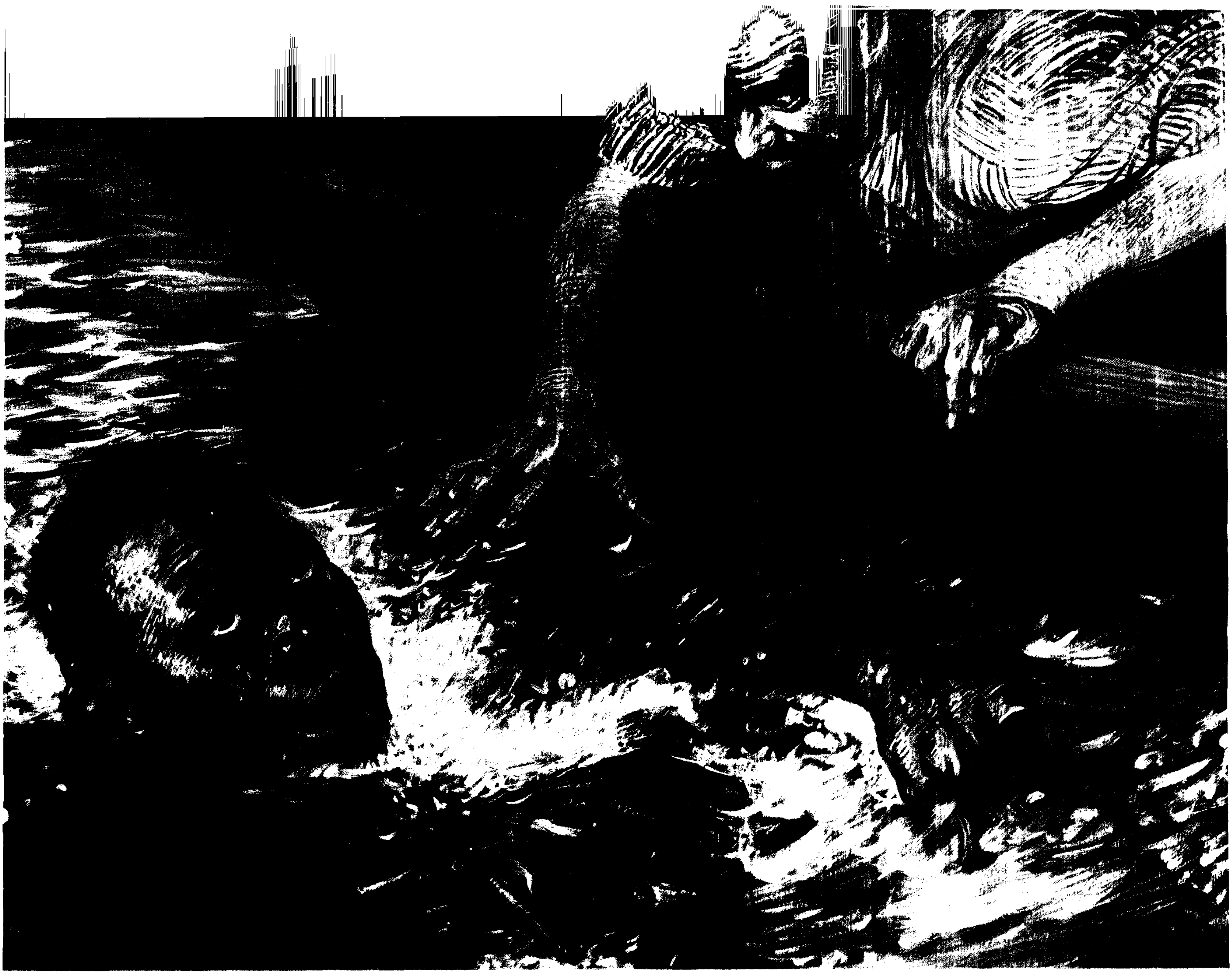
"Oh, but I can't! Truly I can't!" Loveday wondered passionately why she had come. "But I'll go out, and if he's awake I'll tell him that I'm coming soon again, on our way home," she finally compromised. It was a significant compromise, and even as she offered it she knew how important it was. But there was no help for it; she and Marge went out to Larry's room at the end of the garage together.

He was awake. He stretched out his hand with a smile, and unconsciously made her first words easy.

"Going?"

"I have to." She was so grateful for

(Continued on page 45)



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Willie heard a voice call to the Lord. He leaned over and picked up Refugee Smith, the finest middleweight he'd ever seen

Refugee Returns Home

By Eustace Cockrell

Harlem's miracle worker, Refugee Smith, revisits the past, and brings it up to date

IT WAS a languid day of sun and shadow, and Harlem was out in force. Refugee Smith, blazing in a fancy coat and bright yellow shoes approximately the length and breadth of violin cases, lounged into the Eatmor Fish & Chips Shoppe, a toothpick dancing in his wide, good-humored mouth and a great hunger in his mind, if not in his stomach. Senate "Slippery" Ellum, proprietor of the shoppe, looked across the counter at Refugee and said: "I can't put up with it no longer. I done bought up a bunch of deefense bonds and I done got a job air-raid wardenin', but it won't do. I craves to get me in razor range of some of them Axists and I ain't likely to get there just settin' here in Harlem."

"You fixin' to recruit?" Refugee asked.

"Enlist," Slippery corrected him. "The recruitin' office is where you go to join up and they call that enlistin'."

Refugee Smith pondered this a moment. "I reckon they ask you a lotta asks when you go to enlist?" he said.

"I guess they do," Slippery told him.

"Like if you ever stole nothin' or killed nobody or anything like dat?" Refugee said with studied casualness.

"Oh, I reckon they don't inquire as to if you done a little totin' if you worked for somebody. Course if you done kilt off someone and run off they might not like that."

"Reckon they'd put you on de chain gang."

"If you done a little light totin'? Why, no—"

"Naw," Refugee said, "if you'd kilt off somebody."

Slippery Ellum leaned over the booth and his face was creased with concern. "Ref, boy," he said, "you *ain't* kilt nobody, have you?"

The hard-held blandness of Refugee's voice melted under the scrutiny of his friend. "Slip," he said slowly, "you is de bes' friend I got outside Mr. Willie, and Slip, de answer to de ask is—"

"What?"

"I dunno," Refugee said.

"You dunno," Slippery said slowly. Then, his voice tinged with pride at his knowledge, he added: "Did you put a mirror at his mouth? If they's dead hit don't fog up."

"I never taken de time," Refugee said. "I done been working on de Mary Jane for two years but when I seen de blood on de floor of de engine room I resigned over the side." Then briefly, his eyes pleading for understanding, he told Slippery of the old days on the Mary Jane, roustabouting up and down the Mississippi, and his long battle with the river until Mr. Willie pulled him out.

It had been almost three years ago and a colored boy named Refugee Smith got in a crap game. The time was night, the place was the boiler room of the Mississippi steamer Mary Jane someplace off a little town called Woodland, not far from Natchez.

Refugee was a roustabout on the Mary Jane and Sixty Jubal was also a roustabout on the Mary Jane and they were, with others, shooting craps. Sixty Jubal threw in a pair of funny dice and Refugee caught him at it and took Sixty's gun away from him and slugged him over the head with it and the last time Refugee saw Sixty Jubal, Sixty was lying in a widening pool of his own blood, if not as good as dead at least the best Refugee could do with one lick.

Refugee didn't stay to find out if Sixty was dead or to help with artificial respiration if he wasn't because in Refugee Smith's mind was a picture of a chain gang, or maybe a rope. So Refugee

(Continued on page 31)

HITLER REACHES FO

We are the last people in the world to be complacent about our oil supply. Our reserves are low and getting lower while the Axis is straining toward the richest oil deposits on earth

WHEN Edwin L. Drake, in 1859, persisted, despite scoffing neighbors, in putting down the first oil well near Titusville, Pennsylvania, he could not possibly have realized that he was doing something that was to determine the course of civilization. Neither he nor anyone could have foreseen the future uses of oil by the human race. No one could have foretold that in the greatest war in history both the most potent instrumentality and the gauge would be a mineral product that used to be set on fire for gala effect as it floated on the streams of northwestern Pennsylvania.

Oil has a thousand uses. We use it for heat and motive power. We use oil to heat our homes. Upon oil is based one of the greatest of all industries—that of the automobile in its many forms. We use oil for lubrication. We use oil to run our ships. We use oil for our locomotives. We use oil to cultivate our farms. We burn oil to generate electricity, which in its turn is one of the most useful of instrumentalities.

Without oil, the airplane would still be nothing more than the dream of an inspired inventor. Without oil, there would be no submarines. Without oil, our explosives would be drastically limited as to variety and extent. Without oil, there would be no mechanized artillery or tanks or huge trucks to transport troops. Without oil, there would not be enough lubricants for the rifles of the armies that are fighting all over the world. Few people know that commercial alcohol can be made out of petroleum in great quantities, and cheaply. We have been too slow—too slow for our own good—in the production of synthetic rubber, a main source of raw material for which is petroleum! We can refrigerate by means of petroleum. It goes into our roads and streets as asphalt. It is used to keep down the dust on railroad right of ways. It is mixed with coal to allay the dust. Petroleum is a necessary constituent in the manufacture of briquets. Its by-products have a value as medicine. From it derives the toluene that is necessary in the manufacture of TNT.

Most of us do not even yet know the elementary truths of the oil situation. Some time ago, I offered an article on petroleum to a newspaper syndicate. In it I pointed out that the United States is *not so well off with respect to* petroleum, and that our reserves would last only about fourteen years. The manuscript was promptly returned with the curt comment that the United States produced more oil than all of the rest of the world put together. In other words, we were *producing* more oil and, *ergo,* we must *have* more oil. As if the man with half a million dollars in the bank who is drawing on it at the rate of $25,000 a year is richer than the one who has one million dollars which he is expending at the rate of $15,000 annually.

The truth is that our own reserves are low and getting lower. Even if we could be complacent about them we would have no right to be. So far as oil is concerned, we are in the position of a man who is living luxuriously by spending all that he earns and drawing on his savings besides. During the three-year period, 1938-1940, the United States took 4,250,000,000 barrels of oil out of the ground, and during the same period only 2,500,000,000 barrels of new underground reserves were discovered.

In 1941 it was even worse. That year we produced 1,400,000,000 barrels and discovered a mere 500,000,000 barrels treasured underground. At the same time the consumption of oil was shooting toward the sky in a way that was reminiscent of the days when we allowed billions of cubic feet of natural gas to go down with the wind.

Even if there were no war requiring an enormous increase in the use of petroleum, it is estimated that, at the present peacetime rate of consumption of 1,450,000,000 barrels per year, our oil reserves will last about fourteen years. And fourteen years are as a split second in the life of a nation.

On the other hand—and this will surprise more people than the editor to whom I have referred—the oil *reserves* outside of the United States are vastly greater than those within the United States. Furthermore, these foreign reserves—some of them actually, and the rest of them potentially—are within striking distance of the Axis powers.

Again, let us fall back on dull but important figures. There are, roughly, four main oil areas outside of the United States: Central and South America, Russia, the Far East, and the Near East. We can ignore Europe in the main. In 1940, German-controlled Europe produced only 78,507,000 barrels of oil (including synthetic gasoline), which is approximately 3% of the world's total. And, so far as is known, the European reserves are insignificant. The most important supply is in Rumania and the Germans must be using that up pretty fast. As a whole, Europe is both oil-poor and oil-hungry and will remain so.

The Real Significance

Central and South America produce approximately one million barrels a day. Russia produced 242,000,000 barrels in 1941, or about 9% of the world's total. The Far East—now in the hands of Japan—produced 81,000,000 barrels in 1941, or about 3%. The Near East, in 1941, produced 113,000,000 barrels, or approximately 5% of the world's total.

But the real significance of these foreign production figures lies in what they do not tell. They do not disclose that some of their reserves are nearly inexhaustible, while those of the United States are being rapidly depleted.

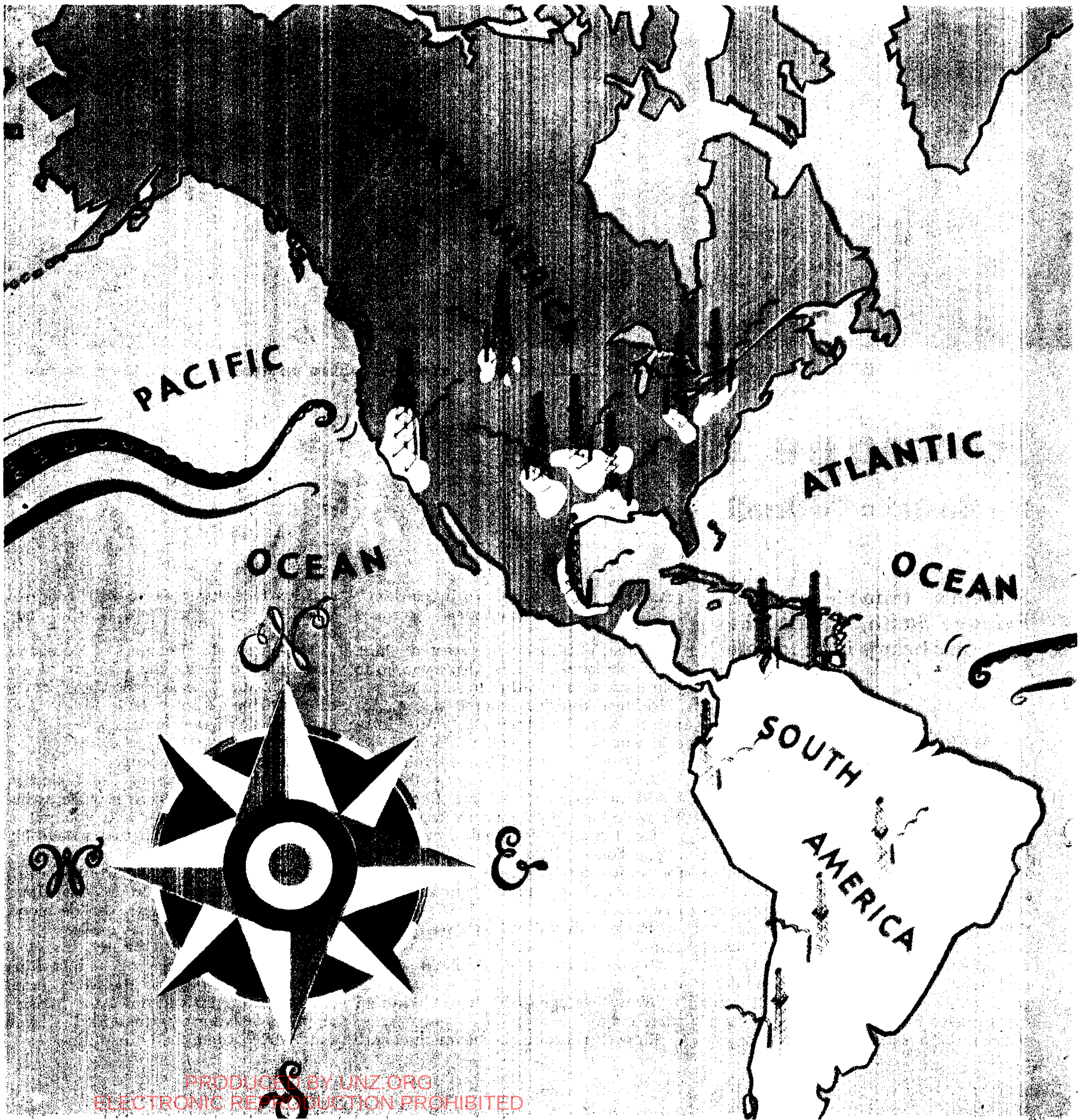
It is the opinion of those who are well informed that, of the oil-producing lands, only the Dutch East Indies have no great underground reserves. The chances are that Japan's booty will not yield her much more than what the Dutch had been able to extract.

In South America there are great reserves of enormous potentialities. In Venezuela, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru there are vast areas, rich with oil, still unexplored. This territory must be kept out of the hands of the Axis at all costs.

But the two greatest and richest reserve areas on earth are those of Russia and the Near East. And it is precisely there that the Axis is fighting hardest and thither that the Axis is driving with desperate determination. It is not too much to say that the future of the world will be decided in the Near East (of which the Russian Caucasus is a part).

What is Germany's oil situation? Naturally, accurate figures are Nazi secrets, and one can only guess. Germany herself is practically without oil resources, her annual production amounting to only about 6,700,000 barrels. In preparation for their assault upon the world, the Nazis went in heavily for synthetic petroleum and built up great stocks of reserves. As is well known, Germany developed to an extraordinary degree the manufacture of synthetic petroleum, but she could never produce enough *ersatz* oil to wage a world-wide war. In 1938, Germany is believed to have produced about 8,000,000 barrels of synthetic gasoline. But

MAP BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



THE WORLD'S OIL

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

she had reserves accumulated from her future enemies and the prospect of plundered supplies.

In April 1940, before Hitler's attack on Holland, it is estimated that his oil stocks amounted to from 20,100,000 to 33,500,000 barrels. In the campaign against the Low Countries and France most of this oil had been used up, and General Weygand is said to have reported that, at the end of the French campaign, in June 1940, the German army had only a three weeks' supply of gasoline left.

But what Hitler consumed in his conquest of France and the Low Countries, he more than made up when he plundered the European reserves. In Holland, Belgium and France he found, experts estimate, no less than 53,600,000 barrels of petroleum stocks, which, due to stupidity or worse, were not destroyed by the Allies. The oil fields of Poland and Rumania yielded additional millions of barrels.

These captured stocks and fields gave Hitler enough oil for the Russian campaign. We do not know how much oil this has cost him or how much oil he has left. It is probably true that the imminent, as well as the ultimate, need for oil drove Hitler to make his unprovoked assault upon Russia.

Italy is not in any too good shape with respect to petroleum products. Mussolini's overrated state has practically no oil at all within its own borders and only small quantities in Albania. Italy has not been able to build up many oil reserves or plunder any important stocks. She has no considerable coal fields out of which to make synthetic gasoline.

Japan, like Italy, has very small oil resources; but Japan, unlike Italy, had both the foresight and the ability to finance the purchase of huge quantities of oil and gasoline.

Useless Speculation

As with Germany, it is useless to speculate on how much oil Japan has. My own view is that she has large supplies in storage, carefully concealed.

Oil fields, to be sure, have been destroyed by the Allies in the far Pacific. But we should bear in mind that the destruction of oil wells is not total. All that can be destroyed is the well itself, and this can usually be repaired, even though it takes time and precious materials; or new wells may be sunk.

Therefore, the only safe and wise course for us is to go on the assumption that it will not be a lack of oil, with which our Allies and ourselves have so generously supplied Japan in the past, that will bring Nippon to her knees. It will take deadly and intensive bombings of Japanese territory and the thrust of ships and armed men into the far Pacific before the Rising Sun will set all bloody red.

Like the Japanese, Hitler is in desperate need of oil for the future even if he has enough for the present campaign. He covets the vast reserves that are encompassed within the boundaries of great Russia. And if Hitler should defeat the mighty Soviets and capture the Russian oil fields, he would be within easy reach of potentially the richest oil areas in the world—the region of the Persian Gulf.

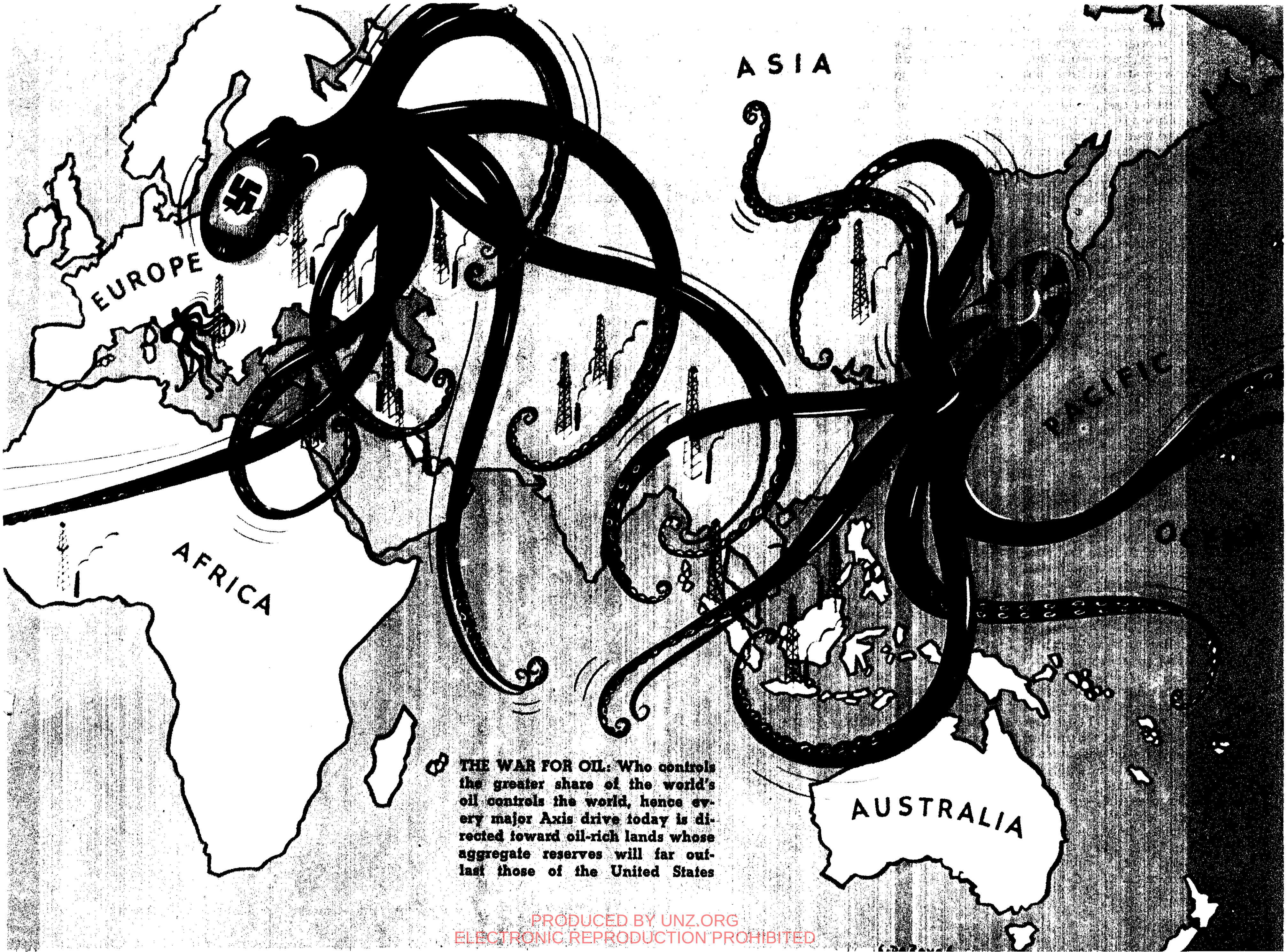
The underground reserves in these fields are believed to be so great that they may exceed the total resources known to exist in the United States.

This oil-wealthy area is threatened from many sides. If the Japanese should succeed in crashing through India, they would outflank it from the East. If Hitler should defeat the Russian armies in the Caucasus, he would have not only the Caucasian fields, he would also outflank the Near Eastern fields from the north. Control of the oil fields of the Caucasus and those of the Persian Gulf area would mean that the Axis would dominate the postwar world.

In Russia there are three rich oil regions. The Tertiary Basin that extends from the Crimea eastward along the foot of the Caucasus, across the Caspian Sea, to the Pamirs; here the Russians produce about 75% of their oil. The Emba District of the Ural Mountains; and, finally, the recently developed area about Perm in Central Russia, where the geology resembles that of Oklahoma. These fields have vast underground reserves, and the power that controls them, or any one of them, will go far.

Let us suppose that in this struggle for mastery of the world—and it is nothing less than that—the Axis powers win. Let us suppose that the werewolf of Germany, the jackal of Italy and the hyena of Japan conquer Russia, Australia, China and India, and perhaps even Alaska and Hawaii. This would give the Axis powers, in addition to the oil fields of German-controlled Rumania and Poland, the rich petroleum deposits of Russia, Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Bahrein, Qatar and Kuwait, as well as those of the East Indies. Even if the Allies destroyed these oil fields it would only be a question of time before the wells were repaired or replaced. The Axis would then control greater treasures in petroleum than are to be found in all the Western Hemisphere.

If Germany prevails in Europe and



THE WAR FOR OIL: Who controls the greater share of the world's oil controls the world, hence every major Axis drive today is directed toward oil-rich lands whose aggregate reserves will far outlast those of the United States

Japan overruns the rest of Asia and Australia, the Axis would dominate Africa. For my part I do not believe that Hitler's greed would be satisfied even with such an enormous feast as this. The trouble with a lust for conquest is that nothing satisfies it so long as anything remains to be conquered. The Axis powers would reach out for South America. What would prevent them? South America is in no position to defend itself without the aid of the United States; and the United States would be dangerously weakened if Great Britain and Russia were beaten.

Could we defend the Panama Canal itself? To my mind this would be doubtful. Germany would be willing to pay a great price for the Canal—a price measured even in German blood and German corpses.

Controlling the world's oil wells, Hitler would dominate the economic life and, therefore, he would be able to mold the social and political system of all of Europe. The same would be true of Asia and Australia. And, if I am right in my gloomy supposition that if the dictator powers are triumphant in Europe and Australia, they will also be dominant in South America, then they would be the economic overlords of all the known world, with the possible exception of the North American continent. But all that Hitler would have to do to paralyze the United States or make it subservient to his will would be to deprive it of the markets and cut it off from needed raw materials from other parts of the world. He would not have to fire a shot or set a single soldier upon our soil to force us back to the economic and social status of two or three centuries ago.

What Has Made Us a Powerful Nation

We know that the difference between penury and plenty in the United States is determined by the variety, the extent and the accessibility of foreign markets. It has been our expanding foreign trade—markets for our foodstuffs, our raw materials and our manufactured goods—that has made us a rich and powerful nation. Destroy our foreign markets and the slow strangulation of this trade would follow. It would not take us a long time to exhaust our savings. Our living standards would fall, our social institutions would crack; we would be a poor country inhabited by poor men and women—a veritable peasantry—that would of necessity do the will of the Nazis.

Am I painting too dismal a picture? Perhaps! We know that the ultimate good is never realized, nor is any disaster quite so complete as the pessimists predict. But it is better to fear the worst, because then we are better prepared spiritually to fend against it. And even if the disaster to our economic life and our social institutions would be only 50% of what I have suggested as possible, we could still find ourselves with an economy and with social institutions at a disastrously low level from which it would be difficult to extricate them.

So we must win this war, however long it may last and whatever the cost may be. And to win the war, as well as the peace, we must husband our oil. We have allowed selfish and reckless people to exploit it in the past at a rate and in a manner that indicated a foolish belief that there never could be an end to it. We must be diligent in our search for new sources of oil. We know that certain products can be made from coal and shale and we must increase our knowledge of the way to do this. But these processes are expensive and no one yet has discovered how to make 100-octane gasoline out of the synthetic variety. Not only must we husband our precious oil supplies in our own land, we must collaborate with others of the United Nations that possess petroleum, so that the excess of their supplies over their own needs will be made available to us under fair trade arrangements.

We need oil statesmanship in the United States of America. The economic future of the world, with all that that means, depends upon who controls its oil resources. Hitler and the Japanese war lords are racing for oil, with Mussolini yapping at their heels. If they get the world's oil reserves, they will have a good chance of winning the war. We must and will keep that oil from them. Only then will the world have freedom and peace, and on the basis of an expanding oil technology, a durable prosperity and an expanding culture. ★★★

WING TALK

CHARLIE STANTON has made many contributions to aviation in the last 24 years, but up until now he never was in the center of the stage with two spotlights shining on him at the same time. One points him out as the first government career man to be the head man of civil aviation; the other shines on him as the man whose timely proposal to convert our grasshopper-type airplanes into gliders is speeding up our glider program and enabling us to recover a lot of ground lost in the past while the subject was being kicked around in public and private debate.

President Roosevelt's nomination of Charles I. Stanton to be administrator of the C.A.A. was received with great rejoicing among aviation people who had felt that, since the retirement of Col. Clarence M. Young, as Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics in 1933 (now Pacific Division Manager for Pan American Airways), what the governing body for civil aeronautics needed most was a career man at the head.

No one can challenge Charlie Stanton's qualifications in this regard. In 1918 he added to his B.S. degree and Phi Beta Kappa key from Tufts College, the wings of an Army pilot, won at Kelly Field. Then he enthusiastically entered into an experiment which had only a small following in those days—the transportation of mail by air, and he was one of the pioneers of the old Post Office Department Air Mail Service which was charged with proving the feasibility of such a thing. Charlie was the test pilot and he had a big part to play in converting the surplus Army DH-4B biplanes into the highly efficient Air Mail DHs, which proved it could be done. He also had a lot to do with the development of airways and radio for those air mail planes.

Let no one forget that the present air transport system of the United States and the world's greatest airways system which we have, stem directly from the pioneering efforts of that little group back in 1918 with which Charlie Stanton always will be permanently identified.

With the creation of the old Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce (now the C.A.A.) in 1926, men like Stanton were sorely needed and he soon was deep in the task of building a lighted and radio-equipped airways system for the nation. He personally surveyed airways, located landing fields, established beacon lights and installed radio stations.

His basic training as a civil engineer before the air age enveloped him, plus his flying ability and technical aviation knowledge, kept him in a gradual but steady climb to the highest ceiling he has yet reached.

And he arrives at that point coincidentally with the largest budget the C.A.A. or its predecessor agencies ever had—$310,000,000, of which $200,000,000 is for further airport building and development and $72,000,000 for the Civilian Pilot Training Program. In addition to administering these vital projects, he must continue with airways construction and maintenance and airline inspection.

Charlie Stanton got into the glider business when it looked as if the C.P.T.P. would include this as one of its courses. What to do for gliders in a hurry was the problem, as our tiny glider industry was incapable of taking on such a tremendous load.

It was then that Charlie called in his engineers and asked them to investigate the possibility of taking an Aeronca, knocking off the engine and propeller, streamlining the nose, modifying the landing gear and making a three-place glider out of it.

Nine days after the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation in Middletown, Ohio, got the suggestion, the first glider was completed. Edward Burn, Aeronca research engineer, and C.A.A. engineers Harold D. Hoekstra and Nelson N. Shapter, made the conversion. The experimental model was flown to Washington by Major Lewis B. Barringer of the Army Air Forces, former general manager of the Soaring Society of America, at the end of a line towed by a C.A.A. plane and it was demonstrated before high Army officials formulating the glider program.

As a result of the demonstration, an initial order for 250 each was placed by the Army with Aeronca, Piper and Taylorcraft.

IF IT had been an American engine reproduction job, it would have been very much in order for the Packard people to have assured a production-hungry public last year that they would come through with flying colors and that there was no cause to worry. But they knew they had a terrific assignment from the War Department when they were told to build Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, which meant taking a practically hand-made, high-precision British engine and reproducing it American style—by machinery and in great and rapid quantities. Consequently, they promised nothing but went to work.

Going to work meant redrawing 2,500 English "left-handed" blueprints into American "right-handed" practice; changing metric measurements into inches; designing and installing 3,400 new machines and teaching people to operate them.

Having made no boasts or advance claims, Packard rightfully feels proud that up to now it has exceeded WPB production schedules and that it has favorable reports from England about the performance of the engines in Spitfires and Hurricanes, and from the United States in the Curtiss P-40F Warhawks.

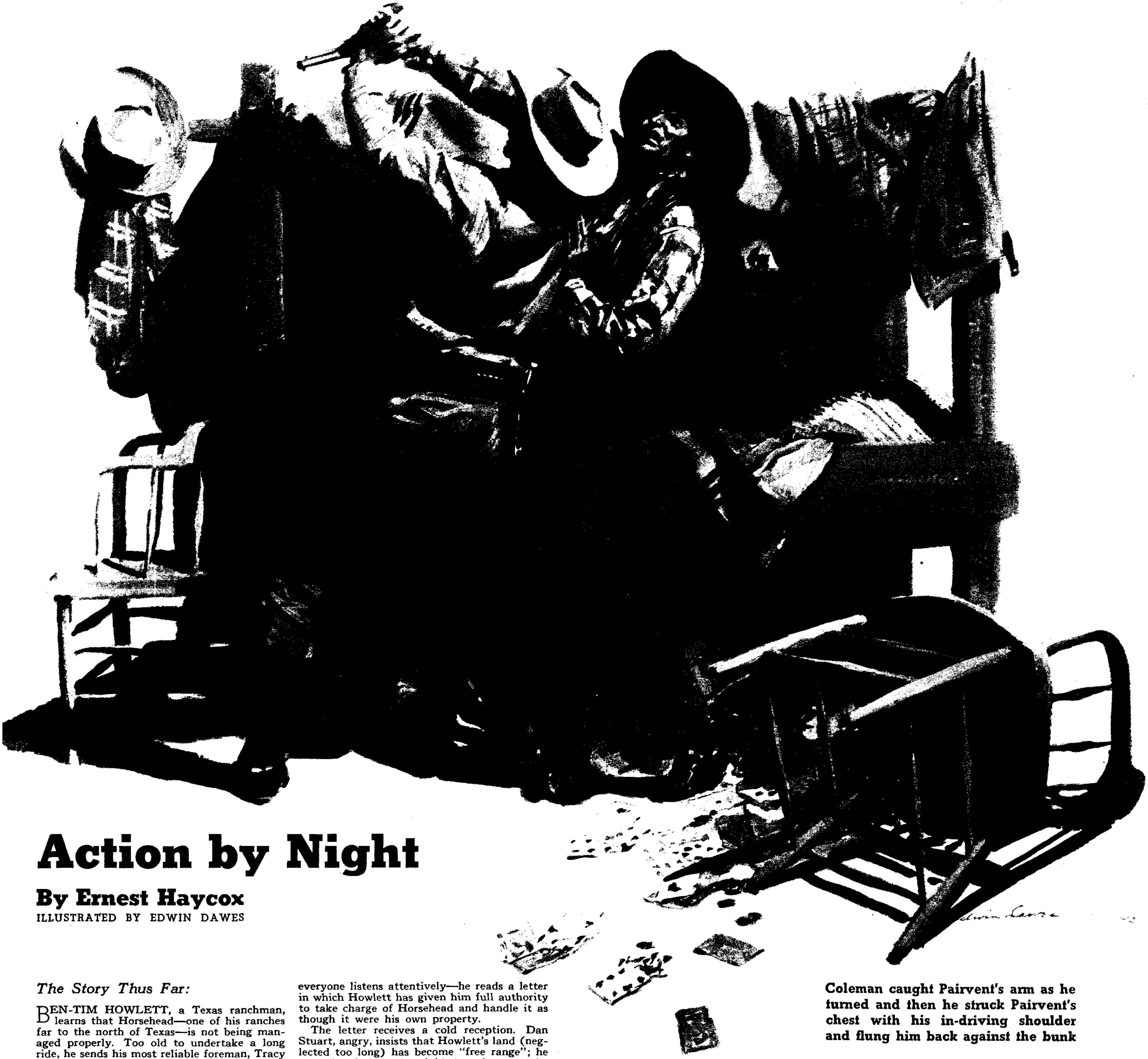
The Rolls-Royce airplane engine has nearly 11,000 parts and seventy-two gears. It requires sixty-seven hours to machine a Merlin crankshaft as against three for an automobile engine, and it takes 194 hours to assemble it, as against five hours for an eight-cylinder motor.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Packard's accomplishment is in the fact that parts built in Detroit are interchangeable on Rolls-Royce Merlins built in England.

F. R. N.

IFOR THOMAS

C.A.A. Administrator Charles I. Stanton studying plane models in his Washington office



Coleman caught Pairvent's arm as he turned and then he struck Pairvent's chest with his in-driving shoulder and flung him back against the bunk

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The Story Thus Far:

BEN-TIM HOWLETT, a Texas ranchman, learns that Horsehead—one of his ranches far to the north of Texas—is not being managed properly. Too old to undertake a long ride, he sends his most reliable foreman, Tracy Coleman, to take over the ranch.

After riding for days, Coleman puts up at a roadhouse. There, in the course of a few hours, he has two or three casual meetings with two women: Valencia Wilder (who, following an exchange of letters with Ben Solvay, a cattleman whom she had never seen, has agreed to come from Fort Loring to marry him); and the attractive blond daughter of Dan Stuart, one of the region's leaders.

A day or so later, he reaches War Bonnet, a town not far from Horsehead. There he encounters a number of well-known people: Ben Solvay, Dan Stuart, Drew Trumbo, George Pairvent (Horsehead's foreman) and several others.

Life in War Bonnet centers around the Alma House, a small hotel, where Coleman, looking about him, observes that something unusual is going on. Entering the dining room, he finds a dozen or more cattlemen—divided into two groups—preparing for a conference.

Seeing Coleman, Dan Stuart (who appears to be the dominant personality present) says to him, "You're in the wrong place. This is a cattlemen's meetin'." The man from Texas does not move. "I'm in the right place," he says quietly. Stuart frowns. "Representin' what outfit?" he inquires. "Horsehead," Coleman answers.

Stuart shakes his head. "No," he says, "George Pairvent represents Horsehead." "If he does," Coleman says, "what's he doin' at a saloon, instead of here?" After which—while everyone listens attentively—he reads a letter in which Howlett has given him full authority to take charge of Horsehead and handle it as though it were his own property.

The letter receives a cold reception. Dan Stuart, angry, insists that Howlett's land (neglected too long) has become "free range"; he says that it is to be divided up between the men present at the meeting; he warns Coleman to leave the country—or run the risk of being hanged.

Coleman smiles. He says, "I will be at Horsehead by noon today," turns and walks out of the room.

II

CROSSING through a lobby half filled with townsmen and riders, Coleman noticed Dan Stuart's daughter, all the liveliness gone from her. One man loitered in the doorway, so engrossed that he made no attempt to step aside. Coleman paused, waiting; the man made no move, and suddenly Coleman thrust him aside with his arm and left the lobby.

Pairvent was still near the saloon. Coleman turned along the loose board walk and came upon him. Pairvent never took his suspecting eyes away; now, as on the night before, he drew his thin muscles together and made himself ready for the trouble he expected.

"Last night," Coleman said, "you left camp on the run. You figured to get yourself some help. Who'd you think would help you? You've got no friends in that owners' crowd."

Pairvent dryly said, "You think so?"

The ranch owners and their foremen came from the Alma, drifting to the horse racks, moving toward the saloon. Pairvent's glance went to these men, searching them with a hard care; and as he stood there, lank and strained like an animal undecided on attack or flight, he seemed to keen the very air of the town for an answer. Stuart and Tap left War Bonnet in a run that raised little rolls of dust and other men walked by Coleman, into the saloon. Trumbo crossed the street afoot, cast a quick glance at Pairvent, and went down a small alley.

All during the last hour Coleman had turned the problem of Pairvent through his mind; and it was that quick glance between the men—as revealing as a speech—which made answer for him. He knew then what he must do. "Go back to Horsehead," he said to Pairvent. "I want to talk to you."

Pairvent, suspicious of every living thing, stared long at Coleman; and at last he gave a curt nod and walked into the saloon. Coleman turned back to his horse before the Alma. Ben Solvay waited there for him, and said, "Like to see you for just a moment," and beckoned him into the hotel.

The crowd had left the lobby. Valencia Wilder still sat in the corner chair, quiet and small, but disturbing the air of the room by her presence. She watched Coleman come up and as he stood above her he noticed again the smoothness of her body within her dress, the richness of her lips, the odd and still light of knowledge in her eyes.

"This," said Ben Solvay, "is Valencia Wilder. And this man's name is Coleman."

Coleman removed his hat before her. He met the steady onset of her glance while Solvay went on with his dry, practical conversation: "I heard you were takin' over Horsehead. It is a nice house down there and an old Mexican woman keeps care of it—brought up a long time ago by Ben-Tim Howlett." He paused a moment, collecting his words carefully: "We expect to be married, but not for a week or so. This hotel is no particular place for a woman to stay. Tonight bein' payday the town will be full of drunks. Horsehead is a fine place and the Mexican woman makes it proper enough. Maybe you'd take Miss Wilder to Horsehead and let her put up there as long as may be. It will relieve my mind."

Coleman studied Ben Solvay until the latter showed a trace of embarrassment. Coleman was smiling. "My friend," he said, "you must sleep sound at night."

The mind of Ben Solvay was entirely practical. "Sure," he said, "but what's that got to do with this?"

It was impossible for Coleman to know if Valencia Wilder had been earlier aware of Solvay's idea. She continued to watch him, and she was saying something to him, her eyes widening into a full glance.

"My pleasure," Coleman said, directly to her, "if it seems suitable to you."

"I'll get a buckboard," Solvay murmured, and immediately left the hotel.

Coleman took the time to build a cigarette. He lighted the cigarette and looked at the girl. "His idea?"

"Perhaps so." She watched his eyes throughout a continuing silence, and then for the first time her directness wavered and she dropped her glance. "Let's not start that way," she murmured.

SOLVAY returned and took up her small leather trunk from the floor and lugged it through the doorway. Valencia Wilder made a little gesture with her hands and rose. She moved across the lobby before him and, near the door, turned around. "You're alone—and the rest of the country's against you."

"I am usually alone," he said.

"People," she said, "will try to get at you and break you. I know about that. They have tried it against me. People are dogs. I hope you fight them."

The smooth, cool features of this girl lighted with spirit. He was surprised at her strong talk but he liked her better for what he had seen; she stood for something. He took her arm and escorted her to the buckboard and gave her a hand up. Ben Solvay climbed to the seat, said, "See you on Horsehead," and put the team down the street at a trot.

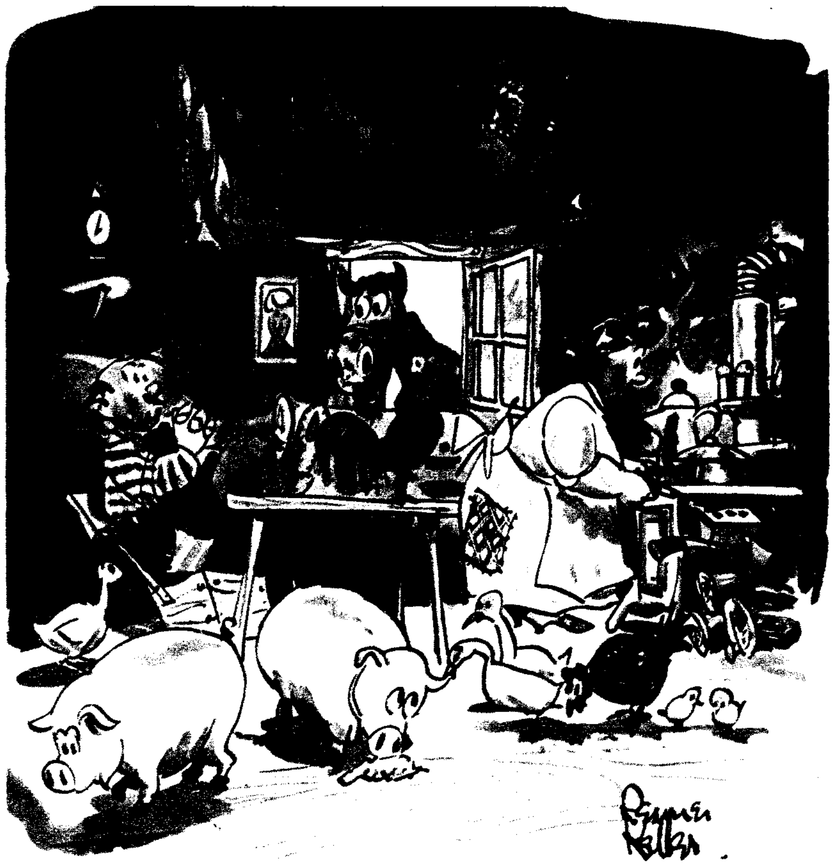
Other riders made their departure, leaving War Bonnet half empty. Coleman stepped to his saddle and turned out on the trail of the buckboard. Pairvent was no longer before the saloon; but as Coleman put the street behind him he looked about and saw Horsehead's ex-foreman step from a shed on the rear side of town, toward which Drew Trumbo had earlier gone. Little pieces of information like this, patiently accumulated, at last made up a story. The buckboard traveled southwest under bright sunlight, following two ruts which formed the road. The ranchers who had left town now were fading into the grasslands in all directions before Coleman; and deeper south he saw the blur of cattle trailing away. . . .

Ann Stuart was in Mary van Hogh's dressmaking shop when Trumbo cut down the alley; she saw him, and later noticed Pairvent drift in the same direction. She had been talking to Mary van Hogh about a dress and as she talked she had her troubled guess as to what would be happening. The politics of the Basin was an old story to her, made up of jealousy and greed and intrigue; and in this her father played the greater part. She had not thought Trumbo would follow that pattern.

Later she observed Pairvent return from the rear of town. She made her excuses to Mary van Hogh, left the shop and threaded the alley to the back end of Morphy's abandoned store. A board wall ran to either side of the store's rear yard and thus formed a shelter; in a little while Trumbo came into the boarded compound.

"I thought you might come," he said.

HE HAD a good smile and he had a way of showing how much he liked these casual meetings. It warmed her throughout to see the appreciation in his eyes and for a moment she forgot about Pairvent. Drew came before her, looking down with his wish in his eyes, making her desirable by the things he expressed in his glance. Long lonely and knowing almost nothing of sympathy or affection from others, she waited for these moments and treasured them; and of late had been permitting herself half hopes.



"Seems kinda lonesome around here since we sold the cow, Bessie"

REAMER KELLER

"I wish," he said, "I could ride up to your front door like a gentleman."

"My father would furnish the reception." She shrugged her shoulders. "I wish there was some way of making him gentler on people, of hating less." She had another thought: "Is there any particular reason, any personal reason why he dislikes you?"

"Not that I know of. Maybe I just settled too close to his range. What he sees he wants—and maybe he wants my small outfit. Let it pass."

"Nothing like that passes. Somebody's got to fix it. I haven't had much luck."

He gave her a keener glance. "Don't you and your father get along all right?"

She had a great deal of pride and she had never spoken of her relations with her father. She would not now. "Private affairs are private, Drew."

He laughed the rebuke aside. "When and where will we meet again?"

"On Star Cross Ridge some morning, I suppose. Drew, why are you meeting Pairvent?"

The question caught him off balance and he had no ready answer. He looked at her with a completely expressionless face. He said slowly, "Did I meet him?" Then he knew this was the wrong answer and corrected it: "George has got his troubles, the Basin tryin' to cut Horsehead from under him. Comes to me for advice now and then."

"Keep out of sagebrush politics and just plug along with your own ranch. Don't ever get tied up with the owners. The Basin changes almost everybody. You must not let it change you. You stay an honest man."

"Honest," he said, and laughed again. "Honest and poor."

"Better that way," she answered and watched the personal, wanting expression come to his face again. He had only once tried to kiss her and she had not let him, being neither sure of herself nor of him. Since that time he had held his distance but she knew he would some day try again, and she wondered, when that time came, what she would do.

He had a streak of humor, sharp and sometimes self-ridiculing, which pleased her. He said suddenly, "What dark thoughts are runnin' through your head now?"

She smiled back. "Whether to have the next dress blue or brown. See you soon." She turned out of the alley, reached her horse and went out of town at a full gallop. Departing horsemen made dots on the desert. Nearer, idly jogging along the Gateway road, she saw the new man, Tracy Coleman; her thoughts went to him easily and at once.

RIDING southwest over the plain, Coleman thought of Ben-Tim Howlett's final instructions and advice, delivered from the porch of the Texas ranch house. "My time to die," Ben-Tim had said, "has come and I want my ledgers clean before I go. If I'd ever had a son, Tracy, I'd been mighty pleased to have had him like you. And if my son was a-standin' in your shoes this minute I'd be thinkin' of the worst chore I could give him. It's the tough things that are good for men, not the easy ones. So I'm sendin' you up to the Basin. Somethin's wrong there. Horsehead is your ranch—if you can hold it."

He recalled how Ben-Tim's weather-etched face had turned smartly reminiscent. "I was the first cattleman in that country and I took the best chunk of range. I held it against the worst pirates you ever saw. Some are still there and now they're thinkin' Ben-Tim's old and has got no right to grass he don't walk on. An absentee owner is always fair game for the neighbors. If Frank DeLeon is still alive, give him my love. But watch Dan Stuart. He always wanted to be king and he'll skin you and dry your hide if he can. Maybe you can make it, maybe not. Still, you're like me. The fun of it is in the tryin' and the cryin' and the laughin'. That's all the fun there is, I think."

Ben-Tim had been as much of a father as Coleman had known and their parting had been tough; for they both knew they would not see each other again. . . .

THE road that Coleman followed carried him into a grove of pines and he saw Horsehead's ranch quarters lying in the mottled shade and sunlight of the trees—the long, low house, the bunkhouse and corrals and sheds spread around it. Back of these quarters the trees of the ridge rose away, rank upon rank, and the day's warm air brought a strong resin smell into the yard. One man stood by the bunkhouse, watching the yard, the lank kid whom he had slapped to the ground the previous night. Solvay stood on the porch with Valencia Wilder. Beside them was a small, dark and elderly woman with a knot of black hair and a placid face.

Solvay said, "Ben-Tim brought Doña Gertrude up with a Mexican crew, some years ago. Her husband was in the crew but he died."

"I know," said Coleman and turned to her, speaking in Spanish: "Don Ben-Tim asked me to say that he is an old man and will never see you again, Doña Gertrude, but that he remembers you."

The woman's eyes grew liquid and light. "Did he say how he remembered me, señor?"

"With affection."

The señora sighed. Memories stirred her and she shrugged her shoulders and recaptured her placid expression. "I am old, too. I should like to see Don Ben-Tim again so that we might laugh together before we die. He was a laughing man." She showed a spark of old coquetry, as though she wished Coleman to understand the liveliness of her younger years. "He was gallant, Ben-Tim was. You are here now in this house?"

"I am in this house now," answered Coleman and told her his name.

"You will have the bedroom on the right," said Doña Gertrude. She cast a glance at Valencia Wilder. "She will be in that room, too?"

"Señorita Wilder is a guest."

"Ah," said Doña Gertrude, "then the room across the hall." She divided a quick glance between man and woman and a smile lay behind the glance and she seemed pleased as she said in English: "Señorita, I will show you the room." Valencia Wilder followed her into the house.

"It will just be for a short while," said Ben Solvay. "And thanks."

"What's your name?" asked Coleman. Solvay told him and offered his hand. Coleman shook it, giving Solvay a thorough looking-over. This man was pretty much as he appeared on the surface, square and not easily stampeded. He had a grip to his jaw and practical blue eyes. "Ben," said Coleman, "you heard the talk in the hotel. That makes this ranch a pretty poor risk for a woman."

(Continued on page 38)

SUITED FOR WORK

by Henry L. Jackson

WHAT with one thing and another, tweeds are being knocked on the head for off-duty wear, and ice-cream pants are yielding to things more durable, for the duration. If you haven't been looking around much lately, it will pay you to notice the number of large stores now equipped with work-clothes departments featuring the duds worn by assembly-plant and factory workers who ask, first, for serviceability and, second, for style, but manage to get both. Maybe you're about to take a war job or maybe you just want some sensible clothes for switching those tires, or painting the storm windows, or fixing for a barbecue. In either case, here's the toiler's choice.

Meander around an airplane plant (if you can get in) and take a gander at the coverall—the long-sleeved, one-piece suit with plenty of pocket space. You can jump into one of these garments in about four seconds flat and be completely dressed. Student flyers and their ground crews wear the coverall, and New York's air-raid wardens have adopted it, in blue, as standard uniform.

Differing from this is the overall, with shoulder straps worn over a shirt (as though you need be reminded), used extensively in shipyards, for bench work, bricklaying, carpentry and on farms. A plaid or the classic blue chambray work shirt goes with it. Fine wear for garden chores.

Standard outfit for most factory war workers is heavy cotton pants and work shirt. The fellow at the filling station who says you can have four gallons next Tuesday, maybe, wears this regulation industrial suit, and you'll find it in railroad shops, lumber mills, stockyards, mule markets, feed mills, barge terminals, Army depots and on big construction jobs. Blue, tan and green are the standard colors, although a few days at the grind renders the color inconsequential. There are plenty of home uses for this ensemble.

Those pants and shirts worn by railroad workers are handy from cellar to attic. Their narrow white and blue stripes have come to be known as a railroad stripe, and the wider ones are called hickory or carpenter's stripes. Blue denims (from the French *serge de Nimes*) is perhaps a more refined phrase for the dungarees generally worn with plaid shirts around oil fields, but now covering thousands of high-school lads replacing our fighting men on farms. Also not taking a vacation are the gents who are speeding up graduation by spending the summer in college and who find slacks of denim, Army twill or corduroy very wearable indeed.

All these fabrics are used in various types of work clothing; and if the stuff stands up in factories and can take campus activity, there isn't much more you could ask of it.

Wash 'em with Strong Soap

Meriting your attention is the very slight relationship between work clothes and the laundry problem. A man crawling around inside a boiler isn't much concerned about the way his suit looks. Generally speaking, he wears it until it looks like something from the bottom of a crankcase, then tosses it away. But if you're worried about what the neighbors think, you can restore work clothes to reasonable good looks with strong soap and very little attention to the Cleaners and Dyers' code.

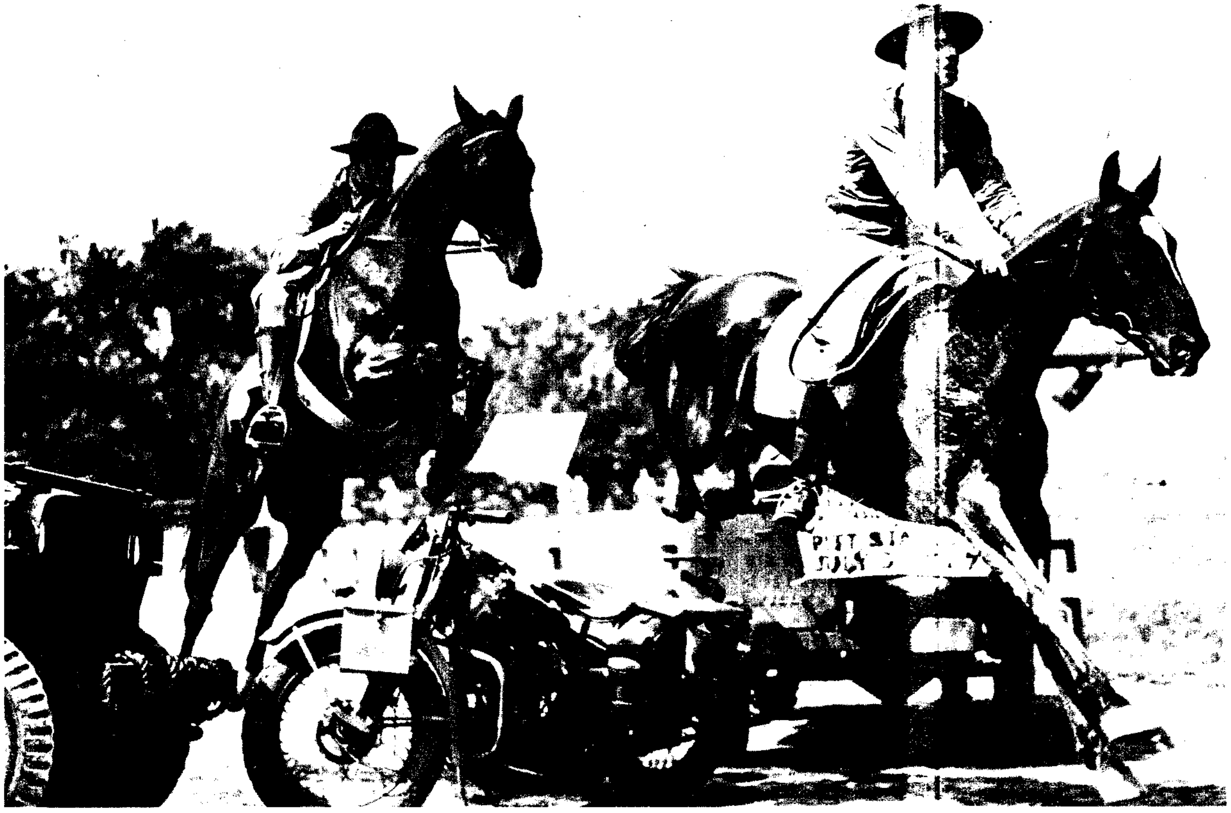
When a man buys an expensive suit he finds the label tucked carefully and modestly away. In cheap and practical work clothes the label is as visible as a No Parking sign. It's a badge of distinction, these days, so wear your labels outside—and save money. ★★★

THOMAS

[illegible] York State Institute [illegible] of Farmingdale, [illegible] has been [illegible] scientifically trained [illegible] since 1912. Open [illegible] school graduates, [illegible] cover such subjects as [illegible] and fruit growing, [illegible] animal husbandry, [illegible] breeding, rural engi[illegible] ornamental horticul[illegible] The Institute is co-ed and [illegible] no uncommon sight to see [illegible] girl dressed [illegible] overall pants, plaid [illegible]

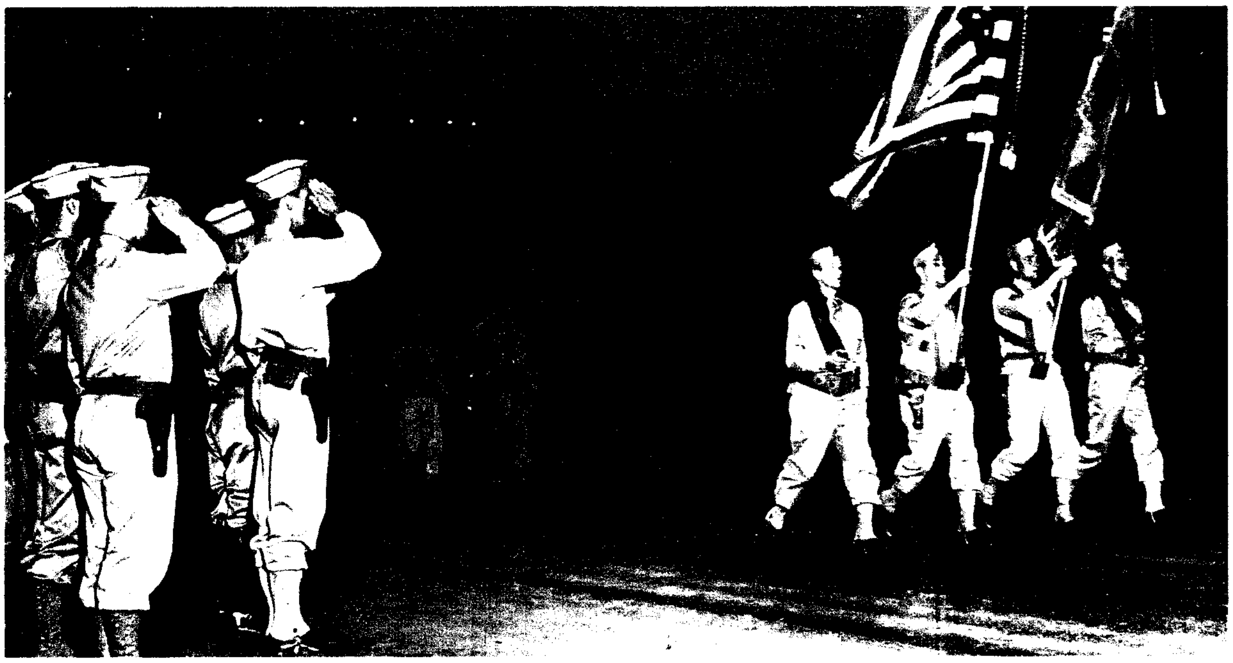
LARROUSSE

[illegible] highly trained industrial [illegible]—John Rada, Jr., and [illegible] Roger Stephenson—of [illegible] Aircraft Engi[illegible] Corp., checking over [illegible] a new type [illegible] plane Grumman is [illegible] for the U. S. Coast [illegible] Both are wearing the [illegible] you'll see on the [illegible] of aircraft workers, [illegible] students and ground [illegible] This is a one-piece suit with plenty of pocket [illegible] for miscellaneous tools

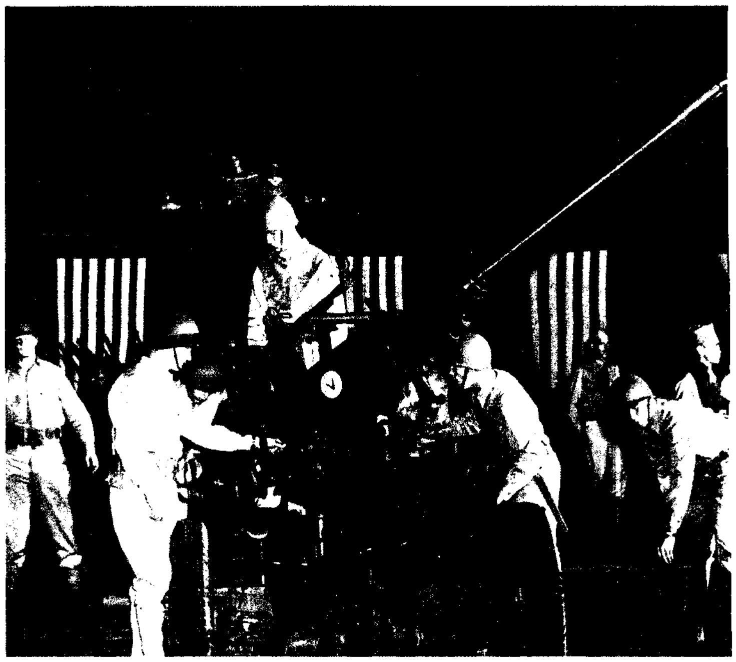


Lt. Graham Purcell, Jr. (left), commanding officer of the 9th Colored Cavalry from Fort Reilly, Texas, and Lt. Jack Orb of Memphis, Tenn., take their horses over a hurdle

Little Gay Barr of Pittsburgh lets Pvt. Hank Greenberg wash her clothes in the Army's newest mobile laundry

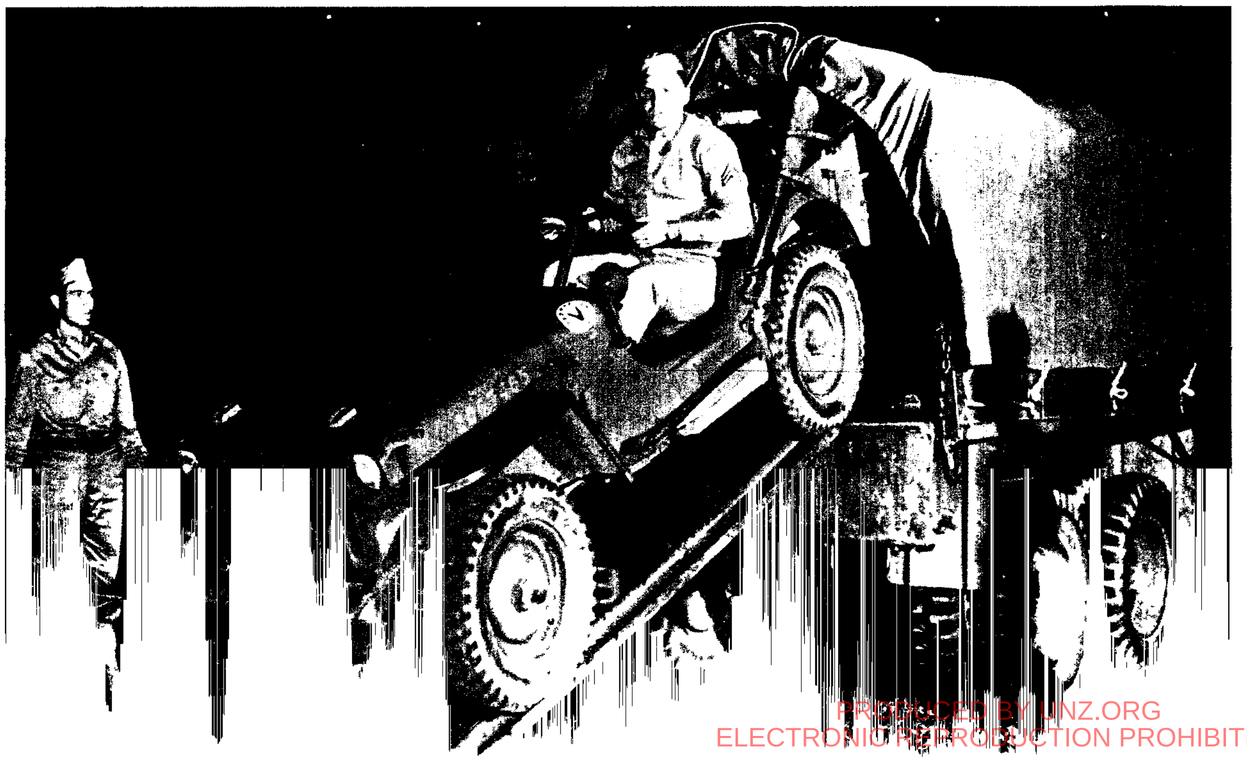


Colonel Bols (front), commanding officer of all troops assigned to This is Your Army, and his staff salute the colors as the "big top" performance gets under way



During rehearsal, members of the antiaircraft unit waste no time in setting up a 40-mm. antiaircraft gun

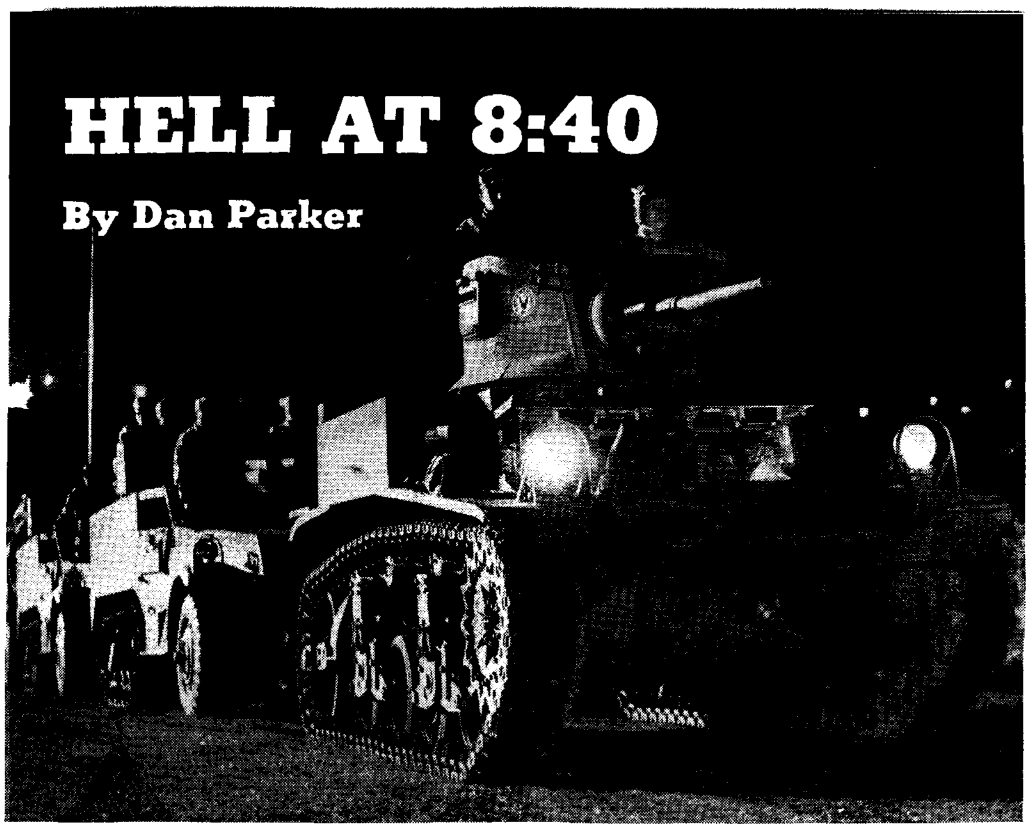
Comic relief in the old Keystone Comedy manner is introduced when a jeep pops out of a stalled giant transport truck and tows the enormous vehicle off the field



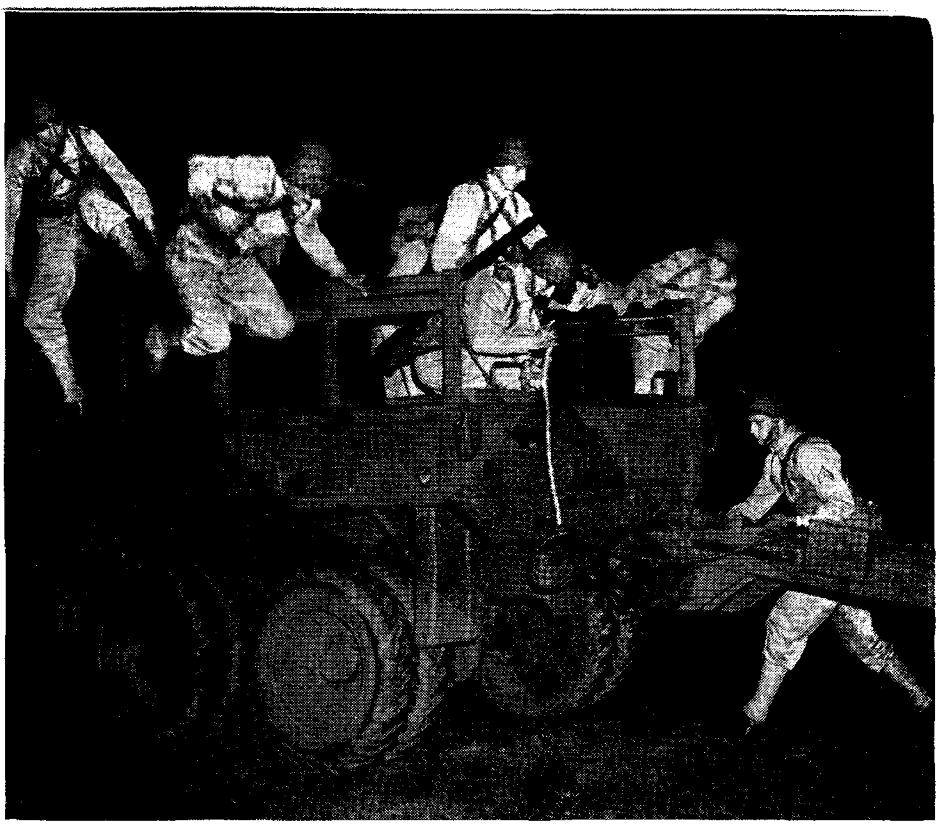
Two Pittsburgh boys are fascinated by a Douglas B-19 bomber tire. Largest in the world, it weighs 961 lbs.

HELL AT 8:40

By Dan Parker



There's a look of alert efficiency about the crew of this M-3 Army tank—as it leads a motorized column to take part in the flaming war spectacle



It's lightning war, even though it's a show war. A gun crew leaps from its truck and unlimbers its cannon in fast time—35 seconds

A BLITZKRIEG with its fangs removed is striking at America's leading industrial centers this summer, leaving con-lence, pride and enlightenment in its wake stead of war's usual trail of death, hunger ıd destruction. This mechanized army that .ns every battle bloodlessly is carrying out three-pronged drive for the War Depart-ent to show the taxpayers of America how eir money is being spent, to demonstrate ɔw modern warfare is waged, and to raise nds for Army Emergency Relief. Not only the spectacular military pageant, titled ɦis Is Your Army, accomplishing its three-ld purpose in a manner far beyond the ex-ctations of those who conceived it but it ıs achieved success in a totally unexpected ıarter by superseding Ringling's as the reatest Show on Earth. The point isn't even sputed; Ringling Brothers has surrendered ıe title for the duration.

This Is Your Army is the brain child of a go-tting Brother Elk named Charles Spencer art, a major in the Reserve Corps who served George Creel's Bureau of Public Informa-on in the first World War and rushed back to the service after Pearl Harbor, eager to slap a Jap. When the War Department's Bureau of Public Relations called in Major Hart and asked for suggestions as to how to show the taxpayers what a job the Army was doing with the raw material so recently called from civilian life and what American industry was turning out in the way of war machinery, the major had the idea right at the head of his mental assembly line.

In the first World War, he had raised over $1,400,000 for the U. S. Treasury with a war show that was little more than a collection of trophies captured from the Germans and a few uniformed representatives of our Allies' armies. If a static show could raise that much, thought Major Hart, the possibilities of a dynamic spectacle portraying mechanized warfare would be unlimited.

After hearing his plan, the War Department gave Major Hart the green light. The army of 1,700 men now staging mechanical sham battles for the people on the home front who never before had the opportunity of seeing Mars at close range is the result. As a morale-booster, the value of the show is incalculable. Few witness it without carrying away a feeling of renewed confidence in America's military

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEO LIEB-PIX AND SIGNAL CORPS

A willing soldier explains the mysteries of the "walkie-talkie"—the Army's portable telephone—to Miss Vera Mahoney of Pittsburgh

Major Hart's task force, as his troupe is officially designated, is practically a miniature army. Climax of the show is a mock battle

Flame throwers provide one of the most thrilling moments of the show. These soldiers are testing their flame throwers at a rehearsal

and industrial might, greater pride in their country, and a firm resolve to protect the American way of life to the limit of their resources.

The difficult assignment handed to the talent assembled by Major Hart from the circus, stage and moving picture world was to mold a show that would have sound entertainment value and also be instructive, without making America's military effort look ridiculous. So well did they succeed that even the ticklish element of comedy has been woven successfully into the somber fabric of the spectacle without leaving a suggestion of unbecoming flippancy.

Fresh from his triumph in Sarasota, Florida, where he had taught a troop of prim pachyderms to trip through one of his terpsichorean routines, John Murray Anderson, Ringling's new stage director, mapped out a choregraphic chore for jeeps and tanks that must have Hitler frothing at the mouth more than is his wont. Wagner-loving Adolf, who had hoped to keep jive out of this war will have his hands full of jiving jeeps shortly if the prediction of This Is Your Army is fulfilled.

Staging and lighting effects were left to Leon Leonidoff, borrowed for the occasion from the Radio City Music Hall. One of his problems was to provide a mobile lighting plant, since many of the stadiums in which the spectacle is being shown have no lighting systems. The Army Signal Corps rigged up a unit for him that fills the bill.

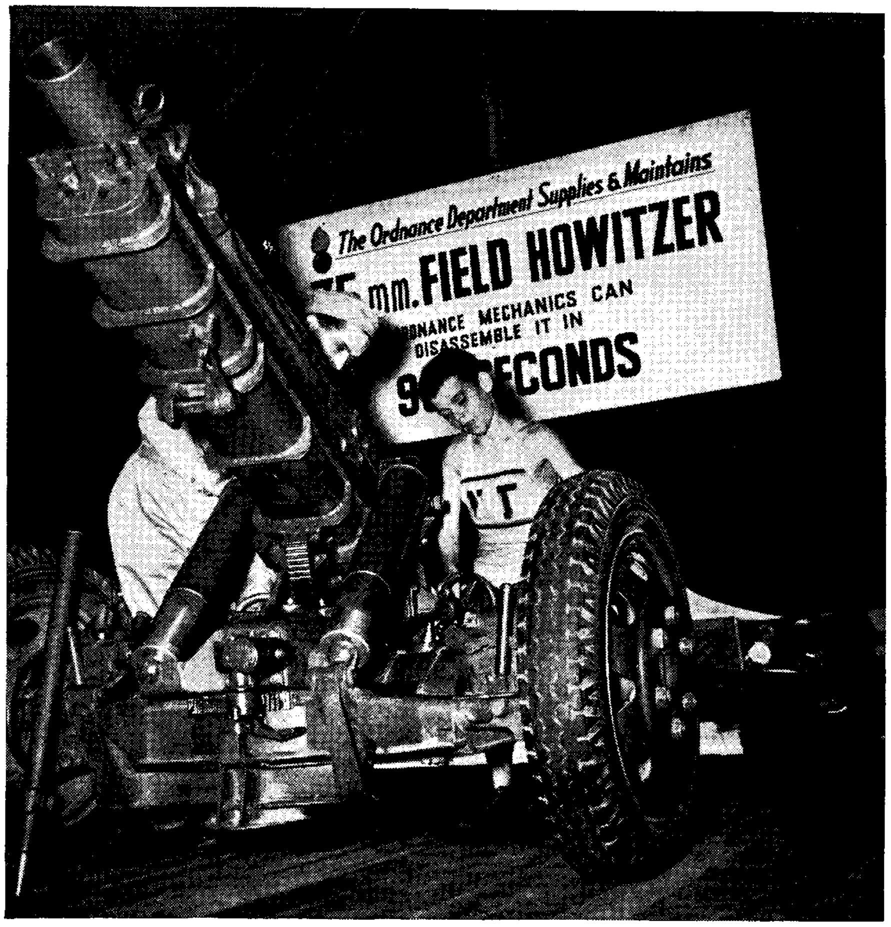
Frank Duffield, who is to the field of pyrotechnics what Frank Buck is to wild-animal acts, was engaged to take charge of the fireworks display that is the curtain-raiser. Other leaders in their field were drafted from show business to work out routines which would demonstrate graphically to the public the activities of each unit of the new streamlined army.

A Miniature Army

Major Hart's task force—and his army circus troupe is so designated, officially—is an almost complete miniature army. It embraces three companies of infantry, one mechanized infantry unit, a signal corps unit, a chemical warfare company, a medical corps unit, five light tanks, a machine-gun company, a unit of antitank armored trucks, 30 jeeps, an antiaircraft unit and a troop of motorcycle "cavalrymen." Besides all these, a half dozen Army planes are among the millions of dollars' worth of props the show carries.

The War Department pays the men assigned to the task force. Weekly operating expenses, which include replacing turf ruined by the tanks, average about $25,000. This is raised by selling box seats to the leading citizens in each town along the route for anywhere from $5 to $100. Thus, every cent of Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen's 55-cent admission fee is left for the Army Emergency Relief.

Originally, Army Emergency Relief was called the Army Relief Society. That was when we had only 300,000 regulars under arms, and the body was known as the United States Army. The womenfolk of soldiers operated the Army Relief Society. When the Army was increased to its present strength and its name changed to the Army of the United States, the Army Relief Society, limited both as to scope and finances, found itself unable to cope with the situation. So Army Emergency Relief was organized. Its mission is to provide quick relief for the widows or families of soldiers killed in action who, through governmental red tape, can't collect war insurance for many weeks. It is for this worthy cause, then, that all profits from the War Show are earmarked.



MONAHAN

This big field howitzer isn't used in the mock mechanical warfare but its mechanism is demonstrated in the side show

Major Hart conservatively estimates that the show will clear a million dollars for the fund. If the air-raid menace has died out by fall, Boston, New York and Pacific Coast cities may be added to the itinerary which now includes Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Houston and the Dallas-Fort Worth area.

To the 1,700 men in Major Hart's task force, the assignment is a lark. Private Joe Henderson of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, probably epitomized the feelings of all his buddies about their circus chore when he said: "That guy Sherman was all wrong about war. It's the life of Riley. I never thought when I joined up I'd be an actor as well as a soldier. It's great training and a thrilling experience, and we're willing to fight it out along these lines if it takes all winter!"

Sergeant Harold Hawkins, who hails from a borough y-clept Brooklyn, was equally enthusiastic.

"We put in our day of regular training from 7 A. M. reveille until suppertime," he said. "Then we show the public their Army every night. This show even beats my Dodger Bums—and when I admit that, I certainly must be in love with the life."

A circus without a side show would be flatter than salad without dressing. The War Show has one, conceived in the best tradition of the sawdust ring, even to its armor-plate Jumbo. This 54-ton bullet-bending behemoth, a steel monster so huge that every bridge and culvert along the itinerary must be measured before it passes over, isn't used in the mock mechanical warfare because of its destructive effect on turf. The side show's counterpart of the giraffe is the 961-pound tire of the size required on the experimental 80-ton B-19 Douglas bomber. Skeptics, in these days of rubber rationing, might well exclaim upon beholding it for the first time, "They ain't no sich animal!"

No circus thriller has yet been devised as terrifying as the flame throwers, those spewers of searing tongues of fire which make their heat felt almost instantaneously in every part of the arena. So great is the destructive power concentrated in these mobile volcanoes that they are turned on only for a few seconds and then pointed skyward so that their fiery breath won't wither all the grass in the arena.

The clocklike precision with which the well-trained modern army functions is one of the points emphasized by the show. It starts on the dot, runs exactly 100 minutes, not one of them dull, and its integral parts are so nicely co-ordinated that the airplanes show up over the arena at the exact second when they're due; the imitation creeping barrage, simulated by fireworks, is synchronized with the advance of the machine gunners and infantrymen; jeeps and tanks, cutting curlicues as they careen crazily around the field, somehow or other manage to avoid that inevitable collision by the width of a cootie's eyelash, and doughboys, swinging nine-pound rifles through the intricate movements of Butt's Manual, by a miracle of spacing and timing, don't displace a wisp of their neighbor's hair, much less a segment of his cerebral matter.

Comedy Relief

A nostalgic bit from the Keystone Comedy era introduces a touch of comic relief just when the crowd needs it. After all, a circus must have its clowns along with its thrills and spectacles. Into the arena roars a huge Army transport truck of the prairie-schooner type. Motor trouble develops and the driver jumps out to investigate. He finds out what's wrong and calls for help. Out of the truck hops one soldier, then another and another until 35 have been counted. How often they came out of that Keystone taxi door in the same manner, back in the days when Ford Sterling was making his eyes pop out of his head.

The driver asks the soldiers to give him a push. They refuse and walk off. The driver puts two planks in place, forming a ramp from the back of the truck to the ground and down rolls a jeep which hooks onto the stalled truck and, like a circus midget lugging home the drunken giant, tows the prairie schooner off the field.

It has been remarked facetiously that if Major Hart didn't have the War Department behind him, he'd probably have to use all the persuasiveness and good fellowship at his command as a Brother Elk to square speeding and reckless driving tickets for his jeep, tank and armored-truck drivers.

When a mess of these earth-colored vehicles is turned loose on the turf, the result might be described as the delirium tremens of a motorcycle cop. Jeeps taking corners at the jeepers-creepers speed of 65 miles per hour miss tanks bouncing along like dinosaurs, by microscopic margins. Armored trucks and tanks avoid head-on collisions by swerving at the last hundredth of a second. This apparent recklessness is really an impressive demonstration of the maneuverability of the Army's new mechanical equipment.

The Thrill of Battle

The roar of motors is heard, and a glance at your watch emphasizes once more that this Army of yours operates with split-second precision—even when it is simulating the enemy. The "hostile" planes are due over the field at 9:47 and right on the dot of 9:47 they arrive. Four powerful rapiers of light, stabbing out into the darkness, pick them up in only a little more time than it takes light to travel the distance. Soon antiaircraft guns are blasting away at them — theoretically, of course. The 90-mm. guns fire 25 rounds a minute 8 miles into the stratosphere, menacing high-altitude bombers up to six miles above the earth. The billion and a quarter candlepower searchlights poke higher into the firmament than the eye can travel, each concentrating in its Jack-in-the-Beanstalk beam enough light to illuminate a 600-room hotel and heat enough to blister paint on buildings at a distance of 100 feet.

Motorcycle scouts, performing the time-honored function of the cavalry, swing into action, seeking out the terrestrial enemy while the searchlights and antiaircraft guns concentrate on the dive bombers. So realistic is the action as the motor cavalcade discovers the enemy's positions and races back to warn the advancing columns that a sudden tenseness grips the crowd.

A vanguard of tanks, blazing destruction from every porthole, moves into action with such dispatch as to outlaw the use of the verb "lumbers." Behind them roar the armored antitank trucks. Howitzers join the eardrum-shattering chorus. Almost lost in this bedlam of concussion is the *rat-tat-tat* of machine guns following a barrage, with a fine regard for timing. Ahead, the enemy's stronghold looms into sight.

Finally when the terrifying crescendo of this hell on wheels reaches an ear-splitting peak, the bedlam ceases with startling abruptness and, as the smoke of battle clears away, Nippon's perfidious pennant is hauled down, to be replaced by the white flag of surrender.

As Old Glory is raised to the top of the staff, Major Hart heaves a deep sigh of relief. Another show run off without a hitch means another victory won. Someone asks him where This Is Your Army is going to close its run.

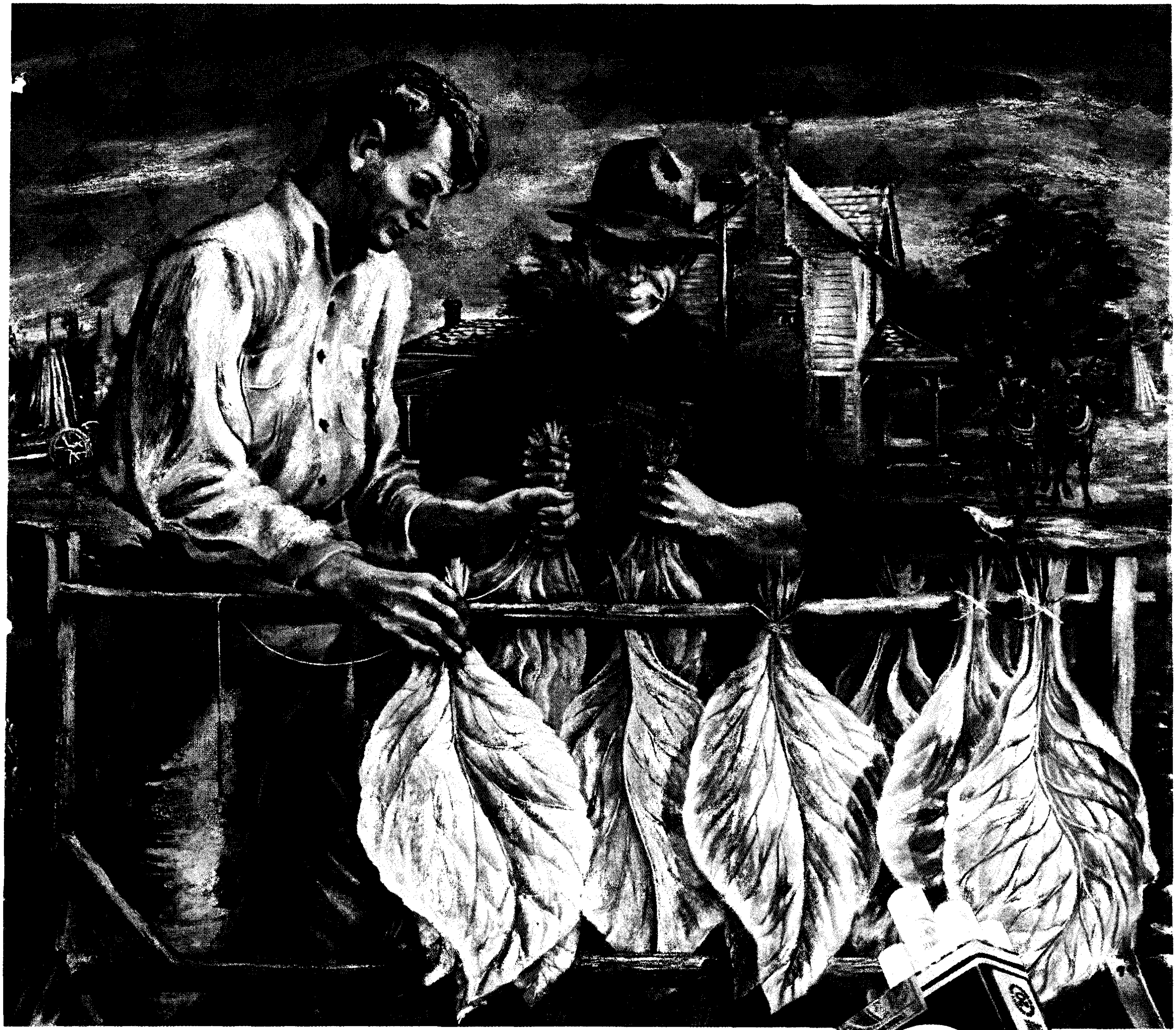
"Tokyo, I hope!" he replies with a grin.

And so realistically and impressively has his infinitesimal segment of Your Army demonstrated its power and fitness to those who have seen the new Greatest Show on Earth that few indeed will differ with the gallant major.

THE END

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Unstringing Tobacco," by Aaron Bohrod. Painted from life on a Southern farm.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

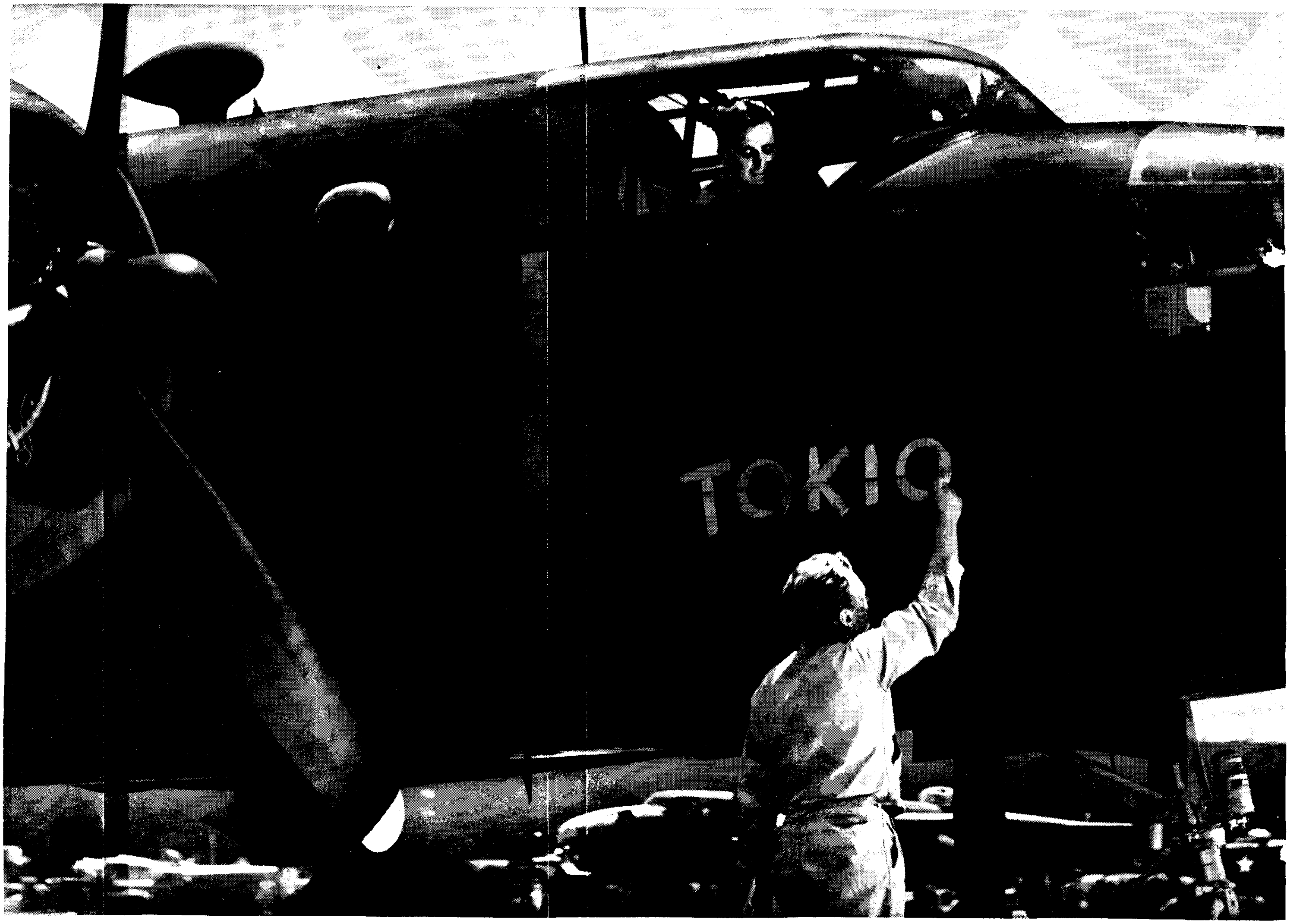
...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company



You CAN AUTOGRAPH THIS BOMBER!

Every few minutes (our enemies would like to know *exactly* how often), another airplane is completed at one of North American Aviation's great plants.

Sometimes, one of our workers gives it a personal finishing touch. He paints on the fuselage a single parting word—"Tokio," "Berlin" or maybe just his own initials.

We want *you* to be as proud of these planes as we are at North American. We'd like to put your name on one of these planes because *you're* helping to pay for it by buying War Bonds, and by paying taxes.

Here's how you can autograph one of the planes pictured above: Mail us a penny postcard, with your name *and the serial number of the next War Savings Bond you buy.* Address North American Aviation, Dept. A, Inglewood, Calif. We'll write your name on a plane destined to smash the Axis.

Perhaps your name will go on a North American B-25 Bomber like the first Army plane that sank a U-boat in the Atlantic, and first carried the war to Tokio.

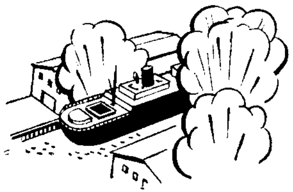
Perhaps your name will fly with a deadly North American fighter, like those that have downed Messerschmitts over Europe and Jap Zero fighters across the Pacific.

We want *you* to feel the same glow of pride we feel, every time another plane rolls off the production line. We want *you* to be a member of North American's team.

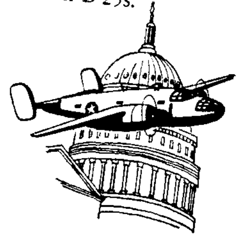
You are the men and women we're working for, because *you* are the United States of America—130,000,000 strong . . . fighting, saving, and working together to do the most worthwhile job in history.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
Main Plant, Inglewood, Calif.

NORTH AMERICAN *Sets the Pace*



FIRST to bomb Jap positions in the Philippines were North American B-25s.



FIRST to deliver a plane under National Defense contracts.

BONDS BUY BOMBERS!
When you buy War Savings Bonds you're buying planes for victory Buy Bonds each payday!

JOIN THE ARMY OR NAVY AIR FORCE

BOMBERS
FIGHTERS
TRAINERS

☆ For the United Nations, B-25 ("The Mitchell") ☆ For U. S. Army and RAF, "Mustang" ☆ For U. S. Army, AT-6A . . . For U. S. Navy, SNJ-3 . . . For RAF, "Harvard" ☆

Gardens in Storage

By Ruth Carson

You can make your Victory Garden serve you all winter if you know how. And here's how

YOU couldn't possibly eat all that. Not now. Not this summer. All the crisp young bush beans you've dug and hoed and dusted for. All the corn getting plump in your garden, ready for eating. All the peas and carrots and berries and greens and tomatoes you've defended against drouth and bugs and rabbits, till they've made you proud with their luscious beauty. You can have a glut of vitamins and good eating this summer. Even if you didn't grow the wherewithal yourself, you can buy it dewy fresh from roadside stands, and in quantity from your grocer. But thrifty Uncle Sam doesn't want you to stop at that.

One of the major points of his Victory Garden scheme is to conserve this summer's surplus. He wants you to get out the canning kettle. Next winter there won't be the variety of green things in the market that, other winters, have made us lose count of the seasons. Shipping space has other stuff to haul. There won't be all the commercially canned foods you've banked on before, either. Some kinds aren't being canned any more. The Army and Navy have first call on the rest.

Maybe you're an old hand at canning. Go to it, to the limit of your jars, rubbers and tins. But learn some of the other ways of conserving food, too; at the same time conserving containers. The point is to slow up or stop entirely the living processes of a vegetable, so that it won't consume the food stored in it—will leave it for you, instead. You can do that by canning, but also by freezing, pickling, burying or cool-storing, depending on the nature of your vegetable. One of the new-old ways is by drying. Hence the evaporators or home dehydrators Pennsylvania boys and girls are building, following directions given out through the schools by the Victory Garden Committee of that state.

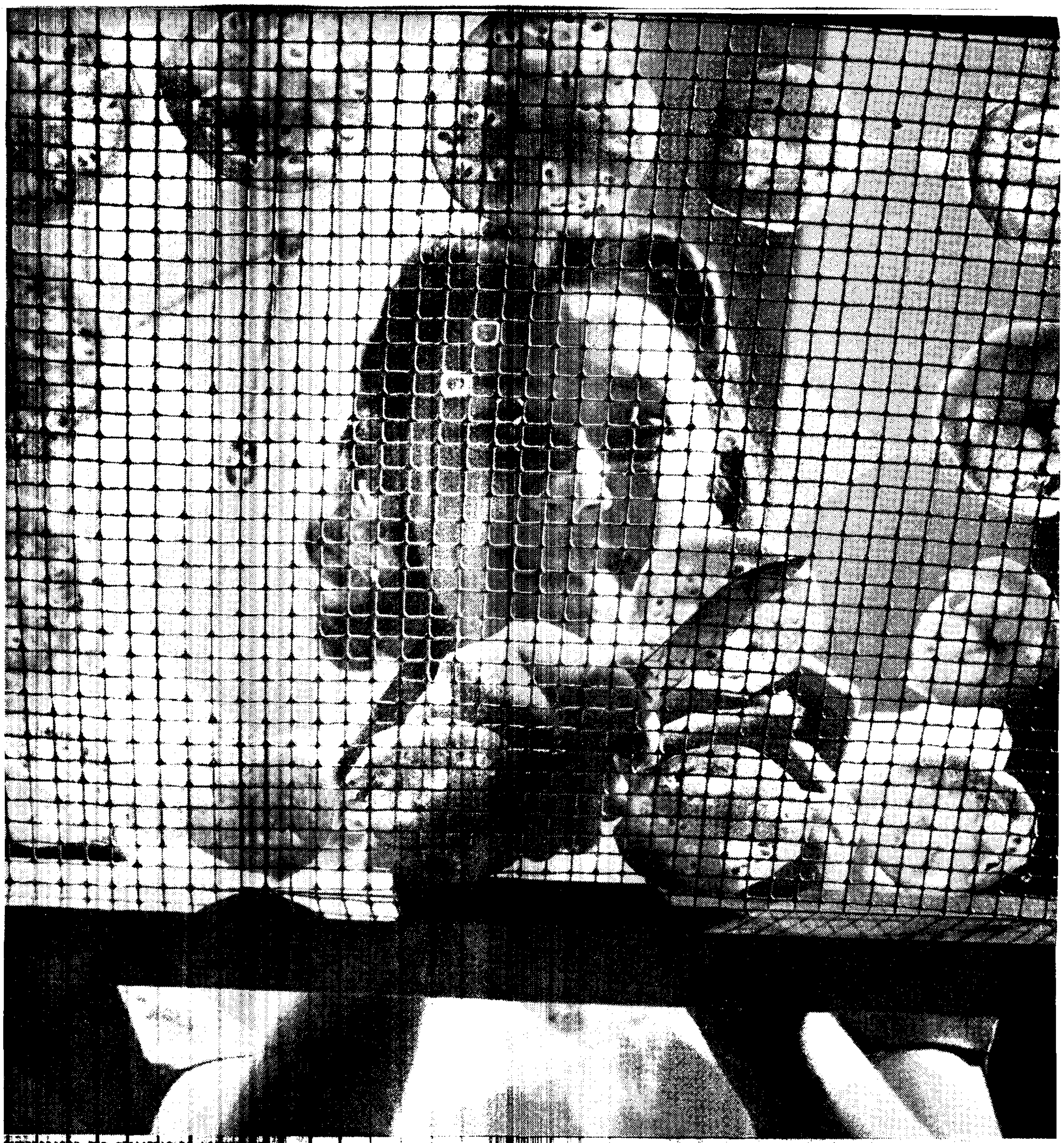
Dehydrating Not a New Idea

Commercially, drying is called dehydrating, and it's a booming and vital industry, with the advantages of minimum shipping space, easy storage and cheap packaging to boost it. The Army will be getting more and more of its field victuals dehydrated. The simpler home method is called evaporating. It's not a new idea. Grandmother used to spread her berries and corn in the sun to dry. The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers long ago had their homemade contraption for drying vegetables. They still do. It's similar in principle to the evaporators some of their neighbors are now putting together for the first time. You could do the same.

The evaporator consists of a ventilated wooden cabinet made of fir plywood, about five feet high, thirty inches deep and twenty wide, fitted with seven removable wire mesh trays on which you spread your vegetables, a small oil stove underneath to provide heat, a sheet of metal above the stove to spread the heat evenly, and a thermometer for keeping tabs on it. The parts could be cut to size by your local lumber mill, and hammered together by you. Cost of materials, not counting oil stove and thermometer, $11.37, as of last spring in Pennsylvania. Your drying machine might even earn its cost by making rounds of the neighborhood, when it's not working for you; then be taken apart and packed away flat in a little space for the winter.

You don't dry just any old piece of vegetable. The food you dry should be as prime fresh as the food you can. "It would be illegal," says Dr. Warren Mack, "commercially to dehydrate or can some of the stuff we eat and call fresh. You can't tell me a pea with a tail on it is fresh." Dr. Mack is head of the Department of Horticulture at the Pennsylvania State College. He's also secretary of the state's Victory Garden Committee. He ought to know.

The best vegetables to dry are peas, snap beans, sweet corn, green and leafy vegetables—anything that, for safe canning, requires such high temperature and long cooking that the flavor suffers and much of the vitamins A and C

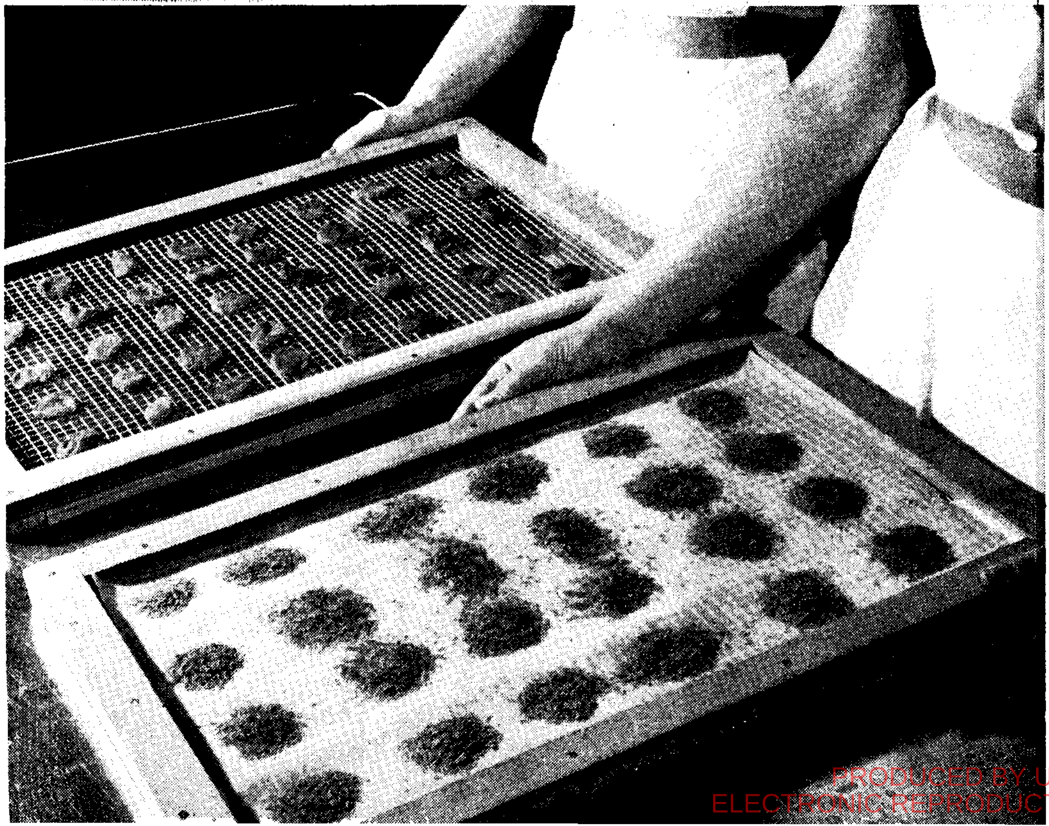


PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY [illegible]

Gertrude [illegible], a student at the Bok Vocational School in Philadelphia, first washes, then carefully slices the tomatoes and places them on the screen trays of the dehydrator

Gertrude slides the filled trays of tomatoes, pitted apricots and beans into the plywood dehydrator

After the trays are placed on the shelves of the dehydrator, Helen Keyser, another student, lights the oil stove underneath. Heat is applied for about seven hours, as the water from the fruit and vegetables evaporates



The finished product: Tomatoes pulverize into a red powder, used mainly for flavoring. Apricots become the dried variety similar to those on grocers' shelves

content is lost in open kettle cooking. You can can these vegetables successfully in a pressure cooker. Or you can dry them.

You can dry several vegetables at a time, keeping them on separate trays for convenience. The first steps are to prepare as you would for cooking. Wash thoroughly, and then steam till each piece is heated through. Steaming fixes the color and puts a prompt stop to the action of enzymes which would otherwise go on all through the drying process, detracting from the color, destroying vitamins, and making hay of the flavor. Cut corn off the cob after the milk has been set by steaming.

Spread your produce half an inch or so deep on the trays in your evaporator, which you have already heated to a temperature of 140 degrees according to the thermometer lying on the lower tray. It takes four to seven hours (they don't have to be continuous) to get your vegetables bone dry, depending on what they are and the temperature you maintain. During that time make an occasional check, shifting trays to see that everything is drying evenly and regulating the heat so that there is no chance of scorching.

Dry as quickly as you can without scorching, and you'll keep the color, which is a gauge of Vitamin A, a good flavor and a lot more of the nutritive value than Grandmother ever did with her sun-drying method. The sun, packing fruits and vegetables full of vitamins while they're growing, *will* steal them right back again once they're off the plant.

Bone dry, and cooled under a protecting cover of cheesecloth, your evaporated vegetables are now ready for stowing away. Range them in jars, if you have them, or even in heavy cloth bags so long as they're kept dry, protected from light and insects. They'll keep till cooking time. The trick of cooking your dried stuff is to soak the water back into it, just as you always have with baking beans, and then simmer as briefly as you would any fresh vegetable. You can make soup mixtures out of different vegetables, and leafy vegetables like spinach you can crush, hot and crisp from the evaporator, and turn into creamy soups next winter. Fruits may be dried, too—berries and peaches, pears, plums, cherries, apples; a promise of juicy pies and fruit compotes. With the added inducement that drying sweetens a fruit, cutting down on sugar needed for cooking. Dry them until they are leathery but not hard—3 to 24 hours, depending on the fruit.

But don't stop at drying, or even canning, your garden extras. There are more ways than these to keep on eating out of your own garden, as any old hand at gardening can tell you. Before the first frost can damage the tomatoes still green on your vines, pull the plants up, roots and all, and hang them from the attic rafters. They'll keep right on ripening, using the nourishment still in the vines.

Use your garden as a storehouse for root vegetables and cabbage. Many of your vegetables are hardier than you think. Parsnips actually improve with being frozen in the ground. In the spring, and whenever there's a thaw, you harvest part of your crop. Leave some carrots in the ground (plant them now for a good winter's supply) and cover them over with straw so they won't freeze. Plant late rows of a lot of things like beets and turnips, regular cabbage and Chinese cabbage, and more carrots. You can store them in your garden and have fresh eating all winter long. This way: Just before things freeze up for the winter, make a trench three or four feet wide and six inches deep, line with clean leaves or straw, pile in your cabbages and root vegetables, cover with more straw and mound with a foot of earth. Insulate with a foot more of straw or cornstalks, anchored with boards or stones. Whenever there's a thaw, you get a haul.

For supplies between thaws, sink a barrel tiltwise in your soft garden soil, fill it with similar sturdy produce, place the lid on tight against rodents, and well insulated with straw, earth and leaves.

If you have a cool enough cellar, you'll use it as usual for storage of potatoes, winter squash and such. Try packing carrots and beets in a box of sand to keep them crisp. Decorate your cellar, besides, with whole plantfuls of Brussels sprouts hanging from the beams after the cold has finally driven them out of the garden.

You can try the old-time way of pickling your cucumbers and cabbage in brine, tamping them down in a huge crock. And you can join the rush to near-by frozen storage lockers, for the newest way of preserving food. Quick freezing, claim the locker people, is the best treatment for your surplus greens like spinach, kale, beet tops and chard—keeps most of the vitamins intact. Fresh frozen strawberries and raspberries, off your ever-bearing plants, are delectable, too . . . but before your mouth waters too much over your own fresh strawberries and cream for New Year's breakfast, get your name on a piece of space at the locker.

Conserve the Garden Truck

Dried, canned, frozen, pickled or just plain stored, according to their natures, the foods you grow and buy now, when they're at their prime and cheap, can see you through a lot more than a summer of good eating. There was a survey made in 1940, Dr. Mack tells us, that showed the average person ate in a day, for fruits and vegetables, the equivalent of only one apple, one potato, two small servings of other vegetables—hardly a meal's worth, according to today's nutrition-conscious reckonings. But that wouldn't mean you—even next winter, even if shipments abroad and to the Army at home deplete your grocer's shelves—if you're doing right this summer and autumn by our surplus garden truck.

PREPARATION FOR DRYING

Green and wax beans

Wash, cut in inch pieces or sliver. Steam in wire basket or colander over inch of boiling water, till heated through.

Sweet corn

Husk tender corn. Steam on cob till milk is set. Cut from cob.

Peas

Shell and steam as above.

Spinach and other leafy vegetables

Trim. Wash. Steam one minute.

Tomatoes

Wash, scald to remove skins, core, slice, place on dehydrator trays. Line tray with one layer of cheesecloth first.

Apples and pears

Peel, quarter, core and slice in $\frac{1}{8}$" slices. Soak for five minutes in solution of six tablespoons salt to one gallon cold water.

Large-stone fruits (peaches, apricots, plums, large prunes, nectarines)

Cut in half and pit. Peel peaches only. Quarter or slice for quicker drying. Soak five minutes in salt solution.

Cherries

Dip small cherries in boiling water for one minute. Pit large cherries but do not dip. ★★★

Refugee Returns Home

Continued from page 17

Smith went over the side into the Father of Waters and therein gradually was drowning. In fact, he was so definitely drowning that he called on the Lord to save him and he made a deal with the Lord that if he was saved he would lead the good life thereafter.

So Willie Wurtzel, cast upon the same stream in a rowboat he couldn't row and by circumstances he couldn't circumvent, saved him. Willie Wurtzel was a prize-fight manager without a fighter, so he took this black man from the water and made a fighter of him and to this day Refugee Smith had never lost a fight.

Slippery whistled admiringly. "Ain't no wonder you is so devoteful to Mr. Willie."

"De Lawd, too," Refugee said. "He's de One."

"I reckon so," Slippery said. "I reckon He just juggled Mr. Willie around for you that night."

Refugee was silent for a moment, then he wrenched his mind back to the original question. "But dat ain't tellin' me would they pick me up for killin' Sixty did I try to enlist?"

"Well," Slippery said judicially, "it's this-a-way. Uncle Sam he got a long arm and when it ain't reachin' out for you I wouldn't tickle the palm."

Refugee thought a long moment, then haltingly, while little beads of sweat sat on his brow, he said, "I gotta know 'bout Sixty."

Slippery sat and thought. "Call Mr. Willie," he said finally, "he'll give you the straight facts."

Refugee's face cleared with relief. "He's de very one," he said. He fished in his pocket, found a nickel and walked over to the phone. Presently he came back. His face was grave again. "He done gone to Atlantic City wid Miss Deevine," he announced.

Slippery's face fell, then brightened. "You is a right famous prize fighter, boy, and if'n they's gonna pick you up they'd done it before now."

"Hit's a long ways down there," Refugee said. "An' de high sheriff he mighta just racked it up in de book to throw me into de jailhouse did I pass his way."

"That's a fact," Slippery agreed, "and you get to messin' with the guv'ment it might be a different story."

"Wid a sadder endin'," Refugee added. He paused, licked his lips. "But since Pearl Harbor I'se set and studded about hit an' I'se like you, Slip. I gotta get in de Army if'n I can."

"What you fixin' to do?"

Refugee Smith straightened up and his face was set. "They ain't but one thing to do," he said. "I gotta go down there an' find out if'n they's lookin' for me."

Slippery Ellum looked at his friend, looked around his little place. "I 'bout sold out my stock," he said slowly. "And you been a good friend to me."

"Yeah . . ."

"And we'll join up together, when we unlaws you."

"I ain't . . ."

"I is goin' with you," Slippery said. "Two heads is thicker'n one."

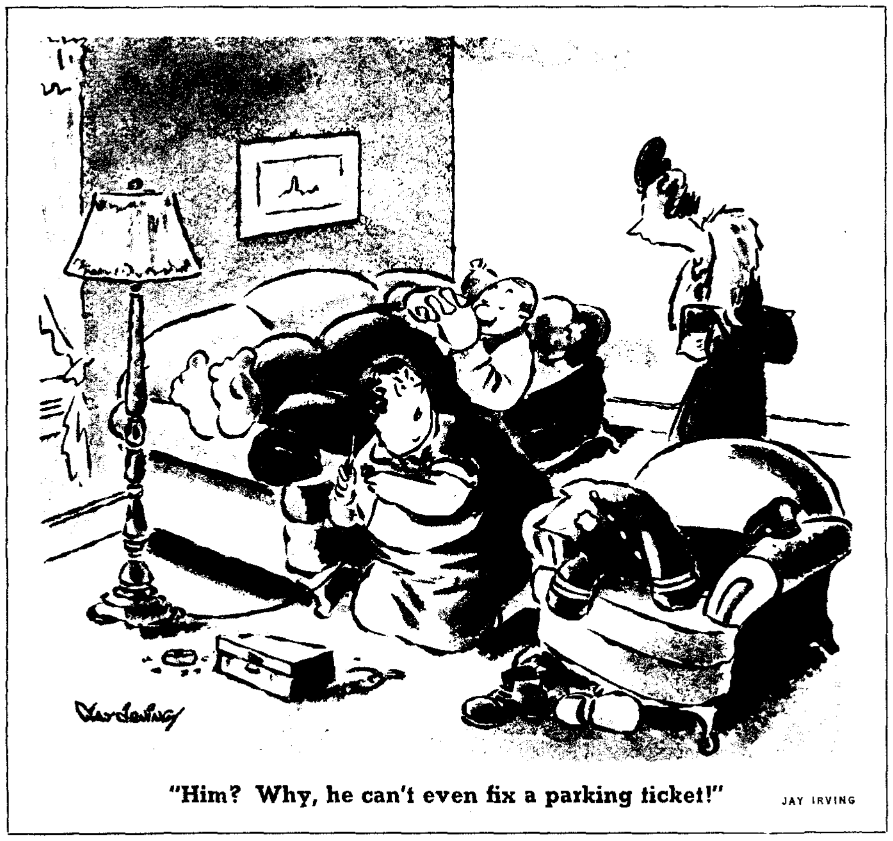
"Slip, boy, I don't want you to do dat," Refugee said, his eyes clouding.

"Shut up, boy," Slippery said. "Let's get in the icebox and see if we can eat up all the perishers."

WILLIE WURTZEL, with the aid of a meagerly tipped redcap, shepherded his companion into a cab at the station, and saw her off. Then, his eyes bright, he walked out onto Eighth Avenue. He had been gone a week and he was homesick. He started walking up toward the Garden, smelling the familiar smells, viewing with a fresh delight the tawdriness and brutality of this city where he lived. A cab hastening to the station with a fare tried craftily to crush him lifeless to the pavement. Willie avoided this fate with casual dexterity and the curses he hurled meaninglessly at the back of the taxi were genial.

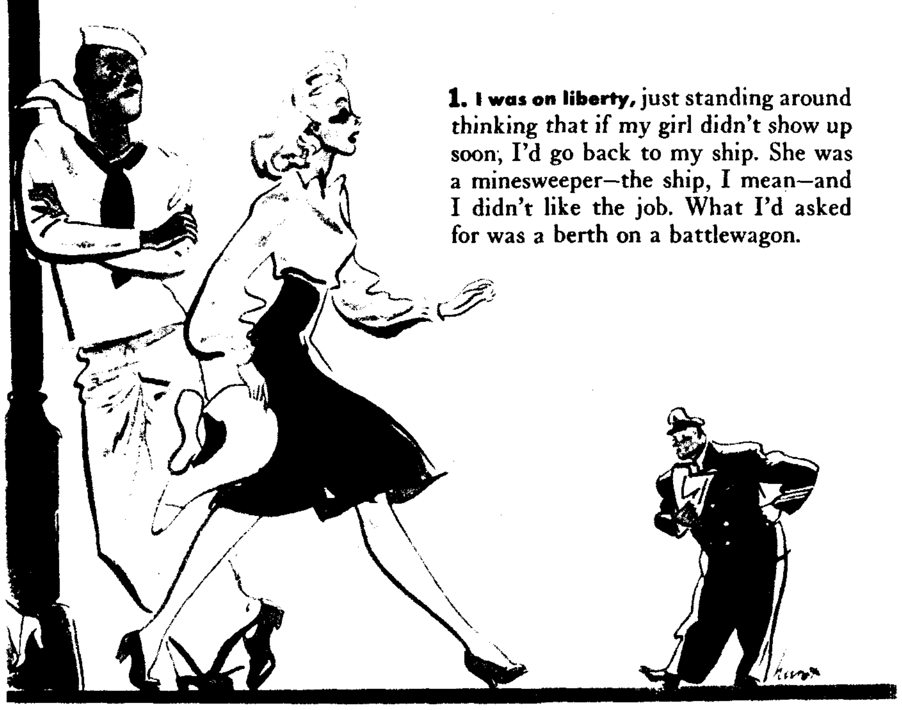
At the Garden he stopped and read in detail all the posters in the entrance that told of coming events. Finishing this pleasant task he turned east on 49th Street and from there to Broadway he spoke to half the people he met. Willie Wurtzel was home.

He stopped in at Jacobs Beach, exchanged casual insults with half a dozen denizens therein, got all the gate re-



"Him? Why, he can't even fix a parking ticket!" JAY IRVING

"A guy with 24 doughnuts landed me on a battleship!"



1. I was on liberty, just standing around thinking that if my girl didn't show up soon, I'd go back to my ship. She was a minesweeper—the ship, I mean—and I didn't like the job. What I'd asked for was a berth on a battlewagon.

2. Pretty quick a Chief Petty Officer I never saw before came up and said: "Sailor, do you like doughnuts?" "He's crazy!" I thought, not knowing whether to run or try to hold him for the shore patrol. But . . ."It's this way," he explained.

3. "The ladies in this town make tons of doughnuts for sailors." He waved a big bag of 'em. "A dame pressed a couple of dozen into my hands, but I can't eat 'em," he claimed, "because they're no good without coffee!

4. "And I can't drink coffee," he went on. "The caffein in it keeps me awake!" Just then my girl showed up. "Look, Betty," I said, "here's a C. P. O. who can't drink coffee! Let's educate him!" So we headed home for Betty's kitchen.

5. Betty brewed the finest pot of coffee I ever washed six doughnuts down with! "It's Sanka Coffee," we told this C. P. O. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep anyone awake!" He looked doubtful . . . but I noticed he drank three cups!

6. A few days later, I'm transferred to a battlewagon! And here's this same C. P. O., telling about how swell he sleeps after drinking Sanka Coffee . . . and how he was so grateful he spoke a good word for me when my application for transfer came up.

DRIP GRIND SANKA COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Make Sanka Coffee *strong.* Use a *heaping* tablespoon per cup. If percolator is used, "perk" it a little longer. Get Sanka Coffee today at your grocer's. "Drip" or "regular" grind—vacuum packed in glass or tin.

4 Calvert coolers to

For Plain (but exacting) Tastes

CALVERT HIGHBALL

Simple? Certainly. Simplicity and *greatness* go hand in hand. Just pour a jigger of Calvert over some ice in a glass, and add soda. Ah! . . . that's the way to fully appreciate Calvert's delicate flavor and superb lightness—*unadorned!*

For Collins Connoisseurs

CALVERT WHISKEY COLLINS

Open your mouth and close your eyes, and we'll give you the Collins that cops the prize! Squeeze the juice of 1 lemon into a tall Collins glass, and sweeten to taste with honey. Now, a jigger of Calvert Whiskey — yes, *Calvert!* Next the ice; some charged water; a cherry; a slice of orange . . . there! You're right, sir—a Calvert Whiskey Collins IS a classic!

[illegible] Al [illegible]

help you beat the heat

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Blended Whiskey
The whiskey of good taste
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO.
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RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
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BALTIMORE, MD.

A GORGEOUS, GLAMOROUS ARRAY OF FROSTY FAVORITES...NEW AND OLD

That's what Calvert presents to you heat-wilted refreshment seekers this summer! And from the new, delectable Calvert Whiskey Collins to the time-honored Calvert Highball... every one is a cool, cool delight!

But remember—don't trifle with these recipes. Use *Calvert Whiskey*—nothing else. Because it's Calvert that has the happy faculty of *blending with,* rather than overpowering, the other ingredients in mixed drinks. It's the whiskey with the "Happy Blending".

Just name your drink, sir, and you'll agree... *all tall drinks taste better with Calvert Whiskey!*

For the Tropical Touch

CALVERT PLANTER'S PUNCH

You'll really begin to *live* when you taste this: Stir the juice of 1 fresh lime with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar or honey. Add a jigger of Calvert Whiskey—and we *do* mean Calvert! Stir well, and pour into a tumbler filled with cracked ice. Then a slice of orange, straws—and you're off to flavor-paradise!

New Love for Cola-Mix Fanciers

CALVERT and COLA

Here's the latest from Havana—and how they hated to part with it! Pour a jigger of Calvert (there IS no reasonable facsimile) over some ice in a glass. Then add your favorite Cola drink, and..."where has *this* been all your life?" And you're in luck if you like sarsaparilla or root beer, for with Calvert Whiskey, they're dee-*licious!*

taste better with Calvert Whiskey

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY [illegible] ceipts and fight results of the last week, manfully resisted a two-dollar touch, and made his way to the phone booth.

He dialed Refugee's apartment, got no answer and when he hung up he got back two nickels. He discovered that the nickel he had gotten back with his own was lead and used it to call Slippery Ellum's Eatmor Fish & Chips Shoppe. Again he got no answer. With the lead nickel in his hand he made his way toward the uptown subway kiosk. The day was especially fine; the air was nicely diluted with carbon monoxide and the Giants were ahead in the sixth.

At 135th Street he got off the subway and made his way to Slippery's place of business. He tried the door, found it locked, then looked down and noticed the penciled note pasted to the door.

Gone to Tokyo—and not to pull no ginricky nether. S. Ellum

Willie grinned. He walked down two doors and turned into Mazda Brown's igloo ("Come in and Chew the Fat"). Mazda herself, a large black lady of indeterminate age, was occupying most of the space behind the counter.

"How do," Mazda greeted him.

"I'm Willie Wurtzel," Willie said. "Refugee Smith's manager. Do you know where I could find him?"

"No, sir," Mazda said.

"Have you seen him lately?"

"No, sir, I ain't."

"How long," Willie said, "since you have seen him?"

MAZDA BROWN turned around and consulted an alarm clock crouching between two empty beer cases on a shelf behind her. " 'Bout a week," she said.

"A week," Willie repeated in slight alarm. He changed his tack: "Old Slippery gone to join the Army, I guess."

"No, sir. Not yet."

"Just leave, did he?"

"No, sir. He been gone 'bout a week, too."

"You don't know where I could find him, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Could you tell me where he lives?" Willie asked wearily.

"He used to live over his place," Mazda said.

"But he ain't there any more?"

"No, sir, he's left."

"And you don't have any idea where he went?"

"No, sir," Mazda said, " 'cept he went with Refugee."

"Refugee?" Willie said and his voice held real alarm. "Ohhh! I got him signed for a fight three weeks from now. Three weeks," he said again and his voice was anguished. "And I already posted the forfeit money."

Mazda Brown said nothing.

Willie Wurtzel reached into his pocket and took out a dollar bill. He laid it on the counter.

Mazda Brown picked it up and rang up fifty cents. "I can't tell you no dollar's worth," she said.

"Tell me what you can," Willie pleaded.

"They done went south," Mazda Brown said.

"South," Willie said, anguish in his voice. "But why, when?"

"They left 'bout a week ago," Mazda Brown said. "And what ole Slip said didn't make no sense."

"What'd he say?" Willie said. "Tell me."

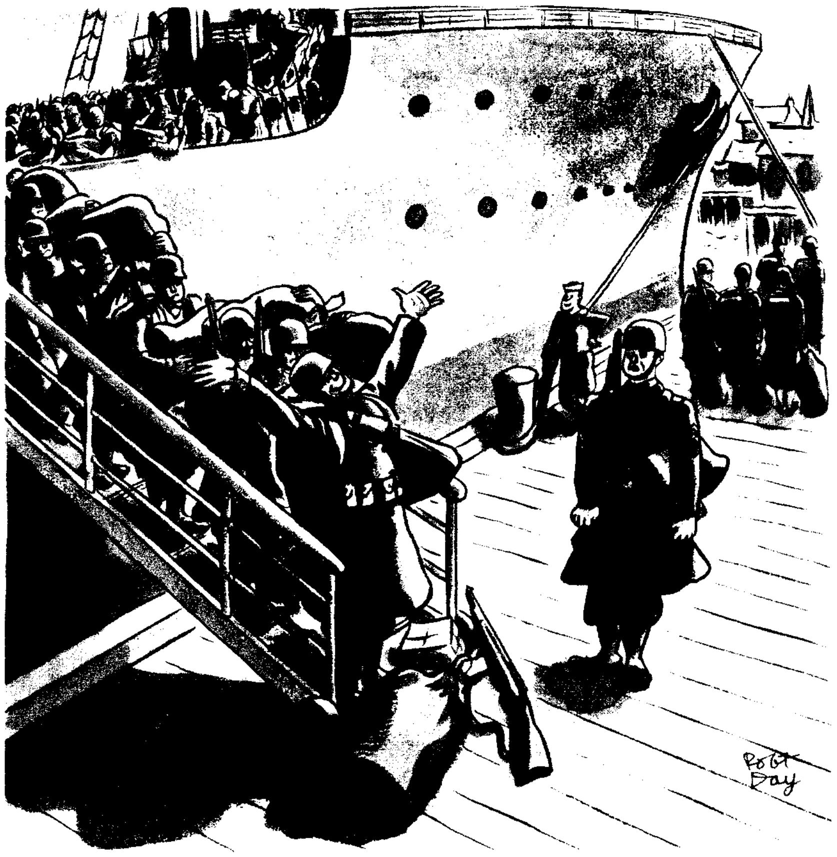
"He say they was goin' down south to defrost Refugee's conscience," Mazda Brown said. She looked out of the window a moment. "An' if dat boy's conscience needs defrostin' why, most ever'body in Harlem is froze up solid."

Willie Wurtzel turned and walked out onto the street. The carbon monoxide was rank in his nostrils, and on a newsstand he automatically noted the box score on a late edition. The Giants had lost in the ninth to the Phillies. His mind went back.

Long ago, almost three years ago, he had gone down to New Orleans to look at a fighter that he had a chance to sign. The lad he'd gone to see hadn't been a fighter and would never be a fighter.

And in New Orleans, Willie Wurtzel had gone broke. And broke, he was as popular as a boll weevil. So, wearily, with a few dollars in his pocket, on foot, he'd started north. He longed to hear an *r*. If not familiarly used as in *boil,* at least in a word where it was plainly written down.

With four dollars and three bunions he had made it into a village known as Woodland and, stopping there for coffee and what passed in those parts for human companionship, he had heard in the rear of the restaurant the click of dice, whose accents never vary. Idly he went back, and was welcomed to the fray. He faded a man a dollar and the man rolled out a pair of obvious tops, those crooked dice so-called because they have the same number both on tops and bottoms and with which it is impossible to lose.



"Never mind the ceremony, McCallister. None of the others have ever set foot on foreign soil either" ROBERT DAY

NOW the world over when a man catches another cheating at gambling he immediately has the undivided support, in any ensuing contention, of all the other players. Willie snatched up the money, called the man, accurately, a dirty crook and other things. But in Woodland the ground rules were different. Willie erupted from the restaurant at a full gallop and turned onto the main stem, downgrade for the sake of added speed, with the entire quorum of crapshooters, cheater and cheatees alike, in loud pursuit.

Down the hill he sped, increasing his lead with every leap. He topped a rise, and catapulted down. And there the street ended, and the Mississippi River began. Willie threw a quick glance in each direction, saw a small rowboat, leaped into it and pushed off. A whirling eddy took him out and soon all sound died except the moan of a steamboat whistle far downstream. Willie moaned softly in reply, took up the oars and learned he couldn't row in one long, hard lesson. Finally, with oars awash and hands afire, he heard a splashing and a Negro voice calling to the Lord. Willie paddled over and picked up Refugee Smith, the finest middleweight he'd ever seen. Refugee had hit a man over the head with a gun and jumped off the boat. . . .

Willie Wurtzel shook himself, looked up and down the Harlem street and knew in his heart what he must do. He hailed a cab, went to his bank and got out all his cash and headed for the airport. He could get to Woodland from New Orleans, and planes went to New Orleans though he didn't know why.

REFUGEE SMITH and Slippery Ellum approached Woodland with prudence and caution. They had detrained at Memphis, taken a happy tour of Beale Street and then sold their good clothes and acquired two pairs of old overalls, two hickory shirts. After a few miles they gave their shoes away.

"We get into Woodland dressed up good," Slippery said, "they'd th'ow us under the jailhouse for stealin' the clothes."

Refugee squeezed the warm dust of the road between his toes. "I 'spect dats a natchal fack," he said. "We oughtta be makin' hit into Woodland pretty soon," he said. "We done hitched an' hiked four days sence Memphis."

"When we gets close," Slippery said, "I'll go into the town and reconsider. You lay up out'n the town an' I'll come back and tell you what way the wind blows."

They spent that night in a small cabin. Slippery told the owner, an aged black man with a soft hand on a harmonica, that they were going south to hoe cotton. The old man told them that Woodland lay ten miles ahead and that he hadn't been in since the flood which he thought was back in nineteen twenty-seven. They had rounded up every man in the county then, to work on the levees to save the town.

"Seems like a shame," Slippery said, thinking all this would have been avoided had Woodland washed away.

"Hit war," the old man said. "But he ain't in no hurry," he said beckoning with his head toward the river. "He'll git hit one day. Woodlan' jes' a pimple on his aidge. He'll squish hit off one day." He paused. "I got a catfish pole baited," he said, "an' a trotline out. You boys better stay for breakfus."

The next morning after breakfast Slippery called the old man out and Refugee hid a five-dollar bill where he wouldn't find it too soon and they took their departure.

A mile from the town Refugee marked a spot on the river's bank where he would be and turned off. Slippery went on into the town.

Late in the afternoon he came back. "Ain't no pitcher of you in the post office nor the depot," he told Refugee. "They gotta new high sheriff sence you was swimmin' down this-a-way." Slippery paused, then added with slow relish: "Old one got drunk and shot hisself with his own gun."

"Did you ask aroun' de warehouse and de landin'?" Refugee asked.

"Yeah. I asked. They say maybe some river-boat jig get kilt and buried here, maybe they ain't. Seem like a dead roustabout don't cause no more commotion'n varmint gettin' a shoat."

Then across the water came a long eerie sound. Refugee jumped up. "Dat's hit!" he said. "Dat's de Mary Jane an' de man is blowin' for a landin'. Come on!"

"Where you goin'?"

"We's gonna get down to de landin' and see if dat Sixty's on there. If he on there we're goin' back to New York town. If he ain't on there, you can go aboard an' ask after him."

"Okay," Slippery said. "I guess they don't know you in this town noway."

They got to the landing at the same time as the boat. The gangplank came down. Two roustabouts, strange to Refugee, wrestled a barrel down onto the pier. The gangplank started back up.

Refugee shouted, "Cap'n, you goin' south?"

"I ain't goin' across country," the captain yelled. "Get aboard, you two! I got rush stuff here for New Orleans and you all look stout."

"Come on," Refugee said. He took Slippery by the arm and they went up the gangplank. A bell rung someplace, the whistle blew and the pilot started taking the boat out to the channel again in the gathering dusk.

Refugee started below decks and his heart beat in his throat. Slippery followed him, trembling slightly. Slippery didn't care for water much and the boat vibrated alarmingly.

WILLIE WURTZEL pulled into Woodland in his rented car, hot, tired and dirty. He found the main street, turned down toward the river, more slowly than he'd made it last time. He turned the car into the curb at the street's end, got out and walked down to the shore. Far out on the river he could discern the riding lights of a boat. He walked stiffly down to the landing.

There was a faded white man lounging there in an ancient motorboat tied to the dock. "You see anything of a couple of strange colored boys around here lately?" Willie asked.

"Cap'n took on a coupla roustabouts," the man said. "Dunno whether they's strange or not. One Nigger looks pretty much like 'nother'n at night."

"What boat was it?" Willie said, knowing the answer, feeling the answer before it came.

"Mary Jane," the man said. "Fer N'Awlins."

Willie looked at the man's boat, patently unseaworthy. He looked at the fading riding lights of the Mary Jane. He took a deep breath. "I wantcha to take me out there," he said. "I gotta get aboard tonight."

The man looked at Willie, spat over the side of his boat. "Be ten dollars," he said.

Willie crawled timidly into the boat, and the man fiddled with the engine and it roared to life. "Better pay me now," the man said, "never kin tell about this danged thing."

Willie handed the man a bill.

The boat sputtered on into the darkness, too loudly for conversation, but in half an hour they caught the Mary Jane. The man cut the motor and Willie gave a hail.

"What you want?" the captain hollered down.

"I want aboard," Willie said.

"Go on away," the captain said, "'fore I drop somethin' on you."

WILLIE WURTZEL, long used to shouting above the din of a prizefight crowd, filled his lungs. "I'm Willie Wurtzel," he screamed, "from N'York and I gotta hand fulla money. And I want aboard."

He heard the paddle wheel chunk into reverse and a light come on and the ladder unrolled down the side. Willie climbed up.

"Okay," the captain said. "I'll have that fare now. Where do you want off?"

"I . . . I dunno," Willie said. "I'm lookin' for them boys you took on at Woodland."

The captain looked at him more closely. "Well," he said, "when you figure where you're goin' come on up to the wheelhouse. I'll be there."

Willie looked out at the river. "I ain't gonna run off," he said.

"The roustabouts stay down in the engine room," the captain added over his shoulder.

Willie groped his way toward the center of the boat. "Oughta be a door around here someplace," he muttered. He stopped. That was Slippery Ellum's voice, raised in exultation:

"Hit him on the head when he ducks, Ref, boy!"

Willie Wurtzel felt the cold sweat break on his ample brow. He tried to yell, broke for the door from which the voice had issued.

Willie Wurtzel's entrance into the arena stopped the fight, because Willie Wurtzel had opened the door and rushed through it and the door opened on a pair of extremely steep stairs. He felt Slippery pick him up and help him back. He looked up. Nothing could be heard but the steady throb of the engines, unattended now.

There in a glob of light stood Refugee Smith and a large, heavily muscled coffee-colored man who Willie guessed weighed two hundred. He was all man and all mad and as Slippery pulled Willie back the big man rushed at Refugee.

Refugee stabbed him delicately on the nose and let him go by and turned and waited, a coiled black spring.

"Don't hit him!" Willie screamed. "Your hands ain't taped and there ain't no purse and you got a fight comin' up soon!"

Refugee Smith glanced up. "How'do, Mr. Willie," he said without surprise. "I'll be th'ough in a minute."

"What you fightin' him for?" Willie wailed. "Besides for nothin'?"

Refugee watched his man. "Dis here is de fellow I thought I kilt dat time an' come clean down here to fin' out. I'se so glad to see him I put out de han' of frenship an' whilst we's shakin' hands and goodbyin' bygonners, he whup out a razor and try to carve me loose from my lights."

"Don't hit him with your bare hands," Willie pleaded. "I'll get him jugged for pullin' a razor on you." He turned to the circle of silent watchers. "Stop it," he begged. "That's boy's hands are worth fifty grand."

Nobody moved except Sixty Jubal. He came back, came back low, swinging, trying to get his man down, to make it rough and tumble. Refugee cut his eye with a sharp left jab, and moved Sixty's nose across his face with an accurate held-in right cross. He sucked in his stomach, moving like a toreador, and let his man go by.

Willie Wurtzel, watching this beautiful product of his tutelage, yelled: "Straighten him up with a left hook and let him have the right downstairs." It was his fighter out there and this was a fight. Willie Wurtzel forgot all else.

Refugee Smith nodded. Sixty Jubal came. Refugee moved, raked his knuckles through Sixty's bloody features, straightening him, and the right whistled. Sixty Jubal went down writhing. He rolled over on his side, looked up at Refugee. "Okay, Ref," he managed. "I'll do hit."

Willie Wurtzel, habit still upon him, ran out, grabbed his fighter. "Your hands all right, boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Willie Wurtzel heaved a sigh, then his indignation rose in him. "What you want to risk your hands on a lug like him for, just 'cause he pulled a razor on you?"

"Why," Refugee said, "I wasn't fightin' Sixty cause he tried to cut me, Mr. Willie. I was just showin' him de light."

"Light!" Willie Wurtzel screamed. "Why, wouldn't no church take that guy . . . not even in a box. . . ."

"But," Refugee said, "I wasn't tryin' to lead him into de fold, Mr. Willie, I was persuadin' him to join up wid de Army. When he say *okay,* he was agreein' to enlist when he git to N'Awlins. Course I'se fixin' to keep an' eye on him till den."

Willie Wurtzel looked at Refugee. "But what does the Army have to do with it?" he fumbled.

"Slippery an' me," Refugee said patiently, "we come down here to see if I had kilt him off or not dat time I hit him wid his gun, but when he pull dat razor on me I figure he oughta be in wid us."

"With you?" Willie Wurtzel said dazed.

"Sho. Me an' Slip's gonna join up," Refugee said, his face wreathed in a happy smile, "now that I ain't got no law lookin' for me. An'," he finished, "I figures dat Sixty such a snake in de grasser dat he be de very one to fight dem Japs."

"But," Willie began, "I got a forfeit posted . . ."

HE LOOKED up and saw Refugee's beaming face and bit back his words after a moment—he reached out and took one big black hand between his two pudgy ones. He turned and made his way blindly to the stairs that led up to the deck.

At the rail he stopped and looked out over the water. The moon had come between two clouds and he saw the bank. Below, the Father of Waters rolled unheeding to the Gulf. He wants to join the Army, Willie thought; he wants to fight for God and country, for Jews and Negroes and . . . a light blinked out from the faraway shore. "And that guy over there," he said aloud, "who just blew out his light."

Suddenly Willie Wurtzel grinned. "Gosh," he muttered. "*He's never lost a fight.*" He started for the wheelhouse. Maybe the captain knew a joint in New Orleans where they would lay a man a price on how the war came out.

THE END

. . . you th' fella wot advertised fer a OBOE?

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!

SO . . . FOR LONG CAR LIFE

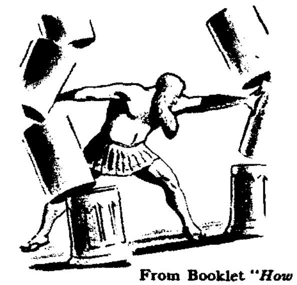
BE SURE YOU— SOUND YOUR Z

PENNZOIL

Be certain your car is kept in condition to serve your wartime driving needs. Use *good* motor oil to keep your engine clean, to save oil, gas and parts.

That's why we say, "Sound your 'Z' when you ask for PennZoil, and avoid being misunderstood. Get the heaviest summer grade approved for your car."

On both war and home fronts PennZoil is providing an extra margin of safety to *keep 'em rolling* and *flying,* with the same high quality Pennsylvania oil and lubricants that have distinguished this company for more than 56 years.


From Booklet "*How to Keep Your Car Alive*"

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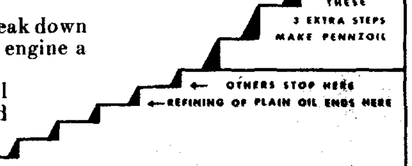
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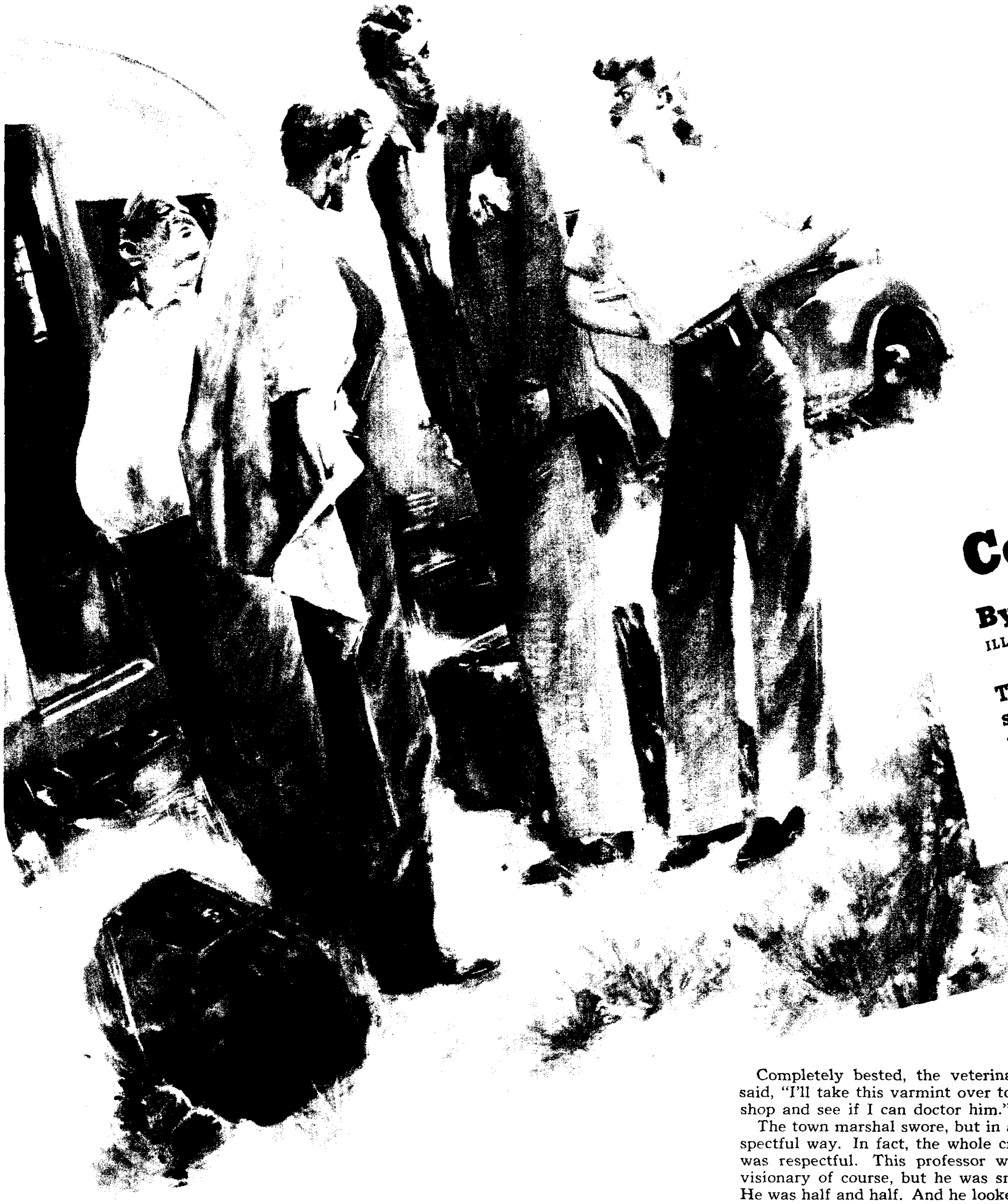


Henry had dropped the tire and picked up a jack handle. These people were going to hold him up and steal his keys, John Piltkin thought in sudden panic

Coyote Moon

By Kenneth Perkins

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The next time the professor sets out for California, he will probably go straight through from East to West and he will stop for nothing

THE cow-town storekeepers and garagemen took a second look at the professor and then understood how it had happened. He was a softhearted young man with a gentle voice. He had a lot of books and a typewriter in the back seat of his car, more books heaped on an army cot in his blue trailer. He had District of Columbia license plates and held a road map with the route blue-penciled across the continent. What they noticed most was the wounded coyote in the front seat.

"I picked this dog up on the sage plain," he said to the town marshal. "Struck by a car—that's what I guessed. Perhaps the veterinarian can help."

Everybody grinned. The veterinarian, for whom the professor had waited half an hour, said, "But look, friend. He isn't a dog. He's a coyote."

"I understand a lot of your Texas ranch dogs have coyote blood," Professor Piltkin admitted. "But I didn't bother about that point. The thing was lying there trembling, with the sun beating and flies torturing him."

"Yes. But, friend, this is a *full-blooded* coyote!" the vet explained.

"That explains it!" John Piltkin said. "He didn't whimper when I picked him up! I've heard that a coyote is the one animal that never cries when he's dying."

"Well, I'll be a horned toad!" the town marshal exclaimed. "It's the first time I ever heard a good word said for a coyote!"

"I'll say more than a word." The professor faced down the grins. "A coyote is the best father in the world. He sticks by his mate for life and acts nursemaid over a seven-pup litter. And not only that: he'll guard his home and fight man or beast to the death!"

"Yes, but this is Texas, friend, and here in Texas we regard 'em as yellow-livered thieves and killers and—"

"And what do they kill? Jack rabbits and ground squirrels and everything that ravages your crops. Yellow, you say? Why, they'll lead the biggest dogs out to the hills and then lick them! And don't forget what the Navajos say—that a coyote is the one wild beast that freely talks with God!"

Completely bested, the veterinarian said, "I'll take this varmint over to my shop and see if I can doctor him."

The town marshal swore, but in a respectful way. In fact, the whole crowd was respectful. This professor was a visionary of course, but he was smart. He was half and half. And he looked it. One side of his face—the left on which the sun had beaten for days of touring—was burned red, and his left eye was canny with sun wrinkles, while the other was innocent and wide.

It was this other half of him—the innocent, wide-eyed half—that interested a certain element in that prairie town: The hitchhikers who hung around the bus stop and garages took advantage of him. Here was a kind heart—and easy pickings.

THE first thumb that caught his eye was a girl's. She had a thin, alkali-dusted face and rouged lips, which made quite an effect, he thought. Her cardboard suitcase must have been heavy for she looked exhausted. "Take us for a lift—just to the next town?" She nodded to her companion—a sorry young man in a bag-coated, high-belted "zoot."

"If it's just to the next town, I suppose we can stand three in the front seat," John Piltkin said. "Put your suitcases in back."

"Oh, you got room in back?" the girl said sweetly. "Then maybe Pops can ride. Pops, come here!"

A tub of a man with mournful bloodhound eyes stepped up humbly. He carried a huge suitcase which was of straw and bound with yucca fiber. This was a little more than John Piltkin had bargained for, but he heard the girl saying softly, "It's my father. We don't like to get separated."

"But there's a typewriter in the back seat," the professor said helplessly. "I suppose if you held it in your lap—"

"That's all right, mister," Pops said eagerly. "I'll hold it like it's a baby."

The younger man squashed himself against the girl, holding both suitcases on his knees. It made the driving awkward and hot, but the hotter it was, the more John Piltkin sympathized with hitchhikers standing patiently, mutely under the murderous sun.

The ranchers and garagemen chewed and smiled. "Maybe you don't know it, friend," the marshal said, waving goodby, "but it's fifty miles to the next town!"

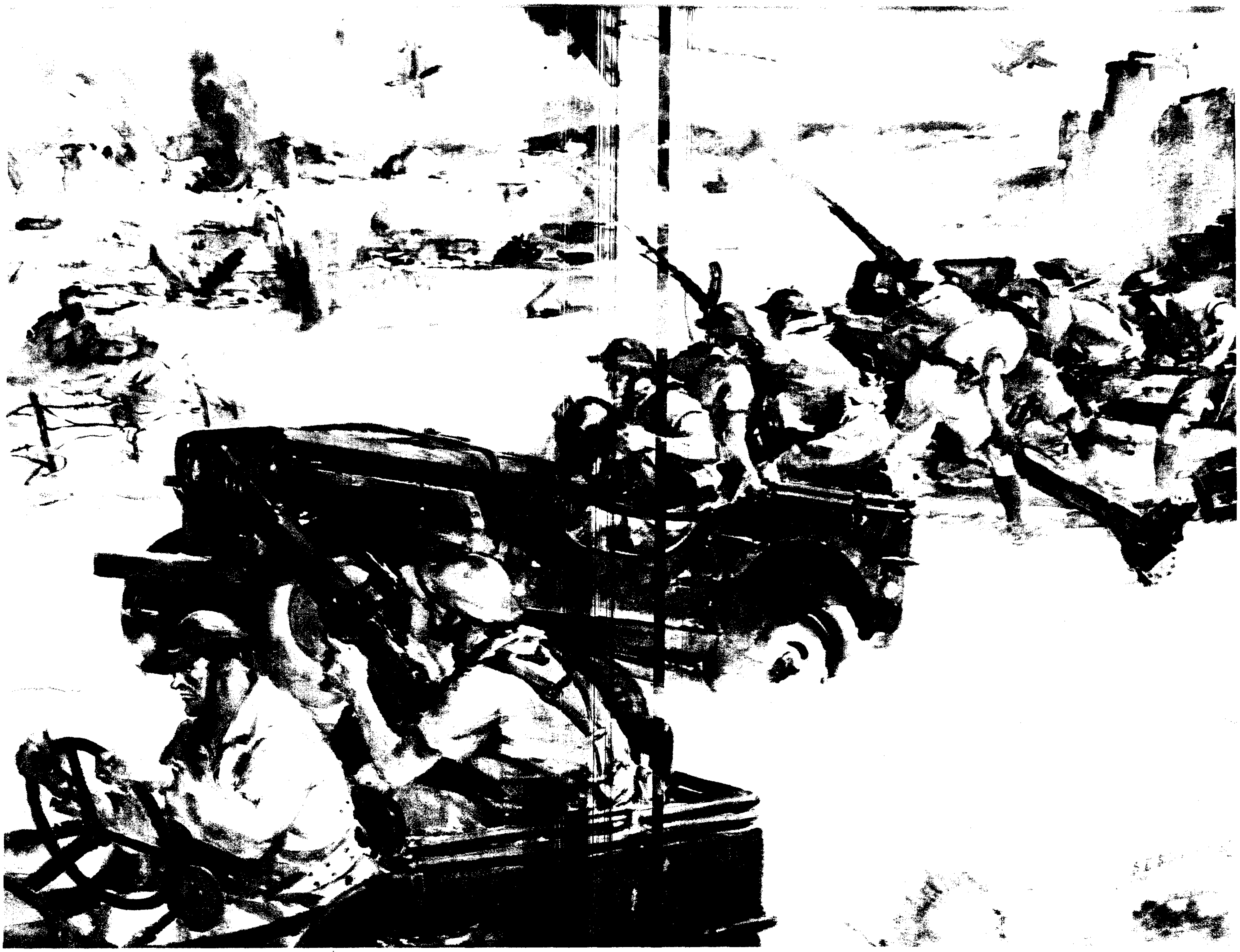
As they started, the girl said, "This is Henry, he's my brother."

Henry grunted: "How far you going?"

"To California, inspecting aluminum plants. You see I'm a professor of metallurgy and Washington's sending me out."

"Well, what do you know about that!" Henry said. "We're going to California, too!"

(Continued on page 63)



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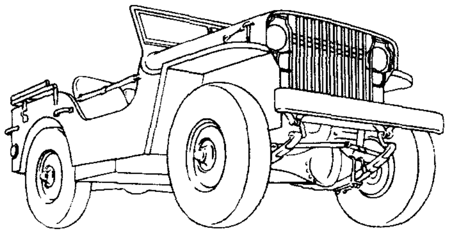

U. S. ARMY JEEP

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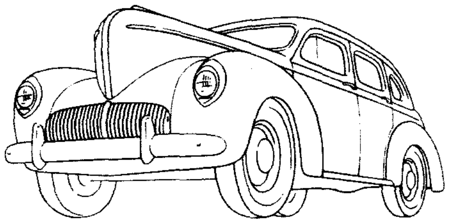
MOTOR CARS ... [illegible]UCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car

***THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE*—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS**

Action by Night

Continued from page 22

Solvay had already thought of that possibility. "They'll think it over for a week before they move. It'll take that long for those fellows to agree. Not that you won't have trouble, later. You will."

Coleman said, "They were in two groups, one on each side of the room. What ran between those groups, Ben?"

"The river that you crossed this morning," answered Solvay. "Stuart and Bill Yell and Tabor and Gunderson, and some others, all graze the other side of the river. The rest live on this side. Frank DeLeon's north of you and Clyde Medary north of him. Back of you, south, is Hoby Spade. The river does it."

"Where's Trumbo?"

Solvay studied his answer before giving it: "Just across the ford and to the south. A small outfit." Then he added in a reserved voice: "You see things quick."

"Who's that other girl, Ben?"

"Ann Stuart," said Ben Solvay and looked at the doorway through which Valencia Wilder had gone. He had a desire to see her and suddenly he reached down and lifted her trunk and went into the house. Coleman heard the two talking and in a moment Doña Gertrude came out and stood silently at the doorway. The long, black-haired kid loafed in the sunshine near the bunkhouse, his insolence traveling the entire length of the yard.

BEN SOLVAY returned, showing some confusion, as though he had permitted himself unsure emotions. He jammed on his hat, said, "See you later," and rode immediately away. Doña Gertrude, Coleman noticed, looked upon the departing Solvay with disfavor; she was a woman of the old school, loyal to her ranch and everything upon it. So now she murmured: "Your woman, Don Tracy, or his?"

"His," said Coleman.

The woman's eyes looked upon Coleman with wisdom. "What a fool, then, he is to leave her here!"

"She is safe on this place."

She gave Coleman a placid smile and a lift of her brows. "Safe is a dull word to a woman and not a word used by Texans."

Out on the flat, meanwhile, had been the palpitation of a horse's running. Looking about he saw a rider coming in, gaunt and long-legged on the saddle. "That man you must watch," said Doña Gertrude, and walked into the house.

Fifty feet from the porch, George Pairvent pulled his horse to a stop and stood stiff in the stirrups, both hands flattened to the horn, watching Coleman with his never-trusting eyes.

"Get down for a talk," said Coleman. He observed the quick way Pairvent left the saddle and kept himself in position to meet trouble. The foreman advanced to a porch post and laid the point of a shoulder against it. He was, even in that relaxed attitude, ready to jump. Coleman sat down in one of the rocking chairs. He tipped himself idly back and forth. "Little late getting here, George."

"Had things to clean up in War Bonnet."

"Have a good talk with Trumbo?"

Pairvent's eyes widened somewhat. He didn't answer.

"George," said Coleman, "it is time to be honest. What kind of an outfit you been running here? I heard something said this morning about this being an outlaw bunch."

"Man can always hear talk."

"How much beef we got?"

"Don't know. Two thousand, maybe."

"Where's the rest gone?"

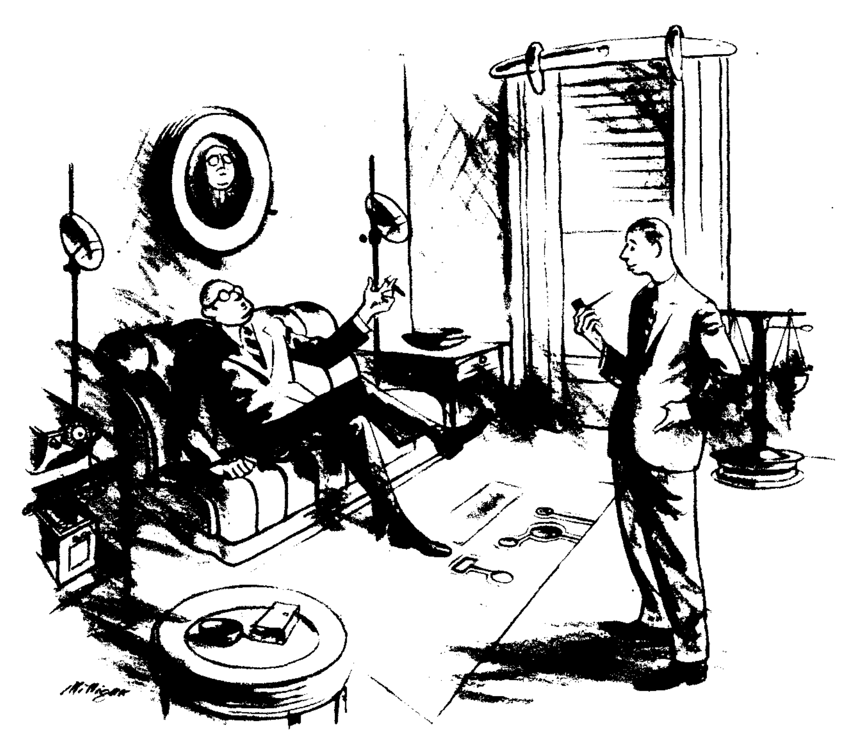
Pairvent delayed his answer a long while, finally saying, "Ask the fellow that called us an outlaw outfit. Everybody wants Horsehead. It has got no friends. You listening to people who're not friends?"

"Trumbo," said Coleman, "seems your friend."

Pairvent again hesitated, meanwhile searching Coleman's expression. "Maybe I have made my arrangements with him from time to time," he admitted. "I have had to tie up where I could. Horsehead has got to do the best it can. But we're talkin' too much. Say what's on your mind."

"You have been boss and foreman here. I'm the owner now. You stay on as foreman."

Turning into the house, Coleman came to a living room and a small desk. There was a pencil-drawn map tacked to the wall and, standing before it, Coleman saw the lines of Horsehead range as Ben-Tim Howlett had sketched it years before, the areas of the other outfits also indicated. Coleman thoughtfully memorized those boundaries.



"We figured we might as well get __some__ good out of the car"

JOHN MILLIGAN

AT SUNDOWN the easy wind came with a high-mountain chill strange to his Texas blood; and from the porch of the house he watched the colors of the land run and change along horizon and high peak and timber-blackened draw. The supper bell rang once, its round-shaped echo striking out and on through the land's great stillness. He went back through the house to the dining room. The crew had already gathered and Doña Gertrude sat at the foot of the table, dark and still—and waiting; and this same sense of waiting was with the crew. Looking about him, he knew at once what they waited for. The seat of authority on any ranch was at the head of the table. George Pairvent sat there, usurping a place he no longer rated.

Valencia Wilder came in. Coleman drew back a chair for her, but as she came to it he touched her and stopped her, and then he looked at the crew and at Pairvent. "Stand up," he said.

Pairvent stopped his coffee cup halfway to his mouth. He braced himself for trouble; he had planned for it and now waited for it. Yet he had not planned for it to come this way and as he looked at Valencia Wilder the surly, eager light in his eyes lessened and he put down his cup and silently rose. Taking cue from him, the rest of the crew likewise rose. Valencia Wilder took her place beside Coleman. The Mexican woman watched Coleman from the end of the table, her eyes dye-black, every partisan instinct in her outraged at the insult of Pairvent's sitting where he had no right to be.

Coleman ate, saying nothing; and the meal was a hurried, silent chore soon done. Pairvent, feeling himself victor in being kept on as foreman, now rode his victory hard. When he rose the rest of the crew got up, half showing their thin amusement at Coleman's challenged authority. The feeling of their triumph remained behind them after they had gone.

Doña Gertrude sighed an exasperated breath; she had not touched her food at all. Valencia Wilder looked at Coleman. "You didn't need to do that for me. I want to cause you no trouble. Why are you smiling?"

He had risen and was smiling. He made up a cigarette and lighted it, and his lips stretched against the white heaviness of his teeth; and his eyelids came near together and wind swept steadily in and out of him, drawing deeper from his chest. "The air in here," he said, "reminds me of the South. Always sticky before a storm."

"You're angry," she said. "You're angry clear through."

She walked to the porch with him. Twilight had gone and gray darkness lay over the land and the sharper wind bore down from the surrounding slopes. Far out on the flats a single rider moved in small, scudding echoes. She watched him face the open country, the glow of the cigarette laying its dark yellow light along his cheeks. By this faint reflection his face made a heavy show, the bones of his cheeks flat and ridged beneath the covering skin. He turned to watch the bunkhouse. Over there was the sound of men idly talking, of one man laughing. Doña Gertrude was a smoldering presence somewhere on the porch.

He turned into the house and reappeared with his belt and gun; he smoked the last of his cigarette, and threw it into the dust of the yard. He went down the steps and ground the cigarette beneath his heel.

"Do you have to do it?" she asked.

"Yes."

"There's five of them," she murmured.

"We'll see," he said.

"It is Pairvent," she said, her voice tight and quick. "He is your enemy, he thinks you're afraid. Whip him. Break him. Make him humble."

HE CAME up the steps, stopping directly before her. He looked down at her face. "You want to see a man hurt?"

"Hurt—or be hurt. You're alone. So have I been. The world is not kind, Tracy. It will shrivel all the sweetness in you, it will starve you, it will destroy you. If it can. You're alone against a pack of dogs. If you beat them they'll cringe. If you don't they'll tear you apart. I have been through it all. I have learned that if you do not fight you'll lose."

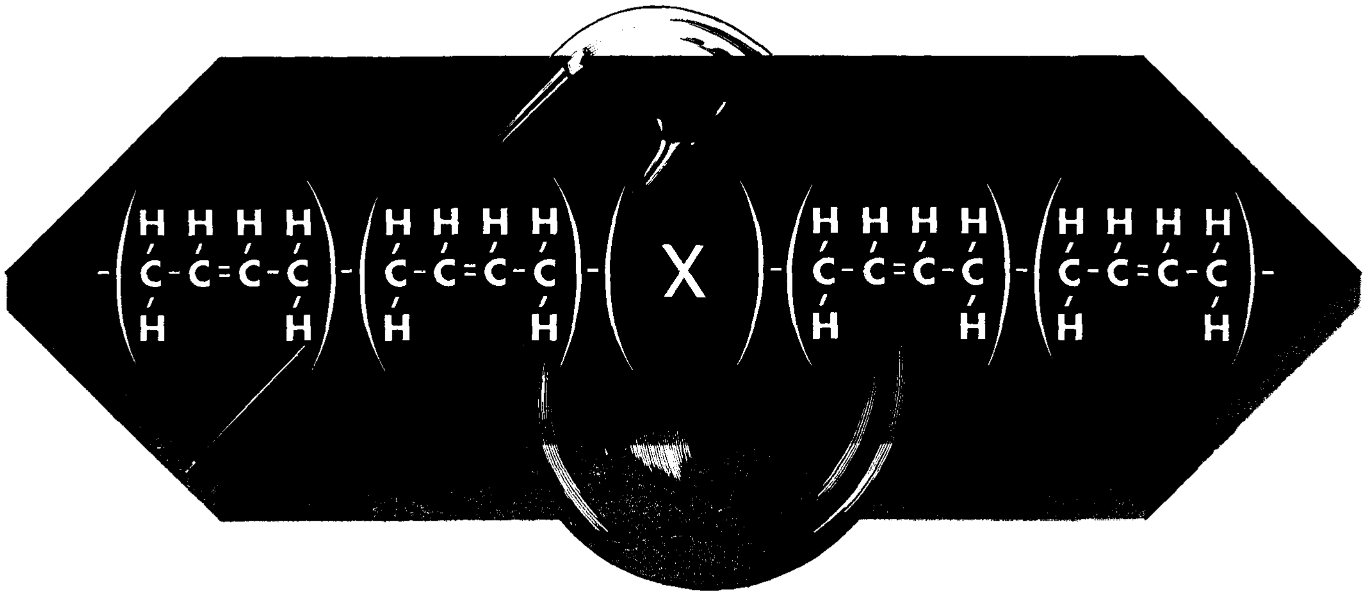
"Why," he said, gently for so big a man, "you've been through a lot," and then he put his hands on her arms and drew her forward and kissed her. He stepped quickly back and, leaving the porch, crossed the yard with the light of the bunkhouse before him. One man stood against the bunkhouse wall, a thin shadow against other shadows; the rest had gone inside. He heard the murmuring of their voices until he reached the bunkhouse doorway. When he stepped through the doorway, talk ceased and he faced the eyes of these men—the arrested, expectant attention in those eyes.

Three of them sat at the room's small table—Pairvent, the brown-skinned man and the green-eyed rider with the half beard. A deck of cards lay on the table and a rack of poker chips, but they were not playing. They sat by, waiting for him. Ray, the chunky hand with the straight, blunt face, lay on a bunk, half-turned so that he also could watch. Therefore, the man out in the shadows would be the tricky kid. Coleman thought of the kid momentarily and then forgot him.

THE two hands at the table had, meanwhile, made up their minds at the same moment, both now rising and stepping away. Pairvent remained, both his hands lying flat on the table; but he betrayed himself even as he thus seemed idle, for Coleman noticed the back of those hands show pressure. The foreman, so closely watching Coleman, presently seemed to see a new thing for suddenly his feet shifted slowly beneath the chair. Coleman said: "George, I didn't make myself plain to you," and flung over the table with his arm.

Pairvent rose and kicked the chair away at a single motion; and his hand fell upon his gun and lifted it. Coleman came at him, half-turning as he jumped. He caught Pairvent's arm with both his hands. He twisted Pairvent's arm as he turned and he struck Pairvent's chest with his in-driving shoulder and flung Pairvent back against a bunk frame. He buckled Pairvent's arm downward and inward until the foreman gave a high, tortured cry and dropped

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



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CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company the gun. Coleman knocked it aside with his foot; he stepped back and hit Pairvent full on the jaw with his fist and moved away. "George," he said, "this time I'll make myself plain."

Pairvent cast a wild, searching glance toward the corner of the room where the gun lay. This was his unguarded moment. Coleman came in and hit him on the side of the head, half spinning Pairvent; he caught the foreman at the waist and whirled him across the small room and slammed him against the bunkhouse wall. Pairvent's breath gushed out as he struck and he lowered his head and drove it hard against Coleman's face. Coleman took that shock on his lips, he felt the skin of his lips crush in; it staggered and stopped him, and Pairvent's fists beat him on neck and chest and belly.

Coleman ducked aside. He drew back, watching Pairvent follow; and he ducked again and came in, catching the foreman once more around the waist. Pairvent's knees smashed into his crotch and he heard Pairvent's teeth snap, close by his right ear. The foreman was a barroom fighter and now jabbed his thumb straight at Coleman's eyes, and missed and whirled and jumped and brought the sharp weight of his boot heel down on Coleman's instep. Coleman stepped back and sledged Pairvent twice on the temples with his fists. Pairvent, dazed, fell to the floor.

THE kid stood in the doorway, his big, sullen eyes filled with desire. Coleman whirled on him so quickly that the kid jumped back, fear cracking the sullenness. Coleman said, "Never stand behind me."

"How kin I tell where's behind you when you're turnin' like a top?" muttered the kid.

"You takin' part in this fight?"

"No," said the kid. "No."

Coleman ran the back of a hand across his cheek and brought it away red. The brown-faced puncher and the rider with the half beard stood by the wall, saying nothing. Ray lay on his bunk, watching with a gray pleasure.

Pairvent rolled and sat up on the floor. "You've raised Cain," he said.

"Some doubt in your mind about me," Coleman said. "I wanted to put that straight." He looked at the man on the bunk. "Ray what?"

"Miller," said the chunky one. "What good does that do you?"

Pairvent pushed himself erect and tried weight on the twisted leg. He sat down on his bunk. "You've laid me up."

"You can sit and rest," said Coleman. "But not at the head of the table."

"I can leave the place," said Pairvent.

"If you're runnin' away from a fight, go ahead and run."

"Who said anything about running?" asked Ray Miller.

Coleman looked at the other two. "What names you men use?"

"Ed Drum," said the whiskered one. "And it's my real name!"

The fellow with the stained brown face only mumbled, "Baldy."

Pairvent stared at the other men, at Ray Miller. "What do you like about stayin'?"

Ray Miller smiled, saying nothing. Coleman turned from the bunkhouse and walked back to the porch. Valencia stood waiting there. Doña Gertrude was a shadow behind her.

"Day's work is done," said Coleman, and laughed quietly. He heard Doña Gertrude give out a long sigh. Valencia touched his arm and held it. "Can you trust them?"

"No," he said. "Not at all."

"Trust nobody."

He looked at the round, pale darkness of her face, he heard the deep-seated bitterness in her voice. Then he said: "Somebody's left his hoofmarks all over you. Listen—you can't live without trustin' somebody."

"You will be hurt if you try it."

"Everybody gets hurt. But you can't hide in a black cave and live small."

She said, "You know why I can't believe in people. You knew it when you offered me your cigarette."

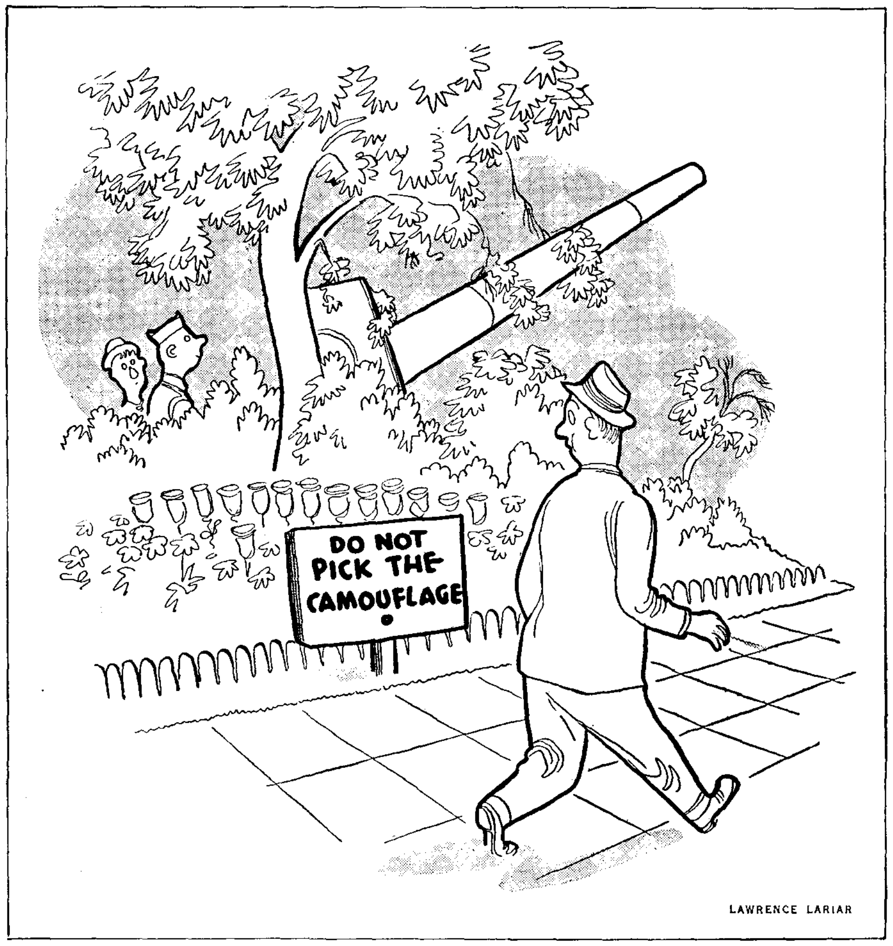
"I knew," he said. "I know something else, too. There's more to you than that."

The pressure of her fingers grew quite strong on his arm. Her voice changed and filled with disturbed feeling. "There is," she whispered. "There's so much more. But what good is that now?"

"You came up here to start over, didn't you?"

"I did, but it won't work. He saw what I was. It is no use."

"Solvay," said Coleman, "is a fool."


DO NOT PICK THE CAMOUFLAGE
LAWRENCE LARIAR

SHORTLY after the fight in Horsehead's bunkhouse, the kid with the stringy black hair saddled his horse. Ray Miller was at the moment in the shadows and hailed him: "Where you spookin' now, Alvy?"

Alvy's voice was sullen: "Air's too close around here."

Miller said, "Alvy, I got no use for a man that plays all corners of the board."

"What's that?" asked the kid, swinging into the saddle. But Ray was too tough a man either to fight or bluff; the hard steadiness of his return glance made the kid drop his eyes. It was always like this with the kid. At twenty he wanted to be a man like Ray, deadly and caring for nothing; but he had no wisdom and none of those gutty qualities which made a man very good or very bad. He was a mass of emotion and self-drama, unstable as river sand; treacherous and thoughtless, he was always carrying a quarrel to men better than he and always, therefore, being cuffed around. All this festered in him and made him worse.

Ray Miller said dryly, "Better watch out, kid."

Alvy rode away. He saw nobody on the porch of the main house and he thought to himself, "I wish he'd show up there. I'd let go at him." Then he discovered Coleman's shape in the deep shadows; and thin fear washed through him and he put the horse to a gallop and ran full tilt into the night.

After he forded the river he swung to the south, crossed the open plain and entered a low pine ridge. The trail carried him over a shallow summit, directly into Drew Trumbo's yard. There wouldn't be anybody else about, Alvy knew, for Trumbo had only a small range and did his own work except in busy season. Alvy circled the house and found Trumbo on the porch. Trumbo's ears had picked up his approach. There wasn't any light on the place; therefore the kid said, "It's me—Alvy."

"What goes on?" asked Trumbo.

"This Coleman came on the place, had a talk with Pairvent and made a dicker for Pairvent to stay as foreman. George figured Coleman maybe wasn't very sure of things. So George ran his string out a little and took head place at the supper table. After supper Coleman came to the bunkhouse and beat hell out of George."

"Pairvent going to leave?"

"I guess not. There's a woman on the place, too. That girl who's Ben Solvay's girl, I guess. Solvay brought her."

Trumbo said, "That's good going, Alvy. Be sure to keep me posted."

Alvy said, "What's it look like to you now?"

Trumbo only added, "Keep me posted, Alvy. I'll remember you."

IT WAS always like this for Alvy. He did his part, hoping for better. But he was always crowded out. He never made a fit with men like Ray, or Trumbo. He sat a while in the saddle, sullen and self-pitying. "All right," he said at last, and rode back into the ridge, never knowing that he passed within ten feet of Tap, Dan Stuart's foreman.

Tap came out of his covert as soon as the sound of Alvy's travel died in the pines. He traced Alvy at a distance and watched Alvy's shape grow into a black point on the grassland. Thereafter Tap turned north and in an hour reached home. Stuart sat on the porch with his daughter Ann, and so Tap simply paused his horse and made up a cigarette and moved on. He put away his horse and stood against the corral, waiting. Having dropped his signal he knew the old man would come up. It was a half-hour before Stuart arrived. Tap said, "That kid—Alvy—carried news of some kind from Horsehead to Trumbo."

"He's done it before," said Stuart. "He's a go-between for Pairvent and Trumbo."

"Or spyin' on Pairvent for Trumbo," said Tap. "The kid's no good. He'd do anything. But now there's a new thought. You think maybe Coleman's usin' him to send word to Trumbo?"

"They don't know each other yet. Anyhow, Trumbo wouldn't work with Horsehead. He's out to get Horsehead and make a big fellow out of himself. Little fellow into a big fellow." Then Stuart fell into a long silence, reviewing possibilities.

Tap said, "Wouldn't take anything for granted, Mr. Stuart. This Coleman's not foolish." He always put a handle on Stuart's name. It was the way Dan Stuart wanted it to be and Tap, who knew his boss inside out, took care never to offend the man's tremendous sense of dignity. Stuart wanted to be king and Tap, therefore, wanted him to be king.

"Coleman's out of luck," said Stuart. "He's got no crew to fight with. Those fellows will do what Pairvent wants done. Pairvent will buck Coleman at every turn, wantin' things for himself. So they'll get into a fight and Pairvent will beat Coleman to the draw. I see that coming."

Tap said: "Before he left War Bonnet, Pairvent had a talk with Trumbo. Then he went back to Horsehead. I been watching the ford all day. He's still on Horsehead. Maybe Coleman made a deal with him. Maybe there's a deal between the three, Pairvent and Trumbo and Coleman."

STUART drew a long sigh of increased anger. "There stands Drew Trumbo with his pint and a half of grass, trying to beat me to Horsehead. A kid, a latecomer, a schoolboy with a slingshot against a man with a cannon. If he thinks he sees a way of schemin' me out of Horsehead—"

Tap made up a cigarette and let Dan Stuart's temper boil. He lighted the cigarette, he held the match in his hand, narrowly squinting at its dying flame. He said, "You been trying to do this the roundabout way. You been trying to get all the neighbors together on it. All you got out of that was a split Basin. Trumbo's got a couple men, maybe three, on his side. He's made some sort of a deal with Hoby Spade and Frank DeLeon and Hack Dobbin. The rest of the crowd may be stickin' with you, but the price of that is a slice of Horsehead to each of 'em when you take it. What's that leave you? The more you slice it up the less it is worth the fight. All or nothing. If I were you I'd step in and take it while everybody else is waitin' around. Take it and keep it all."

"That," said Dan Stuart, "is my intention."

"Then move in now."

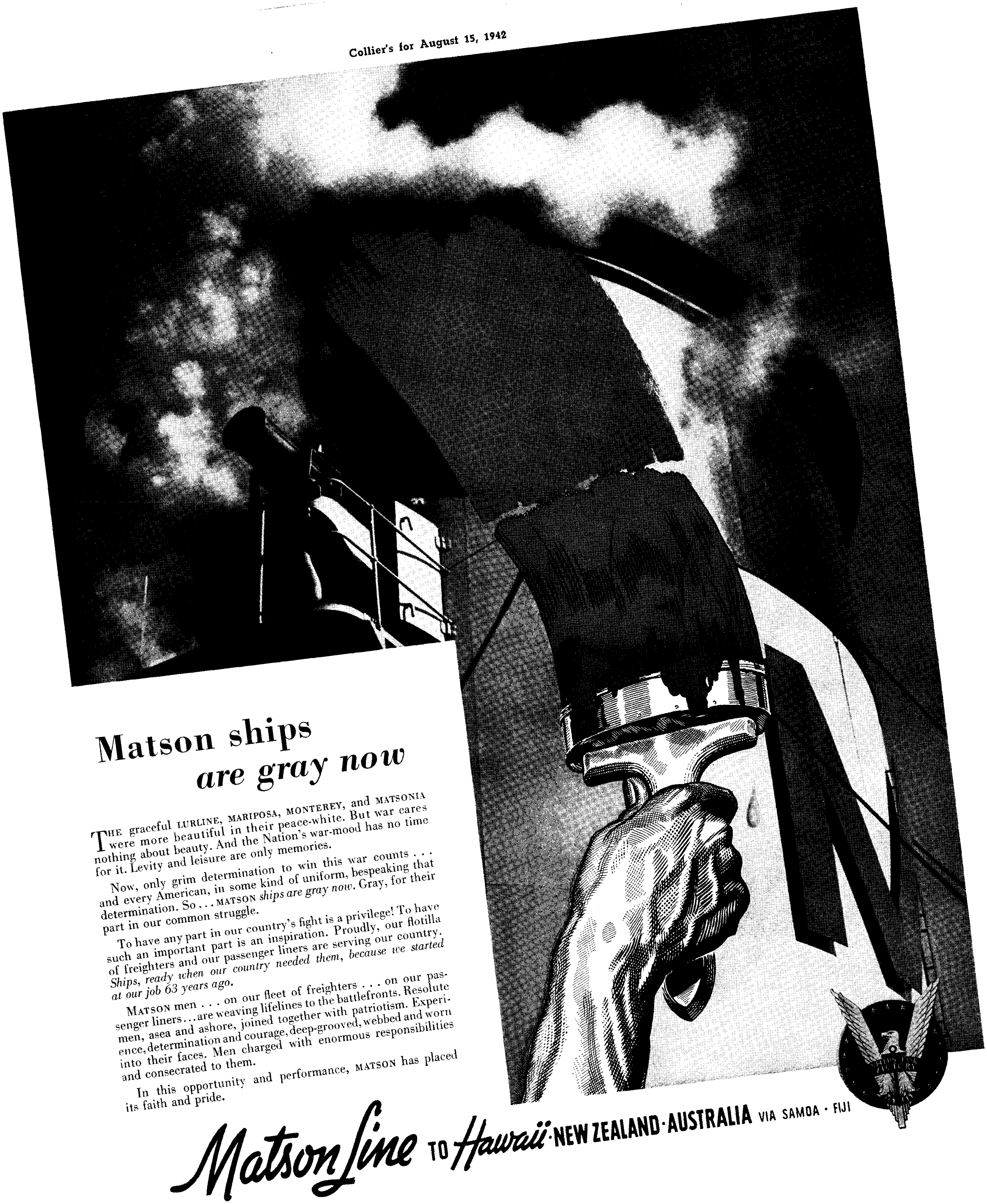
"No, wait till Pairvent and Coleman quarrel."

"Wait that long and Trumbo may be before you."

Stuart grew irritated at Tap's insistence. "Sometimes it is best to let the other man reach first. I think I'll let Coleman reach first."

Tap had offered his advice up to this point. Now that Stuart had made a decision Tap remained still. Stuart was the law and as far as Tap was concerned that law was sufficient. Star Cross was his life entirely; for it he lived and to it he gave his complete loyalty, knowing no other allegiance. All he said was, "Let it be so, then," and turned to the bunkhouse to sleep the five short hours he permitted himself.

(To be continued next week)



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Self-Defense Against Black Bass

By Bill Wolf

Don't be frightened. Don't drop everything and run screaming when he hits you. Sure, he's a plug-ugly, a barroom battler. But he can be licked, and here's how

Here the author is testing a Tm-Temper professional bait-casting rod for flexibility. He fastens the nine-pound test line to the leg of a chair and pulls on the steel rod for tension

NINA LEEN-PIX

DURING the heat of day in midsummer the small streams, the big rivers and lakes are almost lifeless, but when the long, cool shadows of late afternoon darken the waters, the black bass start feeding.

There are great wallowings in the shallows where some bronzeback is chasing schools of minnows. Sometimes the food fish, in their frantic efforts to escape the cruising devourer, fling themselves from the water in a silvery spray.

There are splashes at the foot of fast water and in the pools of streams. There, too, bass are feeding. Occasionally, where a flight of low-dipping swallows skims the surface of a lake, there is a vicious swirl and one of the birds disappears. A bass has taken it. Sometimes an incautious frog plops into the quiet water at the edge of a pool and a swift black shadow darts after it and the frog vanishes

This is the perfect moment in all time for the largest group of anglers in the country, those who fish for smallmouth and largemouth bass in nearly every one of our states and the provinces of Canada.

Dinner is on the table and black bass have all the traits of boardinghouse gourmands. When this magic hour of evening arrives (there is a similar feeding period in the cool of dawn, if you care for magic so early in the morning) the black-bass fishermen go to work. Some fish with bait, others cast plugs along the shore lines of lakes or in the larger streams, some use fly rods to drop bass bugs on the quiet waters, still others work streamers in the currents of creeks and rivers much as they would for trout.

Two methods, however, are coming into particular favor, and it is with them that we are concerned here. One is a variation of plug- or bait-casting—involving the use of extra-light rods, reels, lines and midget lures. The other method employs trout-weight fly tackle. Both have double virtues—they take more fish and, paradoxically, they give the bass a fighting chance.

You see, no one ever gave the black bass much of a chance until recently and, because they didn't, anglers missed out on a lot of fun as well as a lot of fish.

They forgot they were gentlemen even if the black bass isn't and went about catching him with brutally strong tackle, slamming huge plugs at him, hauling him in on ropelike lines. There is something about the bass that arouses man's lowest cunning.

Alias Mickey McGuire

He's a lug from the wrong side of the tracks. If he wore clothing and smoked and drank whisky you wouldn't care to meet him in a dark alley.

He would dress in a black bowler, a shirt without a collar, in yellow shoes and baggy breeches. He would have a cigar butt in one corner of his sour mouth and would suffer from a perpetual hang-over with corresponding ill temper.

When he strikes you must strike back in self-defense. Then, if he is hooked and feels the steel in his mouth, he will shift the cigar to the other side and fling himself joyously into the battle.

If a smallmouth, always a better fighter than the largemouth, chances are he will come to the surface. There won't be any gentlemanly fencing, but there will be a savage. slashing barroom affair, every shock of which is transmitted from fish to man by the telegraph system of rod and line. The bass will make wild leaps from the water, it will walk on its tail and try to beat you by plunging to the bottom. It will fight up to the very moment it is netted and then fight some more.

That, gentlemen, is your opponent. You can let him bluff you into descending to using the angling equivalent of brass knuckles and meet him on his own ground of brutal strength, or you can take a tip from the correspondence schools which teach the manly art of self-defense and box him with skill and finesse until he's subdued.

If you follow the latter course, this is the equipment you will need: A six-foot long, ultralight plug-casting rod; a level-wind reel with a fast aluminum spool and a cork arbor;

60 yards of nine-pound test silk or nylon line which will just fill the reel spool, an assortment of midget plugs from one quarter to one half an ounce each in weight, and a certain confidence in your ability to lick any plug-ugly bass.

A five-and-one-half foot rod will do if you can't get the six-foot length. Chief requirement is flexibility enough to flick out the tiny lures without too much trouble.

As for the choice between bamboo or steel rods, I like steel plug-casting rods because they stand up under more abuse than the bamboo. The action is different and perhaps not so good as bamboo's. The steel rod can take care of itself, the bamboo needs attention.

The reel is the most important part of the equipment. It's fun to go into a tackle store and test reels by spinning the handles to see which turns the longest—but that's no way to select a reel. If you buy the one that spins longest it probably has a heavy spool that will overrun and create backlashes.

The narrow, lightweight aluminum spool with cork arbor feeds off line freely when the cast is made, stops quickly with slight pressure from the thumb and is the only kind practical for the lightweight lures you are going to use. Such a reel will cost from five to twenty-five dollars. The more you pay for it, the longer it will last.

Nine-pound test line is suggested because it is easier to cast and if you catch a smallmouth bass heavier than that, let me know where you live. I'll visit you. They grow them that large and then some in a few of the Southern states, but a good smallmouth elsewhere seldom will exceed five pounds—so why employ an eighteen-pound test line? Remember, you're a gent.

Furthermore, a heavy line will make it next to impossible to cast lightweight lures. These midget plugs run from the size of your thumb's first joint to a little larger, weigh one quarter to one half an ounce and cast amazingly well. You need at least six in various styles and finishes. My own favorite has a silver flash finish with propellerlike spinners fore and aft.

Actually, all these inferences that lightweight tackle is more sporting than the old-fashioned heavy stuff could be just a blind erected to conceal the fact that you can catch more bass with light tackle. You really can.

The big plugs in use for the last score of years were enough to scare the devil out of even the toughest bass. Some of the plugs looked perfectly capable of going out and chewing the bass to pieces, instead of the other way around. They invariably landed with a tremendous splash except when cast by the most expert anglers. Consequently, they were valueless in small streams where bass are wary and easily frightened.

On the other hand, the midget plugs work well in big water or in small streams. Last summer they took smallmouth bass for me from the large lakes in Maine and on tiny Pennsylvania streams as well. These latter were creeks where big plugs would have put down every fish, but the midgets descended gently and the bass loved them.

There's your equipment. Now then, where will the bass be found?

The best smallmouth fishing, generally speaking, is above the Mason-Dixon line; the best largemouth waters below it. There are exceptions, of course, such as the huge smallmouths caught in North Carolina and some other Southern states; but this broad rule will hold.

More specifically, some of the best smallmouth bass fishing is found in the original home of the species, from (and including) Ontario and Quebec south on the western side of the Appalachian range to the Tennessee River drainage.

Years of stocking, however, have distributed the smallmouth in many regions, in the far West, in the lakes and rivers of New England, down through New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

The largemouths have been introduced in most of the states, too, but thrive best in the warm-water lakes and slow streams of the South, growing to huge size (10 to even 20 pounds) in Florida, and in the brackish waters of Currituck Sound in North Carolina.

Still more specifically, the smallmouth will be found where the water is clear and cold, where the stream and lake bottoms are studded with rocks or covered with gravel. The largemouth doesn't seem to mind warmer water and a muddy bottom, which makes it a more sluggish fish, although this is said in a whisper for fear one overhears and resents it.

This extremely wide national distribution makes black bass the major game fish in North American fresh water. It occurs in trout country and where there are no trout. It suvives among muskellunge and pike. It's everywhere. My own home is only eleven miles from the heart of Philadelphia and yet less than a mile from my house is a perfect smallmouth bass stream.

Let us, however, go plugging for smallmouth on a northern lake such as those found in Canada or Maine. It is midsummer, the sun is hot and the water surface warm during the day. Under such conditions, the smallmouth will be found in the deep holes, waiting for evening before it comes up into the cooling shallows.

We must use a deep-riding plug, a sinking model. We are casting from a boat in a sitting position (it's safer than standing), using an overhead cast and not a sideswipe. The overhead is more accurate and less likely to catch your partner, who probably wouldn't put up a good fight at all.

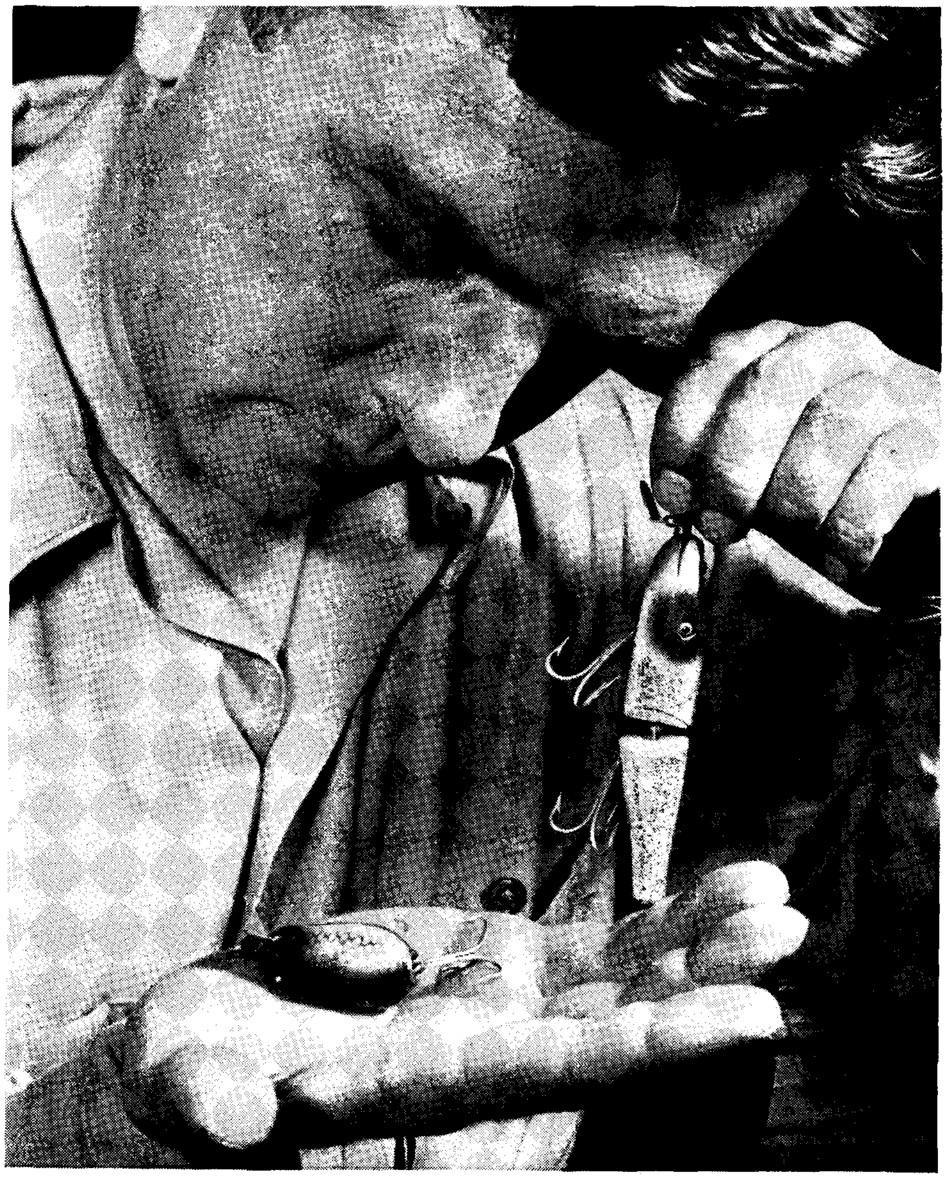
The lure dangles from one to six inches from the tip of the rod. You point it at your objective, bring up the rod tip smartly to a bit beyond the vertical and then, all this being part of a continuous motion, bring it forward twice as sharply. As you do this, turn your wrist inward until the reel handles are on top of the horizontal rod as the plug goes whizzing out. The thumb rides on the spool of line to control its unreeling.

H'mm, that's a pity. You had a backlash. The spool revolved faster than the line paid off because you didn't thumb it right and consequently the line piled up in what we affectionately call a bird's nest because that's what it looks like on the reel.

So you start to pick it out, forgetting the plug, which is a sinking model. When the backlash is solved and you start to reel in, you discover that the unattended plug has settled to the bottom and is caught on something down there. You lose it when you pull too hard.

Best thing in such a case is to sit down and have a good cry. This helps a lot and, besides, you have learned something—to practice casting until you can avoid most backlashes and to get in a

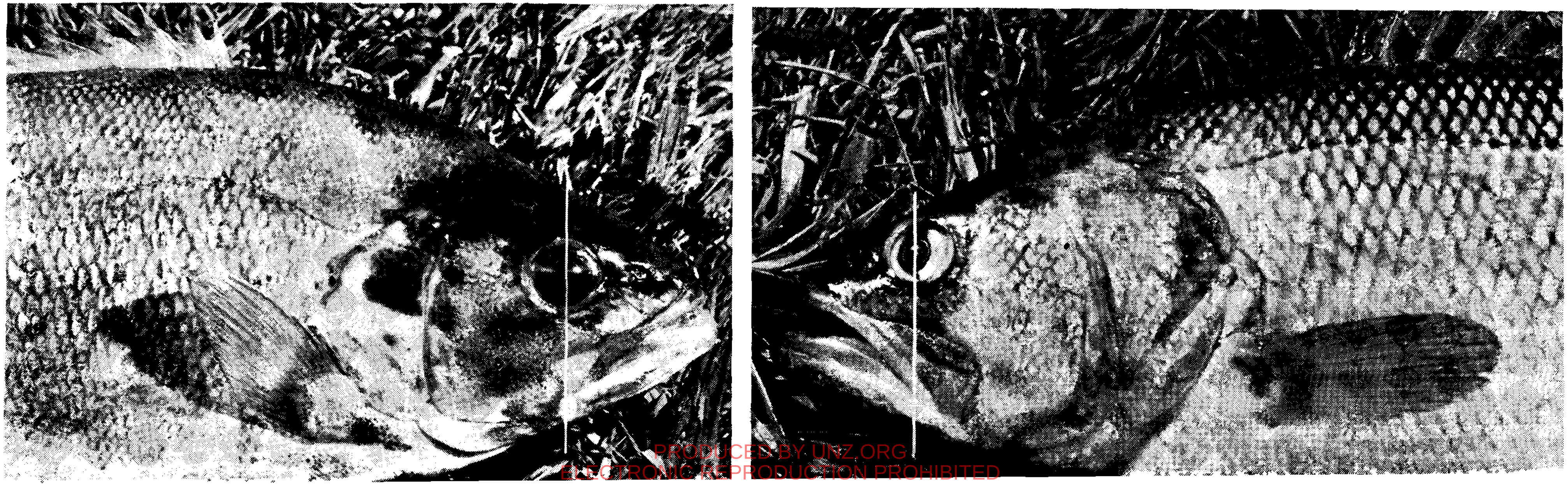
NINA LEEN-PIX



Author Bill Wolf studies his casting baits—the kind known as "plugs." The large plug is the Pikie Minnow, a favorite with many anglers. The small one is the Tiny Tim, which Bill prefers. It weighs three eighths of an ounce

To distinguish the smallmouth bass (left) from the largemouth (right)—draw a vertical line through the eye of each. In the largemouth the line will pass right through the mouth; in the smallmouth it will hit the corner of the mouth

MICHAEL ANGUTI



sinking plug first before you pick out a backlash if you do get one.

Perhaps you will be lucky and get a fish down deep, but chances are against you. When evening comes, though, the fish will come to the surface and start breaking water. You will start casting wildly to rises. If you are using an underwater plug a good general practice is to reel rapidly for a moment, then slowly, then rapidly and so on. A smallmouth likes to hit such a plug at the moment it slows down.

When one hits, your first impression is that you are caught on a log. There is a sudden shock and then a dull resistance. In a moment, however, the log comes to life and bursts out of the water. This is disconcerting. Logs shouldn't burst out of water and you almost drop the rod before you realize it is a fish.

When the bass wants line you give it to him. When he rushes you the slack is taken up on the reel. It is necessary to keep the line tight except when he lances out of the water. Then you should drop the rod tip slightly so he doesn't back on a tight bowstring of a line which might snap.

You can't kill him as you would a trout. You will die of exhaustion before he does if he is large and in cold water, but you can weaken him until his rushes become shorter and shorter, until he comes within range of the net your partner or guide is holding ready. He is led over the net and "dropped" into it. Trying to scoop him up would result in another rush, a renewal of the fight.

You unhook him and, perhaps, throw the lug back to fight another day. First, though, you can tell definitely if he is a smallmouth or a largemouth thus: An imaginary vertical line through the eye would pass down, across the mouth of a largemouth; but the entire mouth of a smallmouth would be in front of this up-and down line. Also, a largemouth has a pronounced dark lateral band running the full length of his sides. A smallmouth doesn't have this, but does have faint, dark vertical bars.

Otherwise, they look much alike; but once you have caught both kinds you can tell which is on, soon after the strike. The smallmouth is as spectacular as a skyrocket, the largemouth stays out of the air and lacks the smallmouth's vicious strength.

A Tip from the Swallows

Plugging in rivers and small streams is much the same, although you must learn to pick out the pockets behind rocks, the places beside underwater ledges, the likely pools and even the fast water.

That's smallmouth fishing. If you go after largemouth bass in the Midwest or from lower Jersey south, much the same general technique is used; but largemouths seem to like the surface plugs better, hitting the poppers, the wounded minnow types or the noisy surface splashers.

In largemouth fishing, cast toward the lake's shore line, especially around sunken logs or submerged tree stumps or put down the plug at the edge of lily pads. If the lake suddenly boils as though a depth charge had exploded, then a largemouth is taking the plug. Fight back valiantly and maybe you will win.

Remember the earlier mention of bass sometimes eating swallows as they skim over a lake? This is a habit of huge largemouth bass and one utilized by an excellent angler for them, Lou Drueding, of southern Jersey. When he sees swallows dipping down to the water he rows to the spot immediately and starts casting, knowing a whopping big bass probably is there, waiting. There often is one present, as trophies in his home attest. Try it sometime.

Other suggestions for both largemouth and smallmouth bass fishing: Use a tiny swivel with a snap at the business end of the line; it will facilitate changing plugs. Red and white color combinations really are preferred by bass, with yellow another of their favored shades.

Some anglers use a six-foot leader of gut so the bass can't see the line, but it's more important to learn how to work the plug in the water.

A rabbit's-foot, carried in the pocket and rubbed frequently, is another excellent piece of equipment, although I have found holding the breath on each cast almost as efficient an aid in getting strikes.

The other method (besides casting midget plugs) to have more fun and get more fish has been left to the last because there is nothing essentially new about it, no matter how little it is used. It consists, simply, of fishing for smallmouth bass almost exactly as you would for trout—with a light fly rod, a fairly light leader and ordinary-sized bucktail streamers.

Catch 'em Like Trout

This spring, when fishing for trout in the Lehigh River, which contains both smallmouth bass and trout, the bass hit my small fly as frequently as did the trout. However, no trout of the same size as the bass could have put up as good a fight as these valiant smallmouths did.

There is a frequently repeated dictum in bass fishing: That ounce for ounce and pound for pound, the smallmouth bass is the equal of any fish.

Nevertheless, if taken on fly-rod tackle usually described as "bass weight," the smallmouth can be horsed in. Why shouldn't the bass be fought with as much finesse as the trout? Why should he be kicked figuratively in the belly just because he's tough?

He can be fought delicately enough on a light fly rod. For small, brushy streams an eight-foot bamboo fly rod is ideal. For larger streams and rivers, use a nine-foot rod, but get it in trout weight. You need make only one concession to the superior striking power of the bass—the very fine trout leaders won't hold up under the impact. Get fairly strong leaders.

Such stream fishing is done with flies somewhat larger than those used for trout, or with bucktails. When buying bucktail streamers just let yourself go and release those inhibitions. Get loud streamers. Perhaps bass don't like bright colors, but anglers do. My own preference is for the various Tigers, especially the one with yellow bucktail wings. Yellow can be seen farther away in water than any other color and I like to watch the streamer work in the current—it's almost as much fun as catching fish.

Cast the lure across the stream and allow it to swing down in an arc. Expect a strike as the current tightens the line at the end of the swing. Or let it drift down in the current a few feet at a time, working out more and more line, drawing the streamer occasionally against the current, letting it drop back.

There will be a smallmouth lurking somewhere in the water you fish. He's a thug, remember, and he might be in hiding among the rocks on the bottom or beside a water-soaked log. Keep your line tight so that you can hook him when he strikes. He will come with a rush, trying to kill your poor little streamer with his first attack.

Don't be frightened. Fight that impulse to drop your rod when he hits and run, screaming, from the water. Be sure to stand your ground and spar with him. He's not so tough that he can't be licked.

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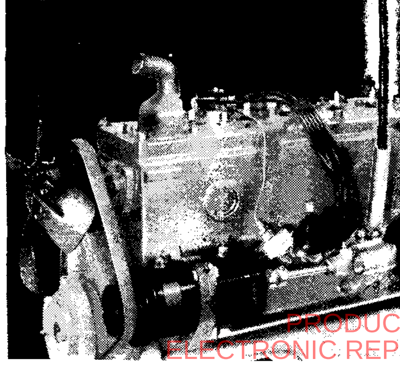

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 16

the relief this attitude afforded her that she added spontaneously, "But I'll see you on our way home."

"And when will that be? This is Saturday. Tomorrow?"

"No. Marc—that's the Doctor Villard I told you of—comes back Sunday night. He's on duty again Monday. But we may stay a few days longer."

"Will you let me know? I'll be up then. I'm getting up tomorrow for Alma's party."

"I'll wire you, Larry."

He drew her down; she had been standing beside the bed with her fingers in his.

"This is a bad start," he said, "but we'll get going. I'll get a job and boom along! Kiss me goodby, darling."

SHE knelt down; there was nothing else to do. They put their arms around each other and she felt his lips browsing along her temples and pressed against her closed eyes. Quite suddenly he released her.

"You came along just at the right moment for me, Loveday. I feel like a new man!"

"I'm so glad." She smiled at him from the doorway, and went away with Marge. It was now five o'clock, and the long shadows and the strips of light along the streets seemed equally hot.

Marge insisted upon taking Loveday to the hotel. She parked the car when they got there, entered the dark odorous foyer and sat with Loveday. The St. George party was late; it seemed to Loveday that she and Marge waited an endless time. Men came and went, exchanging an occasional "Whew!" as they passed each other. A girl with masses of tumbling curls sold magazines whose covers were all red and black. The elevator rattled up and down. A sickening smell of coffee came from the grill.

When Nini and the men appeared they were all deep in fine white dust. They laughed about it; they had had a terrible trip, but it had pleased the old uncle and now they were ready to escape to coolness somewhere. Marge was introduced, seemed unimpressed, to Loveday's secret relief; she did not want Marge to be able to give too enthusiastic an account of her companions to Larry. Let him get the impression that they and their car were as mediocre and commonplace as everything else looked on this blistering afternoon.

"See you next week!" Marge said, departing.

"I'll wire. I'll let you know," Loveday answered uncomfortably. But Nini, Rod and Marc heard nothing. They were eager to get Loveday to themselves and propound to her a wonderful plan of going to Santa Barbara for the night and proceeding on their way tomorrow after at least two good cold ocean swims.

"Oh, anything—anywhere where it's cool!" Loveday agreed. Her head was aching and the ice cream she had recently eaten made her mouth feel furry and dry. She got in the back seat with Nini before any other arrangement could be made, and put her head against the cushion and shut her eyes.

"I'll bet it was terrible!" Nini said sympathetically. "Were they mad? Where is he, and why didn't he write?"

"He was there. He's just over typhoid."

"Oh, Loveday, that was awful!" Nini looked at her hopefully. But Loveday would not open her eyes or say anything more now. And presently Nini, awed, saw tears slipping down, and put a fresh little folded handkerchief into Loveday's hand.

The blessedness of getting into the high blue mountains, and feeling, when merciful dusk came down, the first cool wave of air from the ocean! Everything was all right now; they must reach for their sweaters; they shouted in the fresh wild wind of the early night. Loveday revived and joined in the general conversation long before they reached the hotel.

And even before dinner they hunted out bathing suits, raced down the cool smooth sands and into the stinging champagne of the slow-rolling breakers.

Then a brief session in their cool high bedrooms to make themselves presentable, and a late dinner, where they lingered for sheer sleepiness and fatigue, leaning elbows on the table and resting chins on palms as they moaned that they could not possibly bestir themselves even enough to totter upstairs to bed.

Pearly morning came, warm, but with a fog rolling in across the bay and the plunge into the rolling water something to remember; then gargantuan breakfasts, and off in the car again, and for this last hundred miles Loveday was on the front seat next to Rod.

Long curved stretches of beaches, ending with low headlands that ran far out to sea, scalloped the coast. To the east the mountain ranges rose sheer and high.

"Rod, what fun to drive for months and months—through Mexico and all the Central Americas, and straight down to Brazil and Buenos Aires!"

Rod glanced at her sideways.

"It could be done," he said briefly. Loveday felt herself flush; she had not meant to elicit exactly that sort of reply. She knew how Rodney felt toward her, not because he ever said anything of it in words, but because in every other way he betrayed himself. She could make no response to it; she could only, because she liked him so much, try to keep him from hurting himself.

"YOU are the sort of girl," he said now, driving easily on the broad highway that lay close to, and only a few feet above, the sea, "that every man wants."

"Oh, I wish I were!" Loveday said. Again he glanced obliquely at her.

"Nini tells me that Larry Ingersoll is at home, and that he's been sick," Rodney said.

"Yes." She stopped on the word, added uncertainly, "That's what made it so—so hard."

"I suppose so." He did not ask her what had been hard. Loveday knew he was taking it for granted that she had made a clean end of her engagement. "But it seems to be one of those times that you just have to get through," Rodney said. "After all," he went on, after a moment, "he hadn't written you for quite a while, had he?"

"He said he didn't want to worry me. He didn't want to drag me into it."

"Oh," Rodney said simply, and let it go at that. "I know you're all upset about this," he presently began again, "and of course you—you would be. Your mother dying, and everything breaking up, and not hearing from him—

"But here's what I mean," he went on, after a silence in which Loveday had looked straight ahead of her, and had seemed to find nothing to say, "I mean that from the very beginning I've—I've liked you terribly. You don't have to say anything, but you know that, don't you?"

Loveday's eyes moved about to meet

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his; she nodded, and Rodney, after a swift sidewise glance, said nothing more.

The next five days were days of pure enchantment for Loveday. She was transported to another world. It was a world of balmy airs and the gentle clicking of palm leaves, a world of white frocks bright in the sunlight and a blue sea rocking beyond the shady pavilions and stretched awnings of the shore. The blue water brimmed lazily into a lacy fringe of surf on a white beach; magic cards admitted Chris and his party to broad verandas where ice clinked in glasses and laughter and chatter and music sounded all day and long and deep into the night.

Chris had rented or been loaned a delightfully luxurious beach house; two silent efficient Filipino servants apparently went with it; at all events the household machinery moved perfectly, and they were all free to entertain or accept entertainment exactly as they pleased.

They went to the big studios and wandered through block after block of half-built Normandy villages and half-demolished African jungles. One turn away from the Strand and the Nelson lions rose the blue chill bergs of the Beardmore glacier or the packed narrow streets of Shanghai. One more turn showed infinite vistas of cement and scaffoldings and sacking. It was all make believe, but such breath-taking make believe! With Rod for escort the girls walked through miles of scenery, looked at the treasure of endless warehouses: colonial furniture piled to the roof, mirrors, hundreds of clocks, spinning wheels, looms, dentists' chairs, guillotines. The arsenals alone were museums, where bows and arrows, swords and daggers, Civil War guns and African assagais were all stacked and ticketed and waiting for their cues.

THROUGH these scenes the actors wandered or raced, gossiped or studied their parts. Flocks of gay Dutch peasants went by, their yellow make-up jaundiced in the sun. Gary Cooper dressed as a plainsman, with a lariat over his arm, stopped for a few smiling remarks; lovely Miss Dietrich in a cabaret costume of feathers and beads went by in earnest conversation with a perspiring man in his shirt sleeves. Tiny Janet Gaynor asked them to tea; Harpo Marx, friendly and shy and amusing, without either harp or yellow wig, piloted them about for an hour and took them to the studio caféteria for lunch. And at luncheon they saw scores of familiar faces, some of whose wearers came up to meet the two eager girls.

Chris was of course the background and inspiration for everything they did. Merle was in Stockton with her family. Chris went to the studio every morning, but could usually join the group at lunch, and often in the afternoon was free.

The weather was surprisingly beautiful, not too hot, with a breeze that still tasted of spring in the air, even in June, when as a rule summer was well upon her way. *In the late afternoons and* evenings, it was delightful to bathe from their own patio, or to go to any one of a dozen pools in the gardens of neighboring estates. The women were beautiful, the pools themselves picturesque, the conversation, in which everyone expressed himself as being perfectly able to do whatever he wanted to do, was inexhaustibly interesting.

On the last day Loveday, Nini and Rodney lunched at one of the many restaurants claiming to be "the rendezvous of the stars." Chris was deep in work and had been afraid that he could not join them; Loveday was dreamily watching the scene, the crowded tables, the girls and men murmuring together, *the rushing waiters with their trays held* high, when she saw Chris come in. Her heart began to beat fast and light; she turned to Nini with some casual observation; she could not have said why, but not for anything in the world would she have been the first to call attention to Christopher's arrival.

When he came to their table, under a fire of interested eyes from all the tables near, she managed a look of surprise.

"Chris, how nice!"

"I didn't know that I could make it," he said. The girls moved on the circular red leather seat; he sat down. "What are we having?" he asked, instantly absorbed in the menu.

"Chris, did you get the passes to the Disney studio?" Nini demanded.

"I did."

"This one is so constructed that with a minimum of work it can be converted into a soap-box racer"

KIRK STILES

"Oh, but I thought that we had to go to Laguna?" Loveday asked, disappointed.

"I may have to. I don't know," Chris said. "I'll have that salad, and iced coffee," he told the waiter, his brown thumb firm upon the bill of fare. "I'm expecting le Baron to call me here," Chris finished, *smiling around upon them all. "Tell me what kind of a day* did you have? Did you have fun?"

NINI and Loveday spoke together. It had been wonderful!

"But, Chris," Loveday lamented, "we don't want to go to Disney's without you."

His odd, penetrating, unsmiling look was full upon her for a second.

"Thee is very kind, Loveday," he said then, his eyes twinkling.

"But—Disney's!" Nini put in, on a wail.

"But the drive to Laguna would be lovely," Loveday added.

"Well, now I'll tell you," Chris said presently, pouring cream drop by drop *into his iced coffee, and watching it* drift downward in a widening veil; "why not have Rod take you girls out to Walt's place, and I'll wait here for le Baron's call. If I don't have to go to Laguna I'll join you right away. If I do, you get out there and wait for me."

"WE'LL match to see who stays with you," Nini, who liked a gamble on any question, decided. "Rod, have you money? Wait a minute, I have plenty. Here, everyone take a quarter, and the pair stays."

"Let me get you, my gazelle-eyed Hibernian skylark," said Chris. "Odd man stays with me, eh?"

"But suppose it's Rod," Loveday said eagerly. "We couldn't go out without him."

She looked up, quite unconscious of anything but the excitement of the game, caught Christopher's glance and shrank back, a little confused and puzzled. Why was he smiling at her in that odd way?

It was only a second; the quarters were slapped down on the checked peasant tablecloth. Three hands were raised to show three flying silver eagles.

"All right, again!" Chris said. *This time Nini and Rod revealed eagles, but* Loveday's coin showed the tiny figure of Liberty. She felt the blood coming up into her cheeks, and her throat dry, and it was with difficulty that she raised her eyes.

"You two get started. Take a taxi, Rod," Chris was saying in a businesslike tone. "We'll follow. Got plenty of money? On your way!"

"Don't pretend for a moment that isn't the way you wanted it to come out!" Nini muttered suspiciously. Chris laughed.

"I didn't touch the coins," he reminded her quietly. And then to Loveday, when they were alone: "Sure you're not disappointed?"

"Oh, no. Besides," she said a little confusedly, "we'll probably follow them. Won't we?"

"Won't we what?" Chris said dreamily, looking into her eyes as if he had no consciousness of what she was saying. "No," he added, after a moment, "I don't think we'll follow them. Let's go to Laguna."

"But your message from Mr. le Baron?"

"Oh, that's not important. I'll have the bill, please," he said to the waiter. "That is, if you've finished, Loveday?"

Just the way he said her name was different somehow from any other person's way of saying it. In a dream Loveday followed him out into the hot street, and to the big garage. She took her place beside him on the front seat; she knew that she was wildly happy and exhilarated and bewildered and a little scared; she could seem to find nothing to say. For the first time she was embarrassed with Chris.

Chris apparently found nothing unusual in her silence. He was silent, too, but somehow she knew he was content. The drive was beautiful, along the shore and in and out of the trees; Christopher's business seemed to be no more important, when they reached Laguna, than to chat for half an hour with some delightful friends on a shady porch. After that they all went swimming, for the wooded steep lanes of Laguna all ended at the blue water, and then Loveday had a limeade and Chris a long iced drink, and they started home again.

WHEN they were on the hot open road that led to the Disney studio he said one thing that made her suddenly self-conscious again, but by this time Loveday was in so keen a state of pleasure, so utterly content in his companionship, so thrilled by emotions and thoughts that she could not stop to analyze that she found it delightful even to be embarrassed by Chris.

"Why'd you pretend not to see me when I first came into the restaurant today?" he asked.

"Why—why did I—oh," Loveday stammered, radiant with sudden color, "did you—I didn't know that you—I wasn't sure—"

"You were darned sure," Chris said lazily, with a half-smile. And then, stopping the car, "Well, here we are. Jump out and we'll see if we can find the others."

Loveday walked beside him silently; she felt as if her feet were winged, as if she were floating in air. Nini, very hot and cross, came toward them.

"You've missed everything!" she said.

"Oh, not everything," Chris answered mildly. . . .

That night he took them to another of the stars' favorite restaurants; everything was still excitement, still glamor. But now the shadow of ending was over it; they must not be too late in getting to bed tonight; they were starting at six in the morning. The holiday was almost over! They were rather quiet as they went home at nine o'clock, and because the night was warm, and *because they hated to break up, they sat* on the terrace above the garden and looked at the stars, and listened to the soft swish-swish of the unseen ocean.

"And Merle doesn't like this, Chris?" Nini asked.

"She loves this place. But no, she doesn't like Hollywood. It seems to her a sort of strain to—well, keep up with it," Chris said.

"I should think it might! But I think it's divine," Nini murmured.

"I couldn't stand much of it, too much competition. Too few good parts," Rodney said unexpectedly. "You never know where you are."

"You've exactly expressed it," Chris agreed. "It's a place of terribly intensi-

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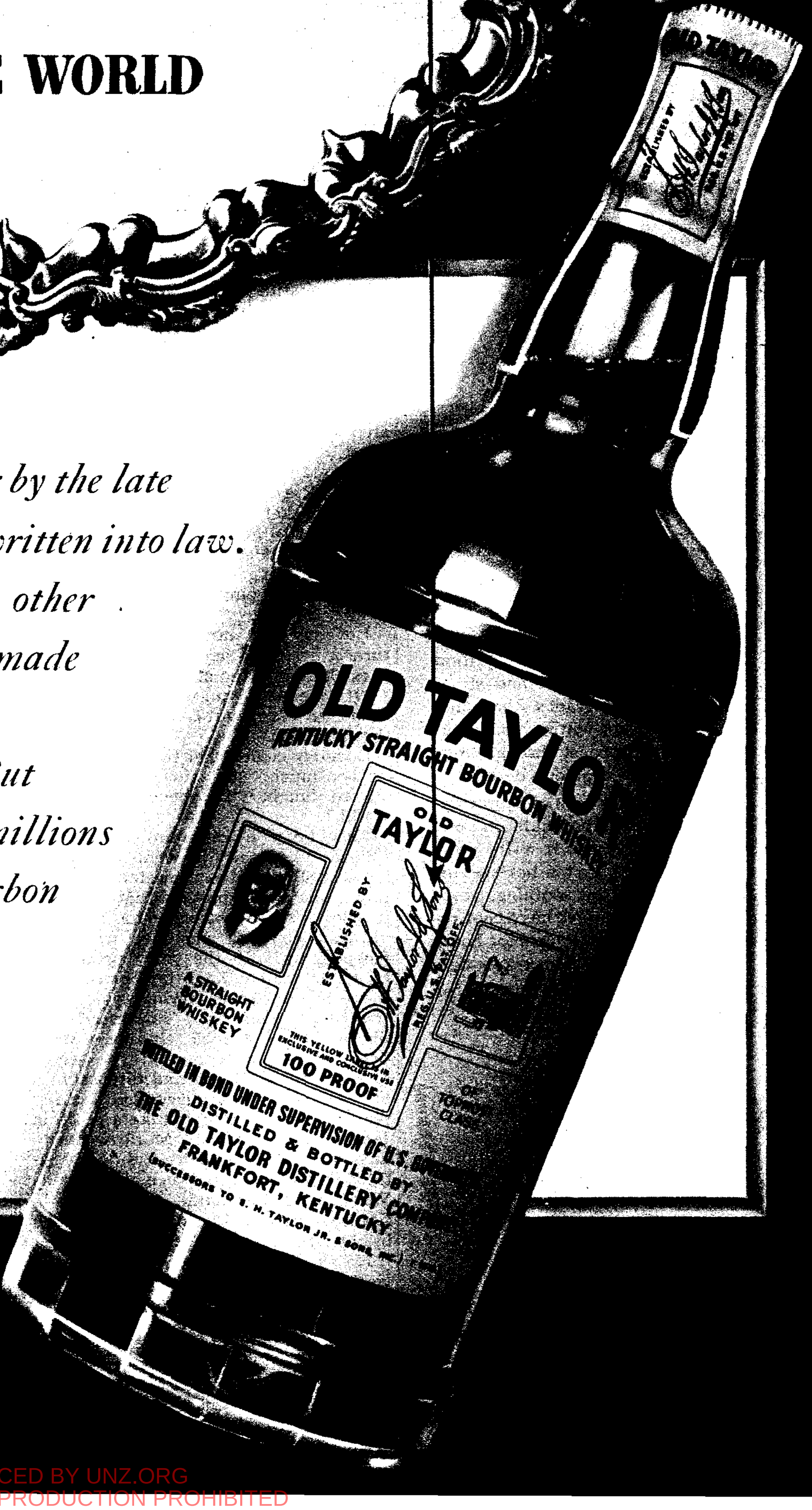
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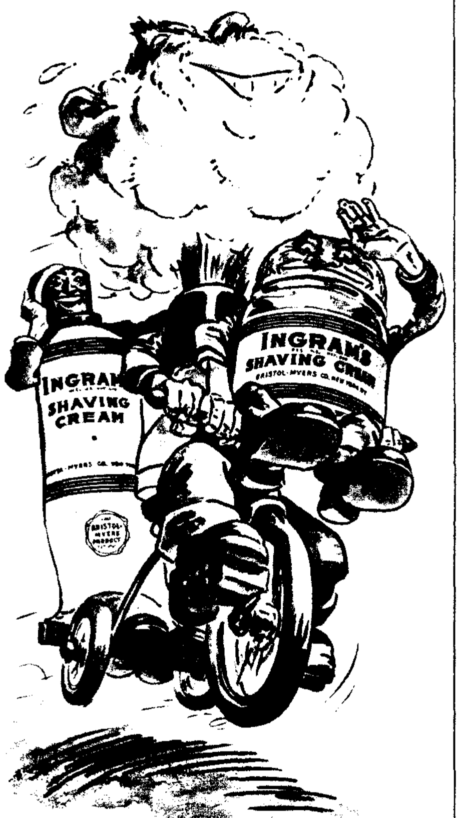

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fied emotions—ambition, triumph, despair. It's like a court; you're in high favor, you're swimming along on the crest of the wave—and then suddenly you're out. You're in the Tower, with your head about to come off!"

Loveday made no contribution to the conversation. She was stretched in a long wicker chair, her ankles crossed, her hands locked behind her head. Every fiber of her being was thrilling to delight, to an expectation and suspense that she could not analyze.

Presently Rod went yawning off, with an innocent, "For heaven's sake, get to bed, girls. Remember that alarm clock! Goodby, Chris, and thanks a million."

"Oh, I'll be up to see you off," Chris, who had fallen silent, roused himself to say.

"Come on, Loveday," Nini said a moment later, getting to her feet, a shadowy white shape in the mellow shadows.

"I think I'll stay a little longer. But don't you wait," Loveday said easily. She would have thought, a few days earlier, that she could not say it at all. But it came naturally, in the careless tone of an older sister to a child.

Nini hesitated, protesting. She was surprised. Chris took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to say briefly, "Beat it, kid."

Loveday could feel Nini's spirit stiffening like a tangible thing that touched her, despite the distance between them. It was in quite a different tone, a tone of scorn and hurt that Nini said, "Good night then, both of you!" as she went swiftly indoors.

Silence still. Chris smoked; Loveday lay with her young body stretched and motionless under the stars. The dark sweet night throbbed about them in perfume; shadows of the trees lay in lacy patterns on the white flags of the terrace. The soft rush of the sea punctuated the stillness like the beating of a heart.

AFTER a while Chris put his pipe in his pocket and came over to take a chair next to her own. He reached for her hand and covered it with his own strong thin fingers.

"How am I going to thank you for this week?" he said.

Loveday did not answer. But she turned her head and he could see her eyes shining in the starlight.

"It's meant to you what it has to me, hasn't it? It's meant *something* to you," the man said.

Loveday cleared her throat.

"Too much," she said, very low, trying to laugh. "It's been a different world."

"It's been a different world," he echoed. "You see," he went on, "Merle hates it all. She has to pretend—or she thinks she has to pretend that she likes it. But it's all a struggle for her. It's always been so, wherever we were. Keeping up with the witty people by trying to match them, trying to outdo the original people, trying to impress the people who have impressed her. She is writing a book; she has a wonderful idea for a movie; she wants to get hold of Ehrlen and discuss with him an important suggestion for my play. When the Rogets take a place in Jersey and camp there Merle wants to buy the farm next theirs and do everything they're doing, but on a bigger scale. When Else McQuaide comes out in Chinese clothes Merle has a sudden bright idea about Turkish trousers."

He was speaking without venom; he was not asking sympathy. Loveday made no comment.

"The result is," Chris went on, "that she's completely miserable. And that, of course, makes me miserable. I'm always conscious of her, of the strain she's under. And so, this week, I've seen Hollywood for the first time, the easiness of it and the fun of it, and the way these people like a girl who laughs when she feels like laughing, and comments on everything she finds strange, and swims and eats hot dogs and enjoys everything in exactly her own way."

Still Loveday was silent; she could not speak.

"It's opened to me a sort of idea—a sort of vision—of what life could be like," Chris said. "Someone beside one who was an asset—an addition to every party, wanted everywhere. Well—that's more than I meant to say, and I guess that's all. What is it, Nini?" he added sharply, as his sister, like a ghost in her pajamas and slippers, came out upon the terrace.

"I was just wondering when Loveday was coming to bed," Nini said primly.

"Now," Loveday said, getting to her feet. "Good night, Chris."

"Good night," said Chris.

FROM that moment everything was changed. The dream was over, and the awakening was one bitterness after another.

Loveday had hardly reached the room she shared with Nini on that momentous Wednesday night when she realized that the atmosphere was tense with unpleasantness. Nini was speechless with righteous indignation, and on their way into the house she swept by the other girl without a word. She leaped into her bed, snapped off the reading light, turned on her face and plunged into her pillows with the air of one determined to go instantly to sleep.

For a few seconds the shock overwhelmed Loveday. Nini couldn't—it wasn't possible—just because she had loitered on the terrace to speak alone to Chris—or rather to give him a chance to speak to her if he wanted to—

Realization crept over her, making her feel physically weak and shaken. Then anger rose in her too. How dared *Nini assume anything so preposterous* as that she was flirting—that must be the word for it in Nini's silly little mind—with Chris! The impudence of it! What business was it of Nini's anyway?

If Nini chose to put on ridiculous righteous airs and go to sleep without speaking, that was nothing to Loveday. Loveday went through her preparations for bed silently, except for a little occasional, apparently inadvertent, humming. Nini lay on her face for a while, but she could not refrain forever from some sort of expression and presently she burst out:

"I hope you're proud of yourself, Loveday Gurney!"

"I don't see any reason why I shouldn't be proud of myself," Loveday answered with dignity, after a pause. But she was trembling.

Nini was lying on her back now; she gave the other girl a blighting glance.

"If you think I haven't been noticing you and Chris! While his wife is away, and after how kind Mother and Dad have been to you!"

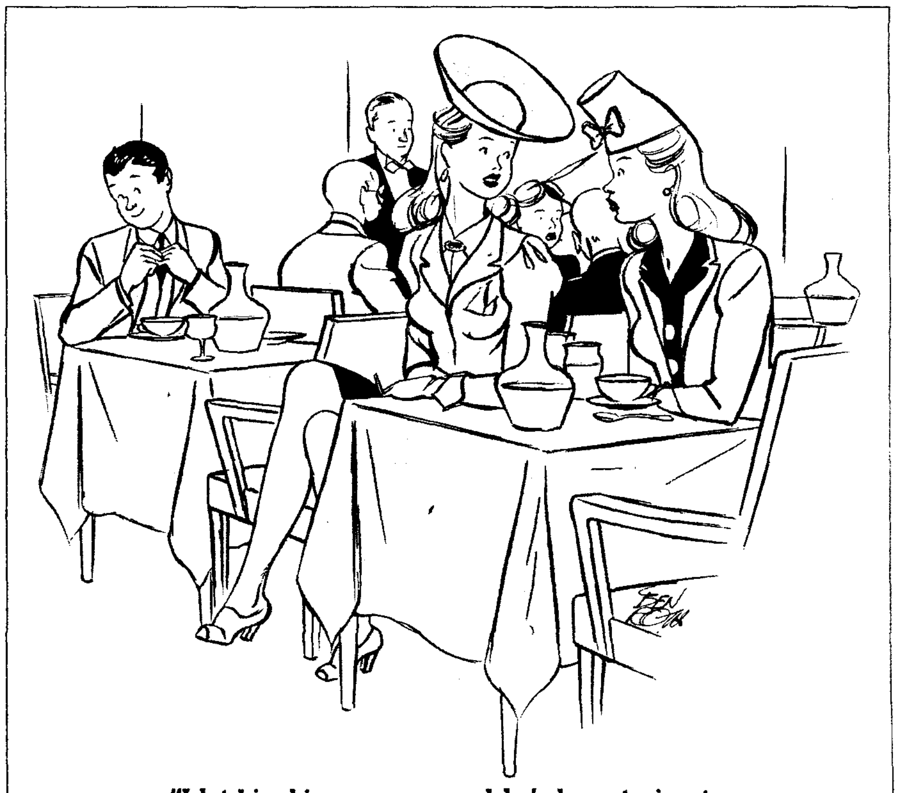
"I don't know what you're talking about," Loveday said at white heat, "and I don't think you do!"

"I've noticed it since Sunday," Nini continued implacably, "but yesterday and today it's been simply disgusting! The way he looked at you at lunch, and the way everything has to be arranged for Loveday! If Loveday wants to see the Disney studios, Chris can fix it, 'oh, easily!' But you know darned well," Nini rushed on, warming, "that Merle has never seen them! Everyone so nice to Chris, 'Where have you been keeping this stunning cousin of yours?' Cousin! He's no more your cousin that I am! And if you're trying to get him away from Merle, I can tell you right now that you might as well give up because Mother and Dad and I and everyone wouldn't ever speak to you again!"

LOVEDAY had faced about on the dressing-table bench; she was looking straight at Nini with eyes that blazed fire.

"I advise you to be pretty careful what you're saying, Nini," she said quietly. But inside she was cold and shaking. "If you—you haven't any loyalty to me," she went on, "you migh have a little to Chris! He isn't capable of doing—doing anything like that, *Loveday finished somewhat unconvincingly.* For Nini had made no specific accusations against Chris.

Whether her manner somewhat scared Nini, or whether the younger girl felt that she had said enough, the conversation ended there. Nini turned on her face again with a great flouncing of the light silk bedcovers, and Loveday went on with her preparations for the night, apparently unmoved. . . .



"I let him kiss me once, and he's been trying to scrape up an acquaintance with me ever since"

BEN ROTH

Dawn was clear and pale in the room when she heard Rodney's alarm clock tingling at five. She was weary, unrefreshed, her head ached; her soul was sick with fear.

"I'll take first bath," she said, when they were called. Nini was awake, staring into space. She did not answer; neither spoke again.

Rodney came for their bags; he looked tired too, and Loveday knew that Nini had talked to him, had perhaps gone in to sit on his bed while she bathed, and whispered that Chris and Loveday were getting a terrific crush on each other, that Mother would be perfectly crazy and that it did seem pretty mean to Merle!

Oh, shame, shame, shame! She went out to the freshness of the morning, feeling jaded and sick of it all, and wishing herself a thousand miles away, and time advanced to whatever point would serve to obliterate all this from her memory.

"It's too bad—it's all been perfect—you've been the nicest guests anyone ever had!" Chris said. His voice pierced her to the very heart; she could not raise her eyes to look at him. Their coats were piled on the back seat; the luggage compartment was closed with a bang; Loveday went about busily, not meeting anyone's look. Presently Chris caught her aside for a moment, said a brief goodby.

"I'm going to see you soon," he said.

Loveday managed one frightened glance at him, got into the back of the car. Nini seated herself beside Rodney who was at the wheel.

"Thanks awfully, Chris; it's been loads of fun!" Rodney said.

"It's been perfect!" Nini added.

But there was no heart in either speech. Somehow all the fun and glory had evaporated; the hot dawn presaged a burning day; the world was just the dull old world again: long roads, gas stations, hot-dog stands.

Chris turned and went back into the house when the car's engine began to hum. Rodney drove rapidly past walled gardens deep in bloom, up a long hill, down the road on the other side between rows of smaller homes, stopped for gas. He walked around the car; the gas salesman asked about oil, rubbed the glass, gave them a map.

"You girls say when you want breakfast," Rodney said.

"I'm not hungry," Nini and Loveday said together. Loveday's fingers were clamped tightly together; she looked out at the scenery around them, did not turn her head. After a while she leaned her head back and shut her eyes as if she were asleep. She heard Nini and Rodney murmuring together:

"Orange blossoms and fruit on one tree. Does any other fruit do that, Rod?"

"Didn't hear you, Neen."

NINI repeated her question and Rod said, "I don't know. I should say not." Then a long silence, and Nini's voice again, "Are you tired, Rod?"

"Well, I guess I am."

"I guess we all are," Nini said. "Letdown. Letdown after so much fun."

"I didn't think it was so much fun," Rod said pessimistically. "You girls can have it for all of me."

They went on for some fifty miles, almost in silence.

"We can have breakfast any time now, places are opening up."

"Santa Barbara?" Nini suggested. "And we can swim!"

But the mood of a few days earlier was not to be so easily recaptured.

"We're not going to Santa Barbara; we're passing through San Fernando," Rod informed her; "that is," he continued, "if Loveday insists on going to Bakersfield."

Loveday had not thought of Larry and Bakersfield since she had left them on Saturday. Or if she had thought of them it had been only momentarily, a recollection quickly dismissed.

She started up now from assumed sleep and said quickly:

"Oh, yes; I have to stop there. I promised."

"We'll be there in about a couple of hours. You want to stay how long?"

"I don't know—I think I'd better—You and Nini go on. I'm—I'm staying there."

The resolution came even while she spoke. She had not considered it before. But now it seemed escape. She need not face the St. Georges; she need not endure the insufferable humiliation and awkwardness of this trip. She could write in a few days that she was coming home by train, "if they wanted her." Or she could simply wire, "Arriving tonight," and if, when she arrived, she could see that Nini had made mischief, she could simply go—she could simply go—where? Well, somewhere. The main thing was to get away today, now, from the situation that had enveloped her like a sickening fever, like a delirium, so that wherever her thoughts rushed for relief they only encountered fresh complications.

They were entering Bakersfield.

"DROP me at the hotel," Loveday said. Despair had possession of her; it was ending; they were going away. Splendid Rod and little Nini who was so sure of herself, and all they stood for of luxury and love and the life she had known for a few brief months; she had sacrificed them all; she couldn't hold them!

"Oh, no; you have your bags now," Rodney objected. "What's the number of the street?"

She told him, uncaring. Nothing mattered very much. In the burning midday the flat streets and the awnings outside the shops went by; a few wilted women loitered at the store windows; a few men, lying in the shade of a tall sign, were smoking.

Nini and Rodney looked at the Ingersoll house; they made no comment. Marge came running out to welcome her; Rodney carried in the bags.

"Mamma's lying down, but she wants you all to stay for lunch," Marge said unconvincingly. Loveday's heart stood still with horror for fear Nini in her youthful inexperience would accept the invitation, but Rodney spoke up definitely. Miss Ingersoll was very kind, but he and his sister still had a long way to go. They had had a late breakfast, might not lunch until they got to Gilroy.

"Goodby, Loveday," Nini called airily, not having moved from the front seat. Rodney loitered, his eyes troubled.

"Take good care of Miss Gurney," he said to Marge.

"Oh, we'll take good care of her now!" Marge answered, with a little stressing of the last word that made it definitely proprietary.

"Good luck! You'll let Mother know when you're coming back?" Rodney said, holding Loveday's hand a moment. And in his look she read the change in feeling that had come between them. The promises, the offer he had made her only a few days ago, an offer of unalterable friendship and loyalty and eagerness to be of service to her, she knew he could not have made today. Chris had always been Rodney's idol, the big brother who could do no wrong. Anything that threatened to shake the foundations of that loyalty would shadow all Rodney's world. He smiled a goodby to Loveday; she knew he was sorry for her. But as he and Nini wheeled away she felt that she had lost him.

(To be continued next week)

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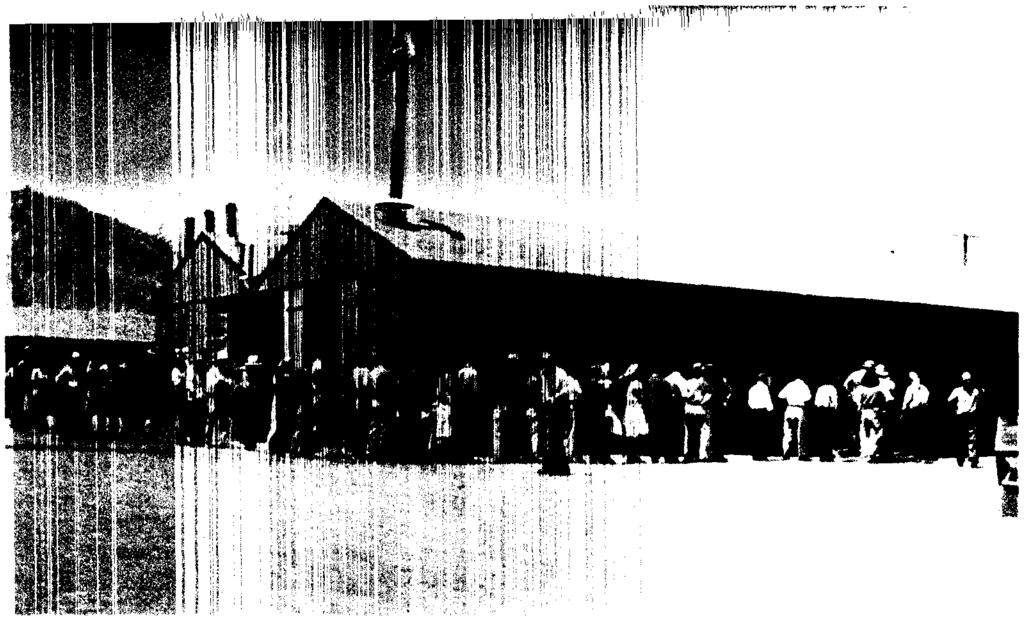


Manzanar, located in the Mojave Desert, California, is a typical Japanese community. Here the inhabitants line up for chow at one of the cafeterias

The Problem People

By Jim Marshall

In a dozen new communities in the West, 100,000 Japanese and Japanese-Americans wait out the war and, unwillingly, promote some heavy thinking among their new neighbors

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Opportunity is here for anyone who wants to work. This young surveyor is a nisei—second-generation Japanese—with a college degree

IN THE past few months a dozen new war-born communities have risen almost magically in the open spaces of the Far West. They range from hamlets of a few hundred people to cities of 10,000 and more. Altogether, their population is about 115,000—but only a few hundred of these are whites. The others are Japanese and Americans of Japanese ancestry. Although peopled and largely operated by members of an Asian race, these communities are as American as San Francisco or Topeka. They hold elections, go to the movies, have traffic problems, read newspapers, stage fund drives and proceed with life much as any other town. Some of them even have war industries.

These new communities are the result of an Army order excluding all Japanese and their American descendants from a coastal zone that takes in the western halves of Washington, Oregon and California, and the southern half of Arizona. The Army incidentally could order you or us or the ninth-generation scion of a Mayflower family out of the zone. The Army has power over everyone in the zone; it could tomorrow order out all Italians and Germans and their descendants, in the interest of national security.

After the order was issued, the Army could have moved more than a hundred thousand men, women and kids of Japanese blood out of the zone overnight. It was prepared to do it, if necessary. Instead, it took nearly two months, doing the job patiently and fairly, saving the evacuees what heartbreak it could, restraining crooks who tried to take advantage of the situation by offering ridiculous prices for Japanese property.

The Army insisted on fairness and justice; its leaders, from Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt down, realized that thousands of the migrants were loyal Americans, victims of a war situation for which they were not responsible. It asked for—and got—the co-operation of the Japanese in moving themselves wholesale to new environments. You may speculate, if you like, just how you would have fared in Japan last winter and this spring.

In just about twenty-eight days, Army engineers built shelters for 100,000 persons—together with community kitchens, hospitals, laundries, bathhouses and offices. Then it moved the 100,000 almost without incident, using only a handful of officers and men, without interfering with the war effort at all. In less than two months, the Western war zone was practically clear of Japanese, except for those in assembly and relocation centers.

Along with the dozen new communities, a dozen new problems are asking a solution. The problems really boil down to one: After the war, what is going to happen to these new cities and farm groups—islands of Asia in white America?

Maybe there's an answer to this; maybe there isn't. First, let's go look at a new Japanese-American city in the West; then let's go talk to the old settlers near by and find out what they think of it all. We may as well start at Manzanar in California.

Manzanar means apple grove, and a few weeks ago that's what it was—an abandoned pear and apple orchard, victim of a long and bitter war over water rights, between the Owens Valley ranchers and the city of Los Angeles. It belongs to Los Angeles, like thousands of acres in the valley. The city leased a strip, about seven miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide, to the government for taxes. On these 6,020 acres, the new city of Manzanar sprang up: long orderly rows of wooden buildings—apartments, mess hall, washrooms, offices.

You roll along U. S. Highway 6 toward Manzanar, with the white peaks of the Sierra Nevada and Mount Whitney to the westward; to the east are the gray and purple flanks of the Coso and Panamint ranges, and beyond them, Death Valley. North of Lone Pine, a dust cloud drifts on the desert gale as the tractors drag plows across the desert soil. Put water on this soil and the land turns green and lush. Today the melting snows of the high Sierras are flowing across Manzanar's acres, and busy little yellow men are directing it down tiny runnels between the rows of radishes and corn and beans and potatoes and apples and pears and onions.

You drive past the neat buildings of a Military Police battalion and halt at a guard post. The sentry's teeth grin whitely across his bronzed, dust-grimed face. There aren't many sentries. Even if a Japanese walked out of the community, there'd be nowhere for him to go. It's harder to get in than it is out.

Manzanar Run by Civilians

Inside the community, there is nothing military at all. Everything is under civilian control—a handful of whites from the War Relocation Authority, hundreds of *issei* and *nisei* and a few *sansei*—as the first, second and third generations of Japanese are called among themselves. Between them, they operate what is now the biggest city in Inyo County; it contains half the county's population.

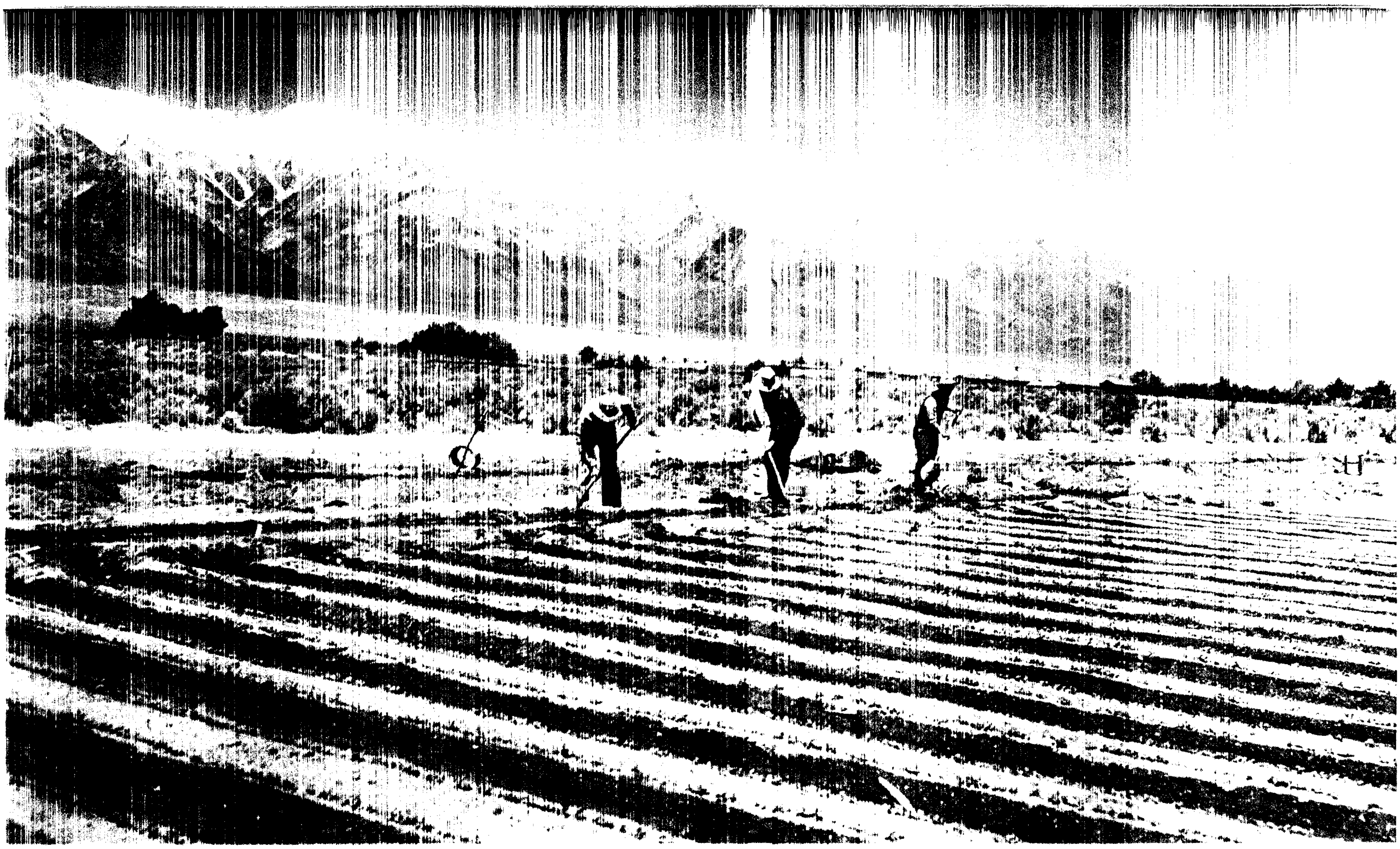
You wander around, up and down the streets, noting what you see, and suddenly you realize there is almost nothing very unusual here. It's just another typical American city—the sort of boom town with which the West has been familiar for decades. They're laying out a cemetery, building a hospital addition. A couple of *nisei* cops are arresting a truck driver for speeding. A Catholic priest is marrying Mary Uyesato and Arthur Hiraga, who tell you they were school sweethearts. There's an election going on for block leaders. Eagle Scout Philip Nagao is busy drilling a squad of kids, and the Girl Scouts are around, too.

In the library—given by the Los Angeles Board of Education—Miss Taka Saito is handing out It Can't Happen Here to young Tadao Kimura. Barber and beauty shops, a canteen and a co-op store are doing business. People are buying War Stamps and Bonds. Art classes are running. Mrs. Miya Kikuchi is teaching traffic safety to a class of young'uns. There's a card game going in the firehouse. In the maternity ward of the hospital Dr. Masako Kusayanagi is delivering a baby for Mr. and Mrs. Torushige Kawaguchi: "I guess we call him Robert," says the baby's daddy. At one apartment, Sergeant Oseki of the police force is threatening to raid late poker games. There is even a small zoo, with the kids studying kangaroo mice, jackrabbits, baby owls and other specimens of Sierra wild life.

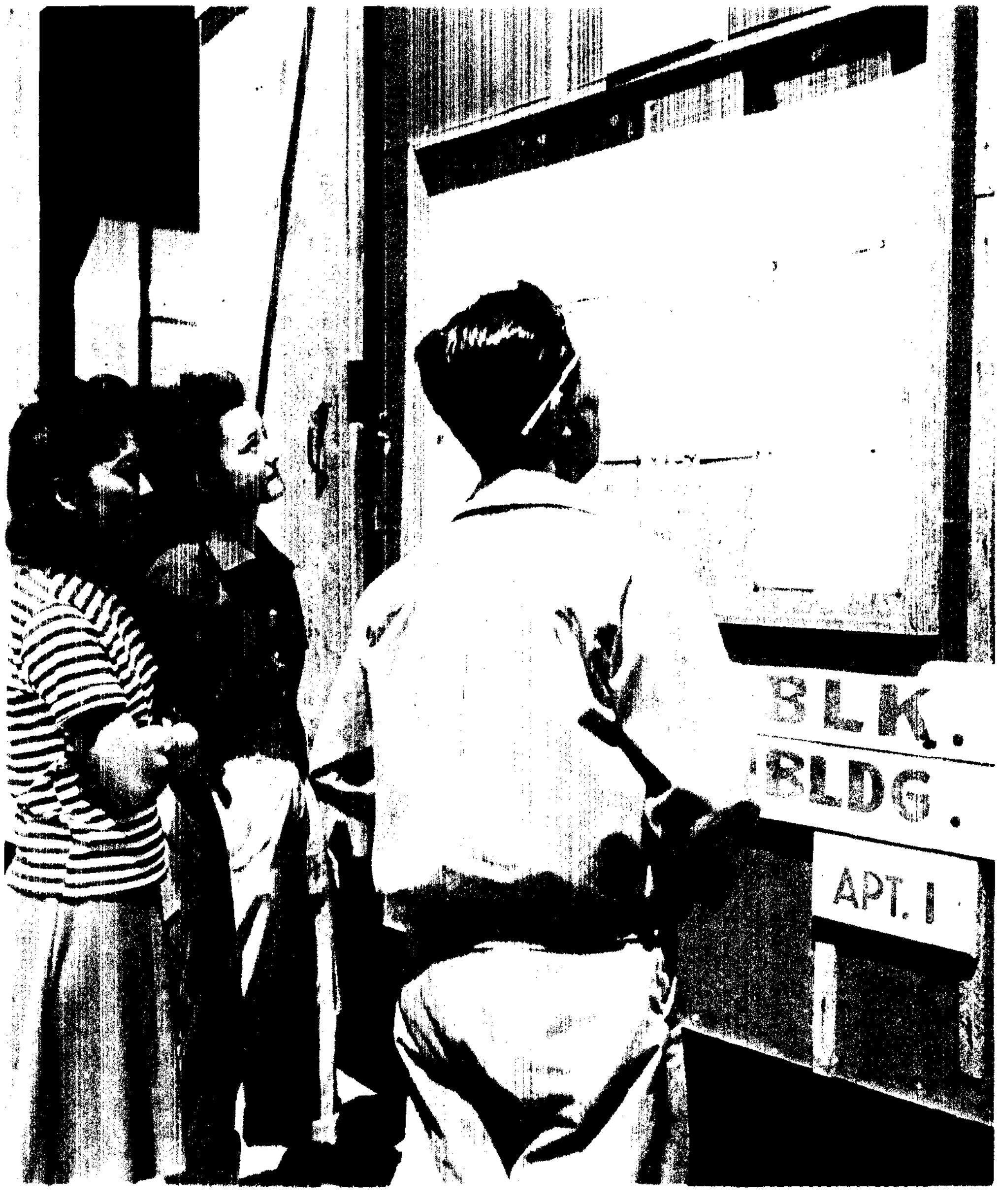
Over in the city room of the Manzanar Free Press, Sam Hohri and his reporters and desk men are getting out the community newspaper. Miss Chiye Mori is working on plans for a monthly magazine. You chat with these boys and girls, all of them graduates of Coast schools and colleges, and ask what the people in Manzanar think about it all.

Well, the boys and girls tell you, they're all a little bewildered but they're making the best of it. The war can't last forever and when it's over maybe the *issei* and the *nisei* and the *sansei* can go back to their old homes and live normal lives again.

"It's hard to understand," says a young editor. "We have Japanese-Americans in camp here whose brothers are interned in Japan. We are here because we have Japanese blood; they are imprisoned in Japan because they have American citizenship. But things like



Manzanar was formerly an abandoned apple and pear orchard. Now Japanese-Americans labor to bring back the fields with irrigation, as the melting snows of the Sierra Nevada flow in man-built channels across acres of cropland



Nisei gather around the bulletin board for information. Manzanar, a community of 10,000, also has its own newspaper, the Free Press

Nisei girls in one of the Manzanar apartments. The women went to great effort to make their homes as attractive as possible that happen in wartime. All we can do here is prove we are good sports and good Americans, and hope that people will respect us and our problems."

You walk over to a mess hall and go in with the long line that is fed cafeteria style. There is swell beef stew and spuds and summer squash and rice, heaping mounds of fresh bread and butter, milk for the kids, stewed peaches, green tea—and no ban on seconds.

In Manzanar, no one works who doesn't want to. Most of the new settlers—both *issei* and *amojas* (Americans of Japanese ancestry) do work, however. The nonworkers, mainly those who are sick or too old, not only get free room and board, but a small amount of spending money, in scrip, each month. Single men get $2.50; married couples $4. A family may get up to $7.50. Those who work, if unskilled, get $8 a month; skilled workers get $12, and professional people and technicians $16. This is for a 44-hour week.

In theory, the people in Manzanar are free to leave the camp and live and work anywhere except in the coastal war zone—if anyone will hire them and guarantee their safety. In practice, this seldom works out in individual cases, although various public projects are under way. As one Owens Valley rancher explained it, "What with help short the way it is, I could use a man or two from Manzanar and I'd be quite willing to pay standard wages, which is regulation, anyway. I don't think anyone would take a poke at my Japanese, either, but I couldn't guarantee their safety absolutely. So I'm out of luck—and so are they."

American-Japanese Co-operation

From the first, at Manzanar, there was co-operation between whites and Japanese. The new colony had plenty of brains among its inhabitants. It was only a few weeks old when Dr. James Goto of Los Angeles saved the life of Mervin Kidwell, service director of the center. White clergymen like Father Clement, and the Rev. C. J. Burnett of Santa Monica, held services in camp. The Maryknoll Mission put on movie shows. Chief Forester Douglas Robinson told the migrants about the country and its natural beauties.

All this helped, as you found out if you walked around and talked to people. Yes, said the old folks and the *amojas,* physically it was all right; the food was good and there was plenty of it. But mentally, the people said, it was hard. They felt—especialy the *amojas*—that they had been good Americans, and it was tough having to tear up their roots and start life all over again.

The people who were working seemed happiest. There was, for example, gray-haired Walter Watanabe, who had been a nursery man at Redondo. Walter was bossing the growing of thousands of baby guayule plants from which rubber would be extracted. The college boys helping him were absorbed in their work.

Elsewhere on the big tract, scores of new settlers were quickly spreading a green carpet over the drab soil. In a year, Manzanar, you knew, would be a garden spot and the hot dust would drive before the wind no more.

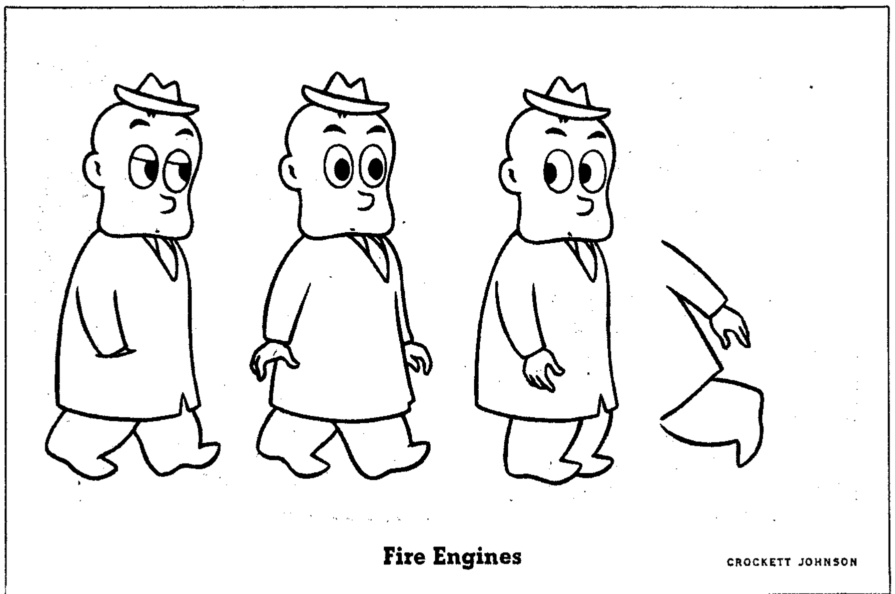
That brought up another question: Will the Japanese and the *amojas,* having created this new community, want to leave it when the war is over?

Not all of them, thinks Sam Hohri, who is editor of the Free Press. Of the 10,000 in Manzanar, and of the other 90,000 in new communities, many will be content to stay, tied to the soil they have made productive, he believes.

Whether this will happen no one knows. Colonel Karl R. Bendetsen, an ex-lawyer from Aberdeen, Washington, who organized and supervised the Great Trek, says that "this question is one for the Congress to decide; it is not a question within the province of the Army, and the Army can make no promise of returning these people to their homes when the war is over." This has been Colonel Bendetsen's answer to various Western governors who have tried to get an undertaking from the Army about a re-evacuation into the Coastal zone.

George W. Savage, editor of the Inyo Independent and other valley papers, tells you how the white folks feel. When it first became known that about 10,000 migrants were to be added suddenly to the county population, there was some opposition. The valley folks had always been sturdily independent and they felt their valley was being invaded for no good purpose.

Some of the community leaders thought this way, too. But they mulled it over and finally George Savage crystallized opinion with a front-page editorial. He wrote: "This is our opportunity to do our part in this war. A few years ago we kicked against refugees from the Dust Bowl coming into California, and we should be fair enough to look after these California Japanese and not try to foist them upon other states. We have a duty to perform in the interest of national defense. Let's perform it cheerfully and as well as we know how."


Fire Engines

CROCKETT JOHNSON

After that, a committee was formed to find out just what sort of public works could be found for the migrants to do.

Several of these projects are under way. Both committee and Army insisted on fair treatment for the Orientals, together with standard wages and working conditions.

"But as far as we're concerned in the valley," George Savage tells you, "this is temporary. It is our definite understanding that the Japanese will all be taken away after the war. That will suit us exactly."

Japs Not Wanted

For a time this spring, Japanese and *amojas* could move out of the Coastal zone voluntarily and under their own power. They could move anywhere they pleased, east of the zone boundary. Some hundreds did trek eastward, but many of these found the going hard.

All through the mountains it was the same story: Highway signs—No Japs Wanted. No Gas for Japs. Move Along, Togo. Despite this, many of the Japanese did manage to settle down in Denver and Salt Lake City and other places. But others finally gave up and voluntarily went into one of the new government communities.

Colorado already had a Japanese population of about seven thousand, mostly working in the sugar-beet industry. Many of the newcomers went into the work. Near Pueblo, the government leased the 30,000-acre Ingersoll ranch and started the migrants out on a share-cropping basis. Down at Lupton, a quarter-section was turned over to the Orientals, many of whom hired out to local farmers.

The migration stirred up a political battle. Governor Carr took the position that the state should play ball and help the federal government; he pointed out that *amojas* had the same rights as other Americans and said he proposed to see that they got them.

Senator Edward C. Johnson, a former governor, demanded the barring of all persons of Japanese blood, as he had attempted to bar Mexican-Americans from entering Colorado in 1935. Johnson's attitude was that "Colorado doesn't want to be made a dumping ground for the Pacific Coast states."

Carr and Johnson probably will be rivals for the Senate seat this fall and the Japanese issue may be decisive. Present indications are that public sentiment is with the governor.

The voluntary migration eastward was short-lived. The Army soon stopped it and made arrangements to handle the Great Trek in an organized way. It did the complicated job with only thirty-five officers under Colonel Bendetsen. Under Army leadership, the Federal Reserve Bank helped Japanese to get fair prices for their property; other civil departments did their bits.

Steadily, the Army moved more than one hundred thousand Japanese and *amojas* into eighteen temporary assembly centers and from there into permament communities back of the war zone. Every attempt was made to keep families together. It did the job efficiently and humanely and, as rapidly as it could, turned the whole project over to civilians for administration. In the new cities, there is no military influence whatever.

The various relocation centers were constructed to the usual accompaniment of union racketeering and the forced extraction of high fees from men who wanted to work. But early this summer, nine new cities in six areas were being operated by Japanese and *amojas* under white supervision. There was Manzanar. On the Colorado River Indian Reserve in southwestern Arizona, there were three communities centering around Parker. Two more were running along the Gila River on the Pima Reservation in southern Arizona. Another was at Tule Lake in northern California; the eighth was on the old Minidoka irrigation project in southern Idaho, near a town hopefully named Eden. A ninth was near Granada, Colorado, on the Colorado-Kansas border.

In each of these, and in new ones to be set up, the main idea is to make them self-supporting, democratic American communities. There are schools and other educational opportunities; the new settlers will vote this fall just like everyone else. The *issei* and *nisei* are co-operating in the plan, according to M. S. Eisenhower, who is director of the War Relocation Authority. He adds that the co-operation is being given "wholeheartedly and cheerfully."

All over the West there is talk of a permanent solution of the Japanese problem but no one ever has invented a workable plan. Typical of one brand of emotion is the idea of Congressman John Rankin, whose state of Mississippi harbors hardly a Jap. Rankin says all members of the Japanese race hold "pagan philosophies and atheistic beliefs." He adds that "most of them are antagonistic to everything for which we stand."

Almost any Westerner will dispute both these statements, even though he may "have no use for the dirty Japs." Most Japanese are Baptists, Presbyterians, Catholics and so on. Army, Navy and F.B.I. generally agree that a great majority of *amojas* are loyal.

Rankin's solution is: Deport them all. This solution fails on two grounds—you can't deport American citizens; and Japan wouldn't take them if you could. The average age of the *issei* at present is well over sixty; in a few years the Japanese-American group will be completely American—by birth—and because of its physical characteristics, it will remain a more or less isolated group, like the Chinese-American communities.

The Races Keep Apart

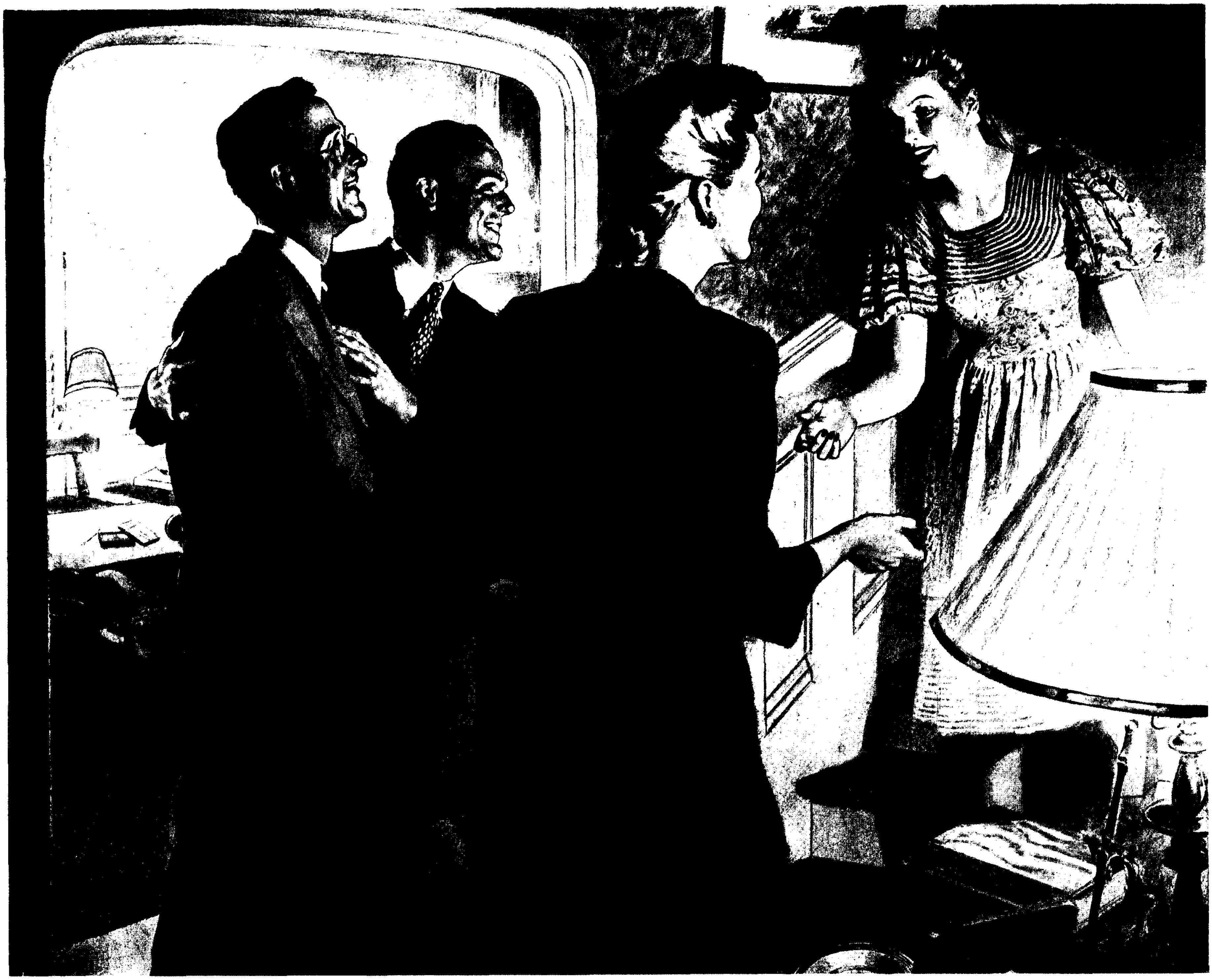
It is a pretty general conclusion in the West that it will be generations before Americans of Japanese ancestry will be assimilated into the nation—if ever. There is hardly any intermarriage with whites; less mixing of bloods than between Negroes and whites. In most states the Orientals live in segregated areas—not legal but actual. However much they wish to become part of the social and economic life of their communities, they can't. Social theorists argue against this but there is some human instinct that keeps the races apart and apparently always will.

It could be that, after the war, the new settlers in Manzanar and Parker and Tule Lake and Minidoka will have built up for themselves, among the whites, enough respect and good will to allow them to remain permanently. Before the war, Japanese communities in the West were generally respected or at least tolerated. But if this doesn't happen, the migrants will just go back where they came from, pick up where they left off and drift back into the island communities in which they formerly lived.

This may not follow some lofty melting-pot ideal, but it works fairly well. Before the war, the two races rubbed along. Most of the Japanese were prosperous; they seldom were in trouble with the law. Scores of them worked for the city governments on the Coast—Los Angeles, which fired all her *amoja* workers after the attack on Pearl Harbor, has promised them their jobs back when it's over.

If, for a minute, you can forget the philosophy of the thing and remember the stern, war-born facts of the situation—the hard necessity for taking no chances with the safety of the Pacific Slope or for that matter the whole nation—then no one can say that the Japanese and *amojas* have not had a square deal—a deal about which no American need feel other than proud.

THE END



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Thirty Days Hath September

Continued from page 11

simply hadn't had time to do anything but hold Adela's hand and stave off domestic dissolution.

No use to lie here brooding, though. There was another day to be faced. She heard the babies' door open and the Pekingeses race down the stairs. She hoped they made it. Then the *Piano Concerto* struck up and a thin wail of "Oh, Bett—ee!" came from across the hall. With a sigh, she got out of bed and waded into the bathroom.

THAT afternoon Mr. Cugat called from the office when he got in from Washington but she was, as usual, out driving. Anna, however, broke her silence to report, when she got back, that he was well and bringing Mr. Cartwright out to dinner. Anna sounded almost cheerful—evidently sensing rescue.

Mrs. Cugat, feeling much the same, flew around setting the table—for five (Cousin Adela ate her proteins on a tray in the evening)—and sweeping up the babies' afternoon accumulation of ashes. Maybe, she thought wistfully, if she waited until the last minute, there'd be a chance of her getting a shower. She hadn't had one for four days—Cousin Adela's bathroom being rigged up with everything but an iron lung and the babies always in theirs. She hurried upstairs. They were in there now, steam coming through the keyhole, water seeping under the door. Taking off her clothes, she lay down on the bed to wait.

Refreshingly deep-toned voices rising from the vestibule awakened her: "Just dump your bag there—" "You wash up, I'll make a drink—" "Shall we have a cocktail or a—" Then the voices stopped abruptly.

"I say, who are you?" one of the babies was heard to ask after a long moment.

"Who are *you?*" said Cory's startled voice. "Madeleine Carroll?"

The babies laughed. "One of them's Cousin George!" the other baby exclaimed, adding charmingly, "You did fool us! We thought you'd be *old!*" Mrs. Cugat hastened into her clothes.

She got downstairs to find the babies enchanting in long white organdy, the *Piano Concerto* going full blast and Mr. Cugat stirring Martinis. One baby danced demurely in Cory's reverent arms, the other prettily waited upon Mr. Cugat with a tray. "Well, hel-lo!" said Mr. Cugat, turning to greet her, voice lilting with rejuvenation. Cousin Adela, in gray chiffon with sweet peas in her hair and no idea whatever of eating her proteins on a tray, swept in.

"George, my pet," she exclaimed vivaciously, "it seems like yesterday!"

"Not to me it doesn't," said Mr. Cugat, giving the babies a look. "There wasn't anything like this around yesterday!"

DINNER was positively frolicsome. Mrs. Cugat watched Cousin Adela with glum incredulity. She was charming and gracious and gay. She never whimpered once. She told Mr. Cugat how lovely his wife was, how beautifully his house ran and how fond she'd always been of him. Blood, she reminded him, with a little catch in her voice was, after all, thicker than water, as his hospitality had proven. Mr. Cugat reddened and said to think nothing of it.

Cory, enraptured with the babies, rose to unprecedented heights of nonsense and showed every sign of falling head over heels in love with both of them, at once, and the babies were provocative and adorable. They recited naughty limericks with deliciously charming naïveté and asked grave, innocent questions. After dinner they got everybody into a hilarious game of something called "You and Who Else" and then turned on the phonograph and taught Cory and Mr. Cugat to do the Bumps-a-Daisy. They modestly but intelligently discussed every known outdoor sport from skiing to salmon fishing and knew the names of all the ranking American tennis players.

Did they play golf? Cory asked hopefully. Oh, rather—of sorts. One baby played in the high seventies, the other in the low eighties. *Well!* How about a foursome, then, tomorrow—Mr. Cugat and the baby who played in the eighties against Cory and the baby who played in the seventies? Mr. Cugat, certainly, looked nothing loath. "Lovely!" applauded Cousin Adela, clapping her hands.

"How about you, Liz?" Mr. Cugat asked in frank afterthought.

"Betty and I are going driving tomorrow, aren't we, darling?" interjected Cousin Adela with the faintest suggestion of a whimper. (She hadn't forgotten how, then.) She bit a trembling lip. "We have such lovely times together—I couldn't bear to be disappointed!"

Mrs. Cugat patted her hand—out of habit—and Mr. Cugat, reassured, started planning some tennis mixed doubles for Monday.

"You can't know," sighed Cousin Adela, to Cory, "what it means to me to have found George again. Someone to lean on—someone to help with my babies!"

"Nice work if you can get it, eh, George!" burbled Cory. Mr. Cugat beamed foolishly.

"Why, the old *goats!*" muttered Mrs. Cugat.

SLAPPING on cleansing cream in front of the somewhat murky mirror of her childhood, she heard Mr. Cugat lock the front door and ascend the stairs. "Good night, Adela!" he called cheerily, on his way down the hall.

"Dear George!" said Cousin Adela, popping out before the words were out of his mouth.

"Got everything to make you comfortable?" inquired Mr. Cugat thoughtfully.

"Everything!" she cooed. "How can I ever thank you!"

"There's nothing to thank us for," protested Mr. Cugat, "we ought to thank you for livening up the place! Liz gets pretty lonesome, you know—"

"Dear little Betty!"

Mrs. Cugat put down the cleansing cream and gripped the bureau.

"What are your plans?" he continued practically.

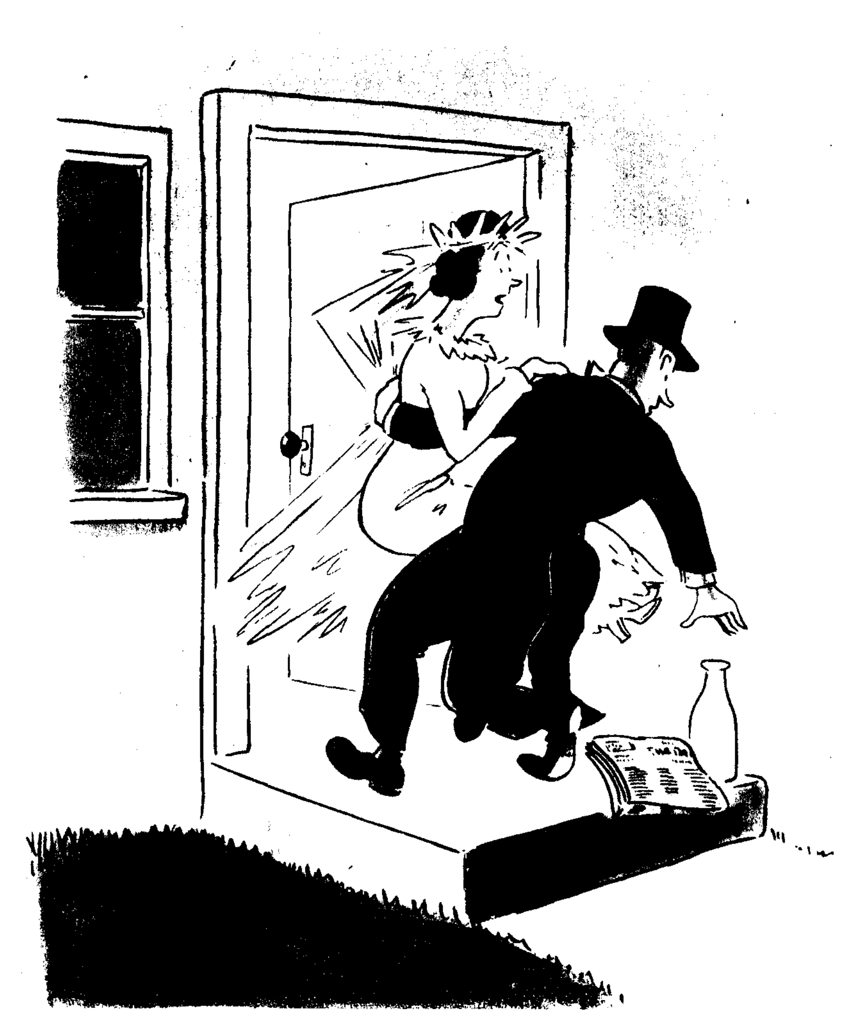
Cousin Adela sighed. "There are times," she said, "when I scarcely know where to turn—but the d'Abruzzis want us to come to them in Aiken on the first—"

"What's worrying you then?" said Mr. Cugat. "You can stay with us till the first, can't you?"

"Dear George," she murmured relievedly, "bless you!"

"Sleep tight," adjured Mr. Cugat and, whistling lightly, came tripping down the hall.

THE END



"Don't you think you'd better make two trips, dear?" ELMER ATKINS

Flight from Cairo

Continued from page 14

had substantial reasons for remaining in Cairo it would be a good idea to go home while ships were still available and while America was still neutral. But nobody paid any attention to the admonitions from tall, imperturbable Alexander Kirk, the American minister.

Finally on the day when fear drove scores to the legation to learn what would be the best way of getting home—in some cases to demand immediate air transport to Brazil and home, as though such accommodation was the inalienable right of Americans—callers found scraps of charred paper whirling about in a lazy breeze in the vicinity of the legation building. Documents were being burned.

Fires Continue to Burn

Somehow there's something final and irrevocable about the fact that an embassy or legation burns its documents. For nearly three years now, correspondents have cabled such news from capitals of Europe, the Balkans, the Far East, as the first paragraphs of obituaries on diplomatic relations between Axis nations and those in the democratic camp, or as death notices of at least a score of countries. It was a familiar sight at the American legation.

In the mild and largely unnecessary chaos of the crisis, the airways officials kept their heads. They anticipated the legation's last-minute demands for transportation for legation staffs, civilians and members of the large military missions. They had planes ready, and trucks were ready to carry passengers to the airport; they had worked out every detail of where the people should be distributed. They hadn't anticipated the Army's insistence on priority over diplomats and civilians for military people. Neither had the civilians.

In contrast to Americans and other foreigners who became affected by the prevailing "flap," which is British for panicky withdrawal, the English, at least outwardly, retained their poise. The British ambassador's wife, pretty, petite Lady Lampson, visited native sooks and bought trinkets just to show people that everything was quite all right. Her husband, Sir Miles, attended the races in Alexandria and the back pages of English-language local newspapers carried their usual dull accounts of cricket, tennis, swimming and horse-racing events.

At Heliopolis, the morning the first of the American evacuees were en route to the airport, boys rolled out the cricket pitch. Reuter's bulletin in the morning edition comforted the refugees with word that the Dodgers and Yanks led their leagues.

Cairo's night life remained unaffected throughout the critical days. What panic there was seemed to recede each evening with sunset. People dined, wined, danced, and only occasional air-raid alerts (the sirens squawk in Cairo when the enemy raids the Delta region) reminded them of war. They danced on the Continental Roof while men died less than a hundred miles away, and it was shocking until you rationalized it all by admitting there was nothing else these people could do.

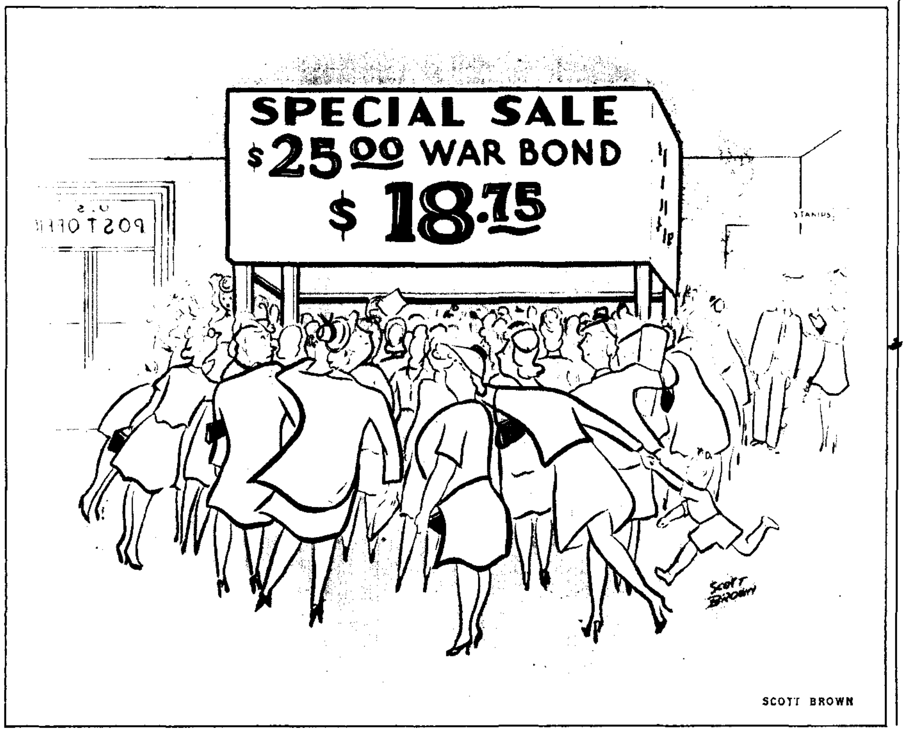
One "crisis night" I dined well with friends at the Mohamed Ali Club. There was *consommé gelé, sole meunière, poulet en casserole*. We had strawberries and cream, black coffee and fragile little cakes. The Moselle was well chilled, the Burgundy blood-warm, and the champagne cold enough to split stone. At dawn next morning I was in the Douglas with the others.

The Americans took their flight from Cairo seriously. It did some of them lots of good. It made them aware there was a war, an enormous and important war, going on. Until they had been tagged, weighed and ordered about, they hadn't realized it. They were quiet and serious as they strained for a last look at the irregular splotch of buildings that the city made beside the Nile. By the time they landed at Luxor they had relaxed considerably.

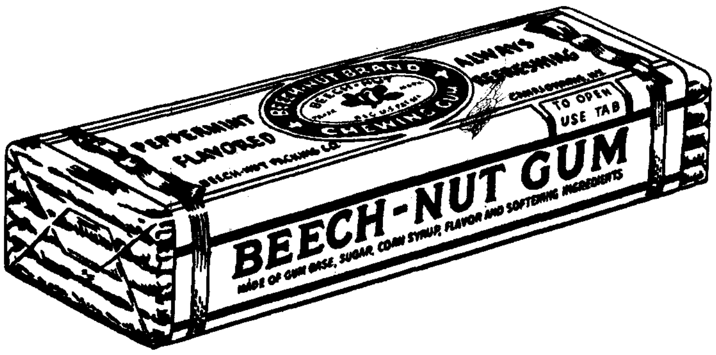
After being mauled about in the rough air over sands which had begun to warm up under the morning sun they began feeling that perhaps the whole business had been unnecessary. The same people who had clamored for seats on a plane were saying they had been stampeded, but when you asked them who had stampeded them they didn't know. Then they became refugees again, slightly bewildered and definitely unhappy people. Hitler has acquired several hundred positive enemies—those he chased out of Cairo.

The Fourth of July in Khartoum was very dull.

THE END



SCOTT BROWN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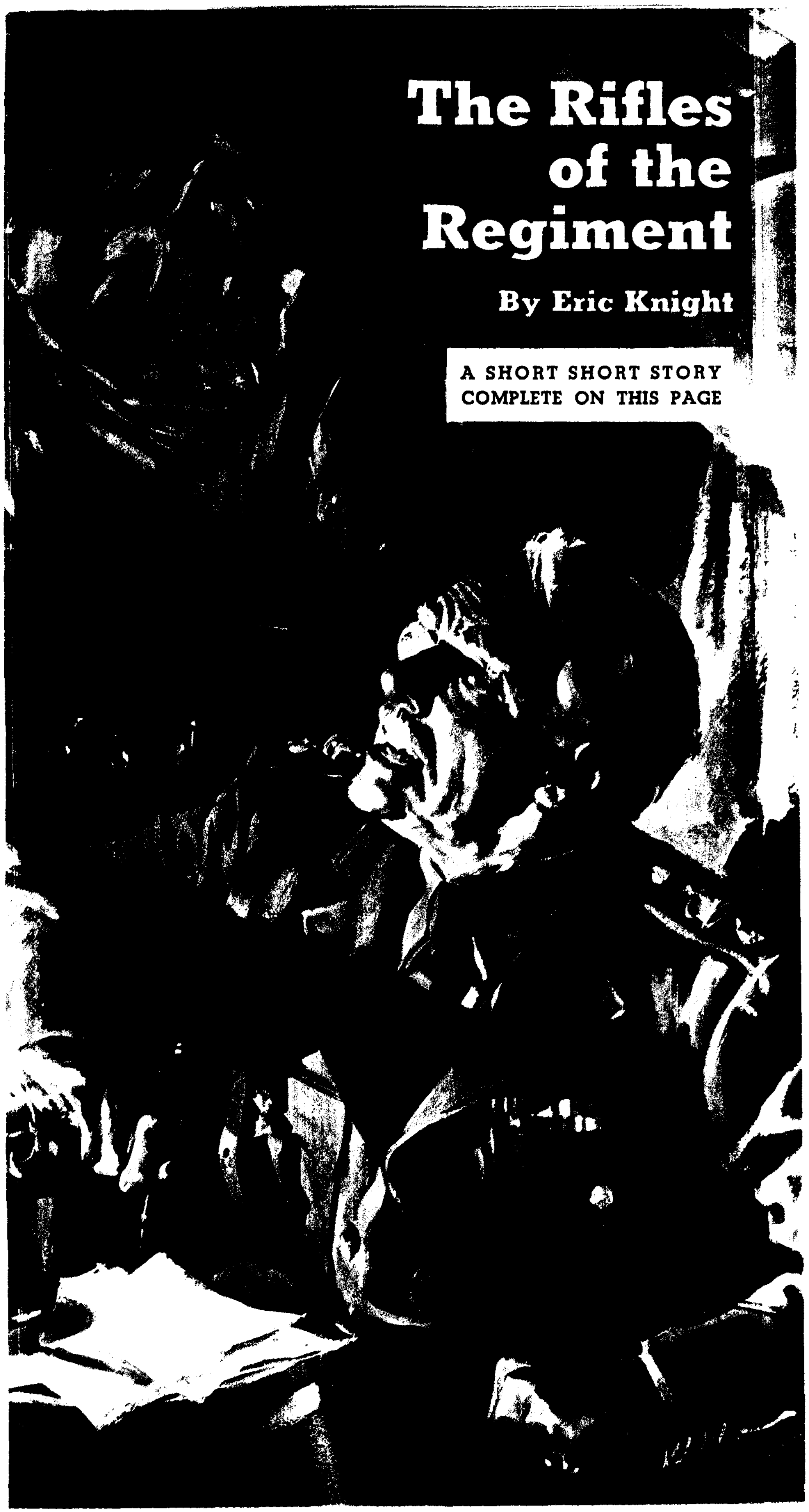
The Rifles of the Regiment

By Eric Knight

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

COLONEL HEATHERGALL has become a bit of a regimental legend already. In the mess of the Loyal Rifles they say, "Ah, but Old Glass-eye! He was a one for one. A pukka sahib! I'll never forget once . . ." Then off they go on some story or other about "Old Glass-eye."

But the regiment doesn't know the finest and truest story of all: when he fought all night with Fear—and won.

Colonel Heathergall met Fear in a little shack atop a cliff near the French village of Ste. Marguerite-en-Vaux. He had never met Fear before—not on the Somme nor in India nor in Palestine—because he was the type brought up not to know fear. Fear is a cad—you just don't recognize the bounder.

The system has its points. Not being even on nodding acquaintance with Fear had allowed the colonel to keep the Loyal Rifle Regiment going in France long after all other British troops had gone—they were still fighting, working their way westward toward the Channel, nearly two weeks after Dunkirk was all over.

The men—those that were left—were drunk with fatigue. When they marched between fights, they slept. When they rested, they went into a sort of coma, and the sergeants had to slap them to waken them.

"They're nearly done," the adjutant said. "Shouldn't we jettison equipment?"

"All right," the colonel said, finally. "Equipment can be destroyed and left behind. But not rifles! Regiment's never failed to carry its rifles in—and carry 'em out. We'll take our rifles with us—every last single rifle."

The adjutant saluted.

> **"You're a slimy brute," the colonel said. "I won't surrender. There must be some way out. That R.A.F. plane this morning . . . the navy . . ."**

"Er—and tell 'em we'll cut through soon," the colonel added. "Tell 'em I say we'll find a soft spot and cut through soon."

But the Loyal Rifles never did cut through. For there was then no British army left in France to cut through to. But the regiment didn't know that. It marched west and north and attacked, and went west and north again. Each time it brought out its rifles and left its dead. First the sergeants were carrying two rifles, and then the men, and then the officers.

The Loyal Rifles went on until—they could go no farther. For they had reached the sea. It was on a headland looking out over the Channel beside the fishing port of Ste. Marguerite-en-Vaux.

IN THE late afternoon the colonel used the regiment's last strength in an attempt to take Ste. Marguerite, for there might be boats there, fishing smacks, something that could carry them all back to England. He didn't find boats. He found the enemy with tanks and artillery, and the regiment withdrew. They left their dead, but they left no rifles.

The colonel sent out scouts. They brought him the report. They were cut off by the Germans—ringed about with their backs to the sea; on a cliff top with a two-hundred-foot drop to the beach below.

The regiment posted pickets, and dug foxholes, and fought until darkness came. Then they waited through the night for the last attack that was sure to come.

And it was that night, in his headquarters at the cliff top shack that Colonel Heathergall, for the first time in his well-bred, British, military life, met Fear.

Fear had a leprous face. Its white robes were damp, and it smelled of stale sweat.

Colonel Heathergall, who had not heard the door close, saw the figure standing there in the undarkness.

"Who—who is it?"

Fear bowed and said, "You know me, really, Colonel. All your arrogant, aristocratic, British life you've snubbed me and pretended you didn't know me, but really you do, don't you? Let us be friends."

The colonel adjusted his monocle. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I've come to tell you," Fear said, "that it's time for you to surrender the regiment. You're finished."

"You're a slimy brute," the colonel said. "I won't surrender. There must be some way out! That R.A.F. plane this morning! I'm sure it saw us—the way the chap waggled his wings. He'd go get help. The navy—they'll come!"

Fear laughed. "And if they come, then what? How would you get down that cliff? . . . You *can't* get down—and you know it!"

"We could cut south and find a better spot—the men still have fight left," the colonel said desperately.

"The men," Fear said, "they'll leave their broken bodies wherever you choose. They've got the stuff. And, oh, yes, you too, have courage, in your way. The huntin'-shootin'-fishin' sort of courage. The well-bred, polo-field kind of courage. But that's got nothing to do with *this* kind of war. You haven't the right to ask your men to die to preserve that sort of record. Have you?"

The colonel sat still, not answering.

Fear spoke again: "The enemy will be here soon. Your men are exhausted. They can't do any more. Really, you'd be saving their lives if you surrender. No one would blame you. . . ."

The colonel shook his head. "No," he said. "We can't do that. You see—we never have done that. And we can't now. Perhaps we are outmoded. I and my kind may be out of date—incompetent—belonging to a bygone day. But . . ." He looked around him as if for help. Then he went on desperately: "But—we've brought out all the rifles."

"Is that all?" mocked Fear.

"All?" the colonel echoed. "Is that all?"

Then at last he squared his shoulders. "All? Why, you bloody civilian, it's everything! I may die—and my men may die—but the regiment! It doesn't. The regiment goes on living. It's bigger than me—it's bigger than the men. Why, you slimy, dugout king of a base-wallah—it's bigger than you!"

And exactly as he said that, Fear fled. And there came a rap on the door, and the adjutant's voice sounded.

"Come in," the colonel said quietly.

"Are you alone, sir?" the adjutant asked.

"Yes," the colonel said. "Quite alone. What is it?"

"Report from the signal officer, sir. He has carried an ordinary torch with him, and he feels the colonel will be interested to know that he's in visual communication with the navy—destroyers or something. They say they're ready to put off boats to take us off."

"Tell him my thanks to C.O. of whatever naval force there is there. Message to company commanders: Withdraw pickets quietly. Rendezvous cliff top north of this H.Q. at three-fifty-five ack emma. Er—pretty good chaps in the navy—I've heard."

"Indeed, sir," the adjutant said.

So they assembled the men of the Loyal Rifle Regiment on the cliff top, where they could see out and below them the brief dots and dashes of light that winked. And there, too, in the night wind, they could feel the space and know the vast drop to the beach. Some of the men lay flat and listened for the sound of the sailors two hundred feet below them.

The officers waited, looking toward the colonel. It was the major who spoke: "But—but how on earth are we going to get down there, Colonel?"

Colonel Heathergall smiled privately within himself. "The rifles," he said softly. "The rifles, of course. I think we'll just about have enough."

And that's how the regiment escaped. They made a great chain of linked rifle slings, and went down it one at a time. The colonel came last, of course, as custom dictated.

Below, they picked up the rifles, whole and shattered, that they had thrown from the cliff top, and, wading out into the sea, carried them to the boats.

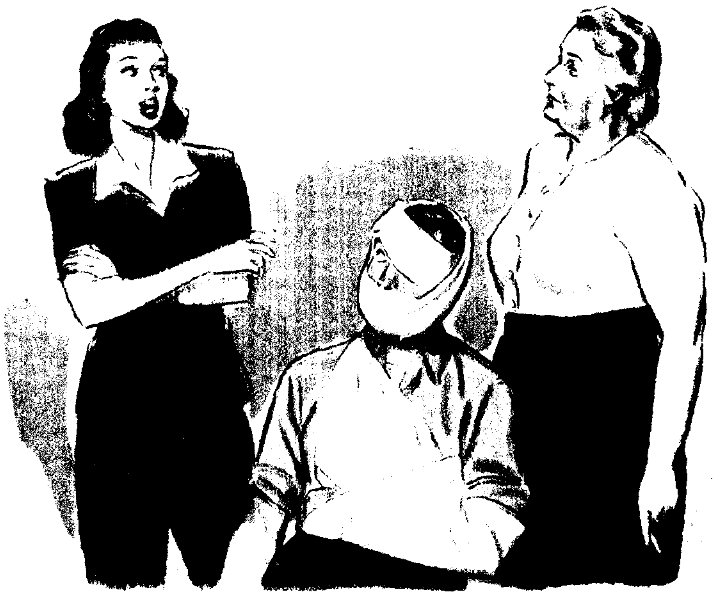
BY THIS time the Germans were awake; and they let loose with everything they had. The sailors used fine naval language, and said that Dunkirk was a panic compared to this so-and-so bloody mess.

But they got the men into the boats. The navy got in and got them out.

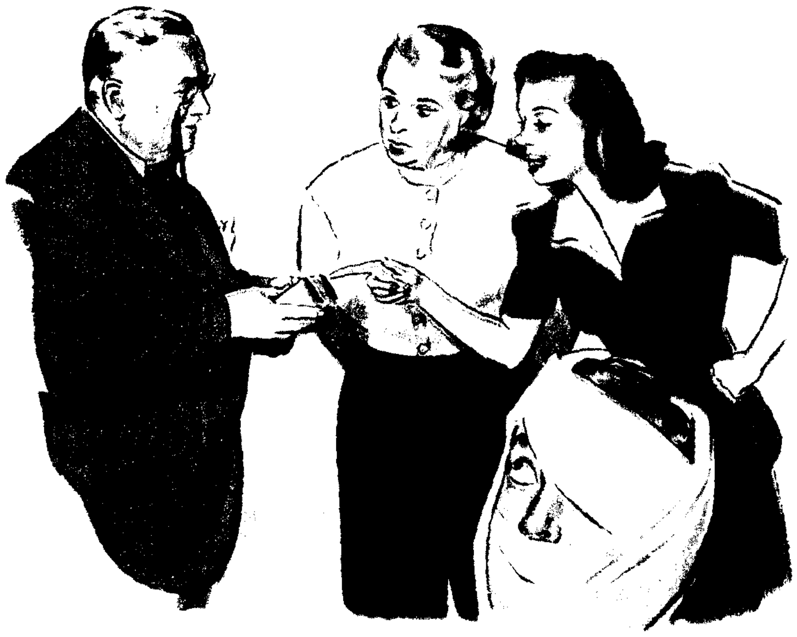
That's the way the Loyal Rifle Regiment came home nearly two weeks after the last troops from Dunkirk had landed in Blighty. . . .

In the mess they still talk of the colonel. "Old Glass-eye," they say. "Ah, there was a colonel for you. Saved the outfit, he did. Knew the only way it'd ever get out would be down a cliff—so he made 'em carry all the rifles halfway across France. Knew he'd need the slings for that cliff. Foresight, eh? . . . Great chap, Old Glass-eye. Never knew the meaning of Fear."

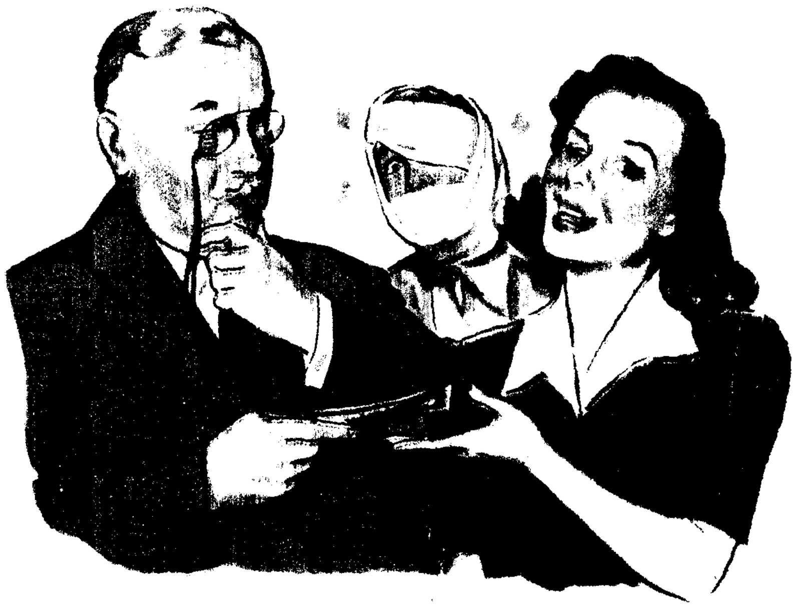
"How I operated on the doctor for a dollar!"



1. "**During the intermission** at First Aid class I was arguing that all cigarettes *aren't* alike. I bet them I could pick my Raleighs just by looking at the color of the tobacco. Guess who took me up . . .



2. "**Our instructor**—Doctor Dulcimer! He took my pack of Raleighs and some of the other brands the class smokes—covered the labels with surgical gauze—and showed me just the open ends of the packs.



3. "**As you can see,** the operation was successful. I picked out Raleighs and picked up a dollar! Try it on your friends. You *can't* lose! The secret is that Raleigh tobacco is more *golden*. You see it at once."

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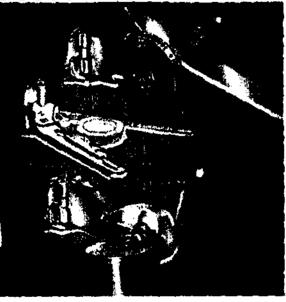

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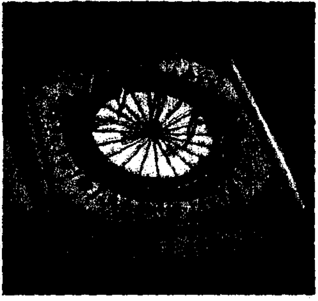

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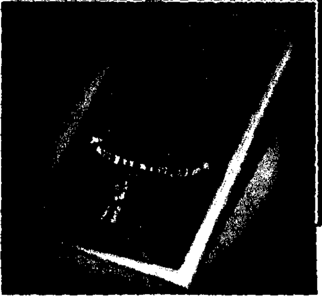

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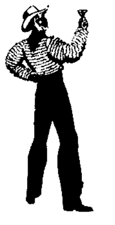

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Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1942

You Don't Need Glamor

Continued from page 12

She gave him what is known, boresomely, in Hollywood as a "double take." She knew she looked dumb, but not that dumb. She finally asked him to explain the fine, delicate nature of his wit. It seemed that Nancy Kelly was leaving Susan and God, and the part was open for the road tour.

"I said, well, I thought maybe I would consider it," says Nancy, thinking that New York was pretty soft after all. She went back to the Rehearsal Club to wait. She waited for weeks, all the time hearing of other girls in the Club who were testing for the Susan and God role. She went back to Pittman.

"I don't mind not getting the part," she said heatedly, "but you might at least let me test for it. Everybody else has."

He arranged what she thought was going to be a private test and arrived at the theater to find fifty girls ahead of her. Well, of course, she finally got the part, or what would be the use of spending all this time talking about it.

She played the role for a year on the road and also several times after in special performances. The stories of Miss Coleman's lack of memory center about this period. In one scene where the wearing of glasses by her was the whole point of the action, she forgot the glasses. Gertrude Lawrence, the star, worked out of that successfully. While playing in Atlantic City, Nancy tripped blithely up the stairs to her dressing room after one scene, took off her shorts and was standing around in freedom when she suddenly remembered that she was due on the stage at that very moment.

"I came downstairs three at a time and never did get those pants fully buttoned up," she says.

She did the part on another occasion for the famous Mr. J. J. Leventhal, who makes a practice of taking successful plays that have run their course and sending them out again with cheaper companies. How Mr. Leventhal gets a show together has never been discovered because he merely sits in his office, plays pinochle, looks out at the actors who push into his outer sanctum and says:

"No casting."

From her success in Susan and God came stock engagements and radio jobs. If they slackened there was always something with Mr. Leventhal, a jewel to work for because he invariably had everybody in the wrong roles and it was a treat to watch the bewilderment of the audiences. One day prior to an engagement in Flatbush, Mr. Leventhal met Miss Coleman and burst into enthusiasm.

Picked for the Lead

"You should see yourself!" he howled ecstatically. "So beautiful! All blown up!"

He referred, of course, to the lobby display.

Her next luck was all good because the Theater Guild picked her for the lead in Liberty Jones, the symbolic play by Philip Barry that died a grievous death after four weeks but was loved by the few who saw it. She sang and danced and acted all over the place in this one, accompanied by John Beal and a large cast. It brought the movie people on the run with requests for screen tests, but she turned them down.

"I know my failings," she says, "and I also knew what one of those fifteen-minute Brownie New York screen tests would do to me."

At this juncture, strangely enough, the only studio not interested was Warner Brothers. This was corrected when Steve Trilling, casting head at the Hollywood studio, heard of it. He had met Miss Coleman socially when she was playing in Los Angeles with Susan and God. He had also read New York notices of Liberty Jones, in which the show was panned and she was raved about. The New York office wearily dragged itself around to see her and from it came a contract saying that she would be taken to the Coast on a ten-weeks option with pay. This was for the sole purpose of making tests. If they took up the option, the salary would be hiked and she would be used as Louise in Kings Row.

They tested her up one side and down the other, finding that she was tall, skinny and still redheaded. Also they found that she was electric on the screen.

"What do you call beautiful?" yelled a producer after her first rushes. "Do you want one of these calf-faced blondes that live around swimming pools like porpoises? All this kid does is knock your eye out, if you don't call that beautiful!"

The point seems to be that they once thought Bette Davis homely and called Hepburn horse-faced. Coleman is no gift in the ordinary sense of the word but when you see her you sit up and keep looking. Like all other girls who fail to appear on magazine covers, she is sensitive on the point and looks longingly at every still picture of herself with the thought that nature may have finally relented.

On the personality side she is miles beyond the usual Hollywood shape. She has a five-room house near the studio and refuses to learn to drive a car. She reads poetry and writes a little herself, this seeming to be a new curse that has overcome the colony. Because she came from Broadway and is the quiet type, she has a reputation for being erudite, which in Hollywood parlance means cold. This was somewhat dissipated by a recent appearance at the Palladium dance hall in Hollywood, where, accompanied by an elderly but agile gentleman who should have known better, she proceeded to knock the boards out of the floor in tune to Les Brown's hot music.

"Is that the mousy little Coleman girl?" asked the onlookers in amazement.

If handled properly the little Coleman is going to amaze a great many more people. The movie audience got an emotional hotfoot from her with that role in Kings Row and if the studio will continue sticking her in dramatic roles, no spectator of a Coleman picture will ever have to be tied to his orchestra seat.

No Nonsense Allowed

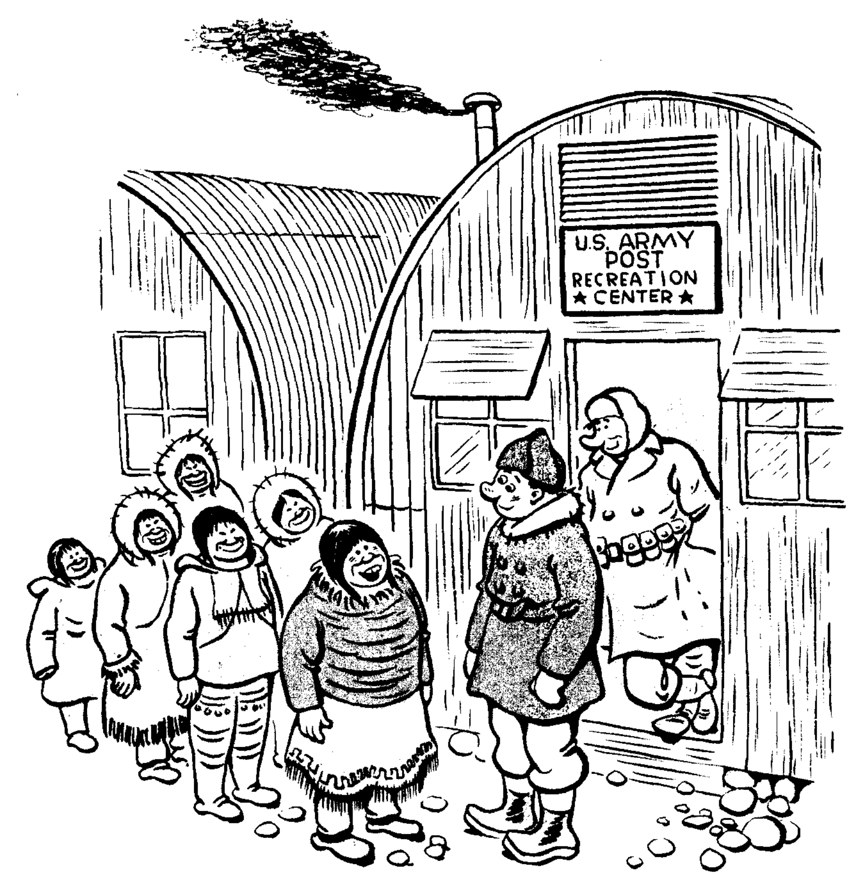
She lives with her mother, who was once a concert singer, and it is strictly a sister relationship, no quarter given and no stage-mother nonsense permitted on either side. Her younger sister is married and lives in Kansas City. By some strange coincidence, married sisters of movie actresses always live in Kansas City.

"The sophisticated one," says Mamma Coleman, about sister, "started having dates at thirteen."

When last seen, Nancy was putting up curtains in the new house and swearing slightly at misplaced hammer blows. No matter what she looks like, she can be a lusty and vigorous character. She can act the ears off most of her contemporaries and there have even been hints at the studio that they can glamorize her. When they told her a famous cameraman was going to be on her next picture, she perked up hopefully and swung herself about tentatively.

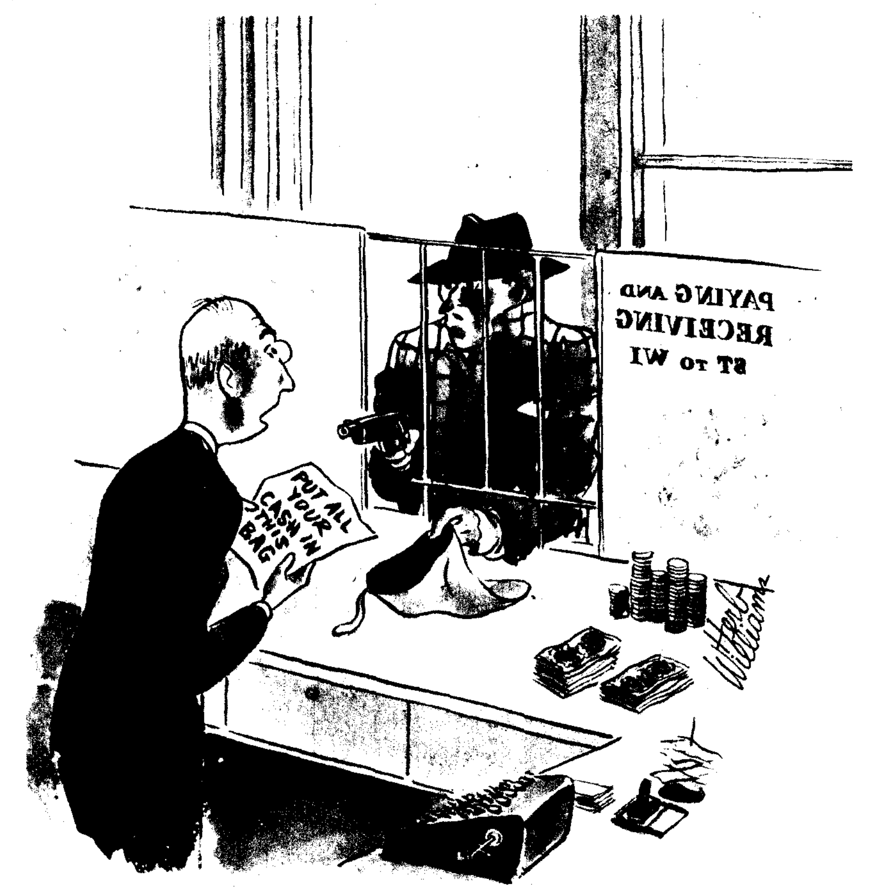
"You think this side of the face might do it?" she asked hopefully.

THE END



"We'd like to invite fifteen boys each week for a real home-cooked dinner"

COLIN ALLEN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PUT ALL YOUR CASH IN THIS BAG

"Have you an account here?"

HERB WILLIAMS

Any Week

Continued from page 4

be nothing short of idiotic to try to enjoy a vacation. However, in the event that you'd like an additional touch of nice light reading we're happy to tell you that the Senate Naval Affairs Committee has just reported favorably a bill which would permit you, the humble but doubtless grateful taxpaying citizen, to purchase seven-volume sets of a rollicking work entitled Documents Relating to the Quasi-War Between the United States and France. You may have these Whodunits for a mere dollar seventy-five a volume and as there are only 8,000 sets available you'd better get your dough in soon. Otherwise the Government Printing Office threatens to pitch these harrowing classics into the Potomac, being very much in need of the room they occupy. You don't have to send in any wrappers, bottle-tops or reasonable facsimilies. Just twelve dollars and twenty-five cents and you get the set. Of course, if we had that much we'd buy a bottle of gin. But then we're just flighty.

HOWEVER, very few of you could take a vacation with the same feeling of security that we'd have—if we had a vacation. We'd merely leap away blithely leaving this chore in the undoubtedly capable hands of Miss Minerva Kawalick of Babylon, New York. We are thus confident because Miss Kawalick has written to us as follows: "Because I am only twelve and a half years old I find it difficult to find any type of work to do over the summer vacation. I am willing to spend all the beautiful summer afternoons, when I usually go swimming, working hard to earn some money to invest in War Stamps to stamp out the common enemy. My idea is this: You know many children about my age are thinking up some unique ways to conserve and get money to buy War Stamps with. Why not have a column in Collier's that publishes the letters sent to me telling what their writers are doing to win the war. In that way you will help Collier's, your country and me. I am willing to go over the letters and put them in a composition to publish for a very small fee or its equivalent in War Stamps."

SOMETHING reminded our friend of the name of a man who occupies a high post indeed in our government. He asked us whether we knew the fellow. "Yes," said we, "and he's quite a character." Said our neighbor: "He is not a character; he's a jerk. A character is a jerk with personality."

SORRY, but we've just received another private communiqué from the Marines. It's about a colonel, part of whose job it is to receive and sift fresh consignments of college lads who are about to be trained for Marine commissions. The young fellows arrive in carload lots and this colonel loses no time in sifting. As they descend from the trains he scans them individually and waves each lad off into separate groupings somewhat as follows: "University of Virginia over there. Yale back there. Harvard here. Princeton yonder. Dartmouth—you from Dartmouth down there, Chicago away down back of Virginia." Thus he picks them out as they emerge, the candidates saying nothing. And to the understandable surprise of the aspirants and his fellow officers he makes very few mistakes. So we asked him how he knew so accurately the college of each lad. "Harvard by their haircut—all trying to look like Orson Welles," said he. "If their pants are highwaters and their sleeves three inches too short they're likely from Virginia. Yale boys almost always look nice—just nice is the only way I can explain it. If they look very confused they're probably from Chicago, and Dartmouth suffers from too much male fashion-magazine influence. Like that. I don't make many mistakes." . . . W. D.

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She Looked Wonderful

Continued from page 13

training, I admit, isn't necessary to become a good movie actress in the end, but let me tell you it helps in the beginning. As for her looks, well, she had a slim, well-put-together dancer's body, a thin, fairly small face, and brown hair that shone like slipper satin. She was a cute trick, but she was more than that. She meant business.

It has become quite the thing around Hollywood to let scenario writers direct pictures—there's hardly a studio in town that doesn't have an ex-hack holding a megaphone. Well, Gorin is no one to buck a trend, so we had a writer who directed. He had turned out a good tight script and Gorin had given him a very small amount of money and told him to go ahead.

Well, this fellow, with practically no budget, couldn't afford big stars. So he looked around for someone who could act, and after a couple of weeks' testing had given the part to Lily. And Lily did a fine job.

When the picture came out it was no Gone With the Wind, but it got decent notices in a lot of places and grossed twice as much as most B's and the director received congratulations and Lily suddenly became someone who counted around the studio. So that was where we came in. We had to start shoving her out.

It wasn't hard. She was a new face, she obviously had talent and she photographed well. And she had more news value than some little girl whose most exciting moment up to then had been her graduation from high school. In fact, half the time I found that all I had to do, so far as Lily was concerned, was supply the material. The magazines asked for it. That was the case with Pictures.

One morning there was a letter on my desk from Pictures—this actually was the beginning of the whole episode—saying they wanted their Coast camera staff to take a layout of Lily Morrow at home.

That letter amounted to quite a thing for me. Every publicity man in Hollywood wants to make Pictures, five million people a week see it, and if you've got your client's face in it, you have made quite a coup. I had been after them for a long time about Lily, and here was my reward.

So I hotfooted it in and told Hitch.

"Okay," he said. "Go ahead." He never even looked up from his desk.

So I called the Coast office of Pictures and we argued back and forth for a while and finally decided that Saturday would be the day to shoot the layout.

SO THEN I got Lily on the phone—she was somewhere on the lot, having her hair done—and told her the good news. But the reaction I got from Lily was not what you would expect.

So back I went to see Hitch.

"Here's the situation," I said, "on Lily Morrow."

"Well?" Hitch said.

"She said fine, shoot the pictures. But . . ."

"But what?"

"In her house there is an army cot which she sleeps on, two straight chairs she sits on, and an unpainted table she eats off."

"And?"

"And what with sending a little money to her mother, paying installments on a 1935 car which she has to have to get to work, and buying some clothes and food, she says that's all the decoration she can afford on the lousy salary Gorin International pays her."

Hitch nodded.

"So," I said, "she hopes the pictures will be taken and Gorin gets a good look at the luxury she lives in."

"Naturally," Hitch said. Then he leaned back in his chair and scowled his usual scowl. "I tell you what you do. Get Jim Carr and tell him to take a truckload of stuff over and fix her joint up."

"Yes, sir," I said.

We had done that before, when one of our players lived in comparative squalor. So I got to work.

Jim Carr was one of our best young set dressers, and he and Lily were friends, I knew. He had worked on her picture. So I called him and told him the news and asked him to get in touch with Lily and try to arrange everything smoothly.

"Give her what she wants," I said, "and try to keep her in good humor. She's not happy."

"That I'll do," he said. "Just trust Papa. I'll fix her place up so it looks like Norma Shearer lived there."

"Okay."

That was on a Wednesday morning. On Friday I saw Jim in the commissary and I said, "How are things?"

He held out his hands. "Wait till you see," he said. "You will think you have made a mistake and walked into paradise."

"Paradise?" I said.

"Well," Jim said, an interior decorator's paradise."

WELL, he was pretty nearly right, I found out Saturday morning when with a studio station wagon full of Pictures photographers and equipment, I arrived at Lily's.

The house itself was all right, a not too big white wood one-story place, high in the Santa Monica mountains overlooking the valley. There were flowers around it and green grass; it looked as if it probably cost sixty bucks a month, just about what Lily could afford. But inside—

My word, I'll bet there was twenty thousand dollars' worth of furniture and rugs and knickknacks. Jim had done Lily up proud. It was perfect and she looked wonderful walking around in it.

She met us in an evening dress.

"Hello, kids," she said. "I'm all ready for the first shot."

It had been decided that Lily was to wear a different dress in each room, so she was all set for a take by the living-room fireplace. She had some wonderful clothes from the studio, and there was a studio wardrobe woman and a hairdresser, to see that she looked well in them.

It didn't take the photographers more than an hour to set up, and then they took shot after shot of Lily in the living room in her evening dress, Lily in the dining room in an afternoon dress, Lily in the kitchen in a morning dress.

In the kitchen they wanted a little action, so Lily said, "I will whip up a chocolate cake.

"Watch this," she said to me. "Jim didn't have many props."

She took a can of tomato soup (red photographs black), a lot of flour, a pinch of mustard, and two grated carrots and stirred them all together. Then she smiled coyly over the mixing bowl at the waiting lenses.

"How am I doing?" she said.

"I'll eat it," I said.

"It's an old recipe of my grandmother's. She got it from Lillian Russell."

"Is this a fact?" I said.

"Sure. Grandma and Lillian used to cook over a gas ring up in Lillian's room at the Waldorf."

"Yes?"

"The old Waldorf, that is."

So finally Lily got into a very lacy negligee and we went into the bedroom. That was quite a sight.

You know what white tulle is. Well, the bedroom was all the white tulle you have ever seen. On the dressing table, on the bed, on the chaise, on the walls, everywhere you looked there was white tulle. It was as if a ballet skirt had exploded.

Lily walked over and stretched herself out on the bed.

"This is the room," she said, "I eat cream puffs in."

Lily looked very, very well lying on that bed.

So we got the pictures and nothing unlucky happened. None of the photographers had the slightest idea the furniture wasn't Lily's, I don't think. Except, when we were driving back to Hollywood, one of them said, "That bedroom, I've seen something like that before. Only I can't think where."

I said, "In the movies, maybe. All bedrooms look like that in the movies."

"That's probably it," he said. "I see so many movies . . ."

So that was that and I relaxed.

BUT at ten o'clock the next morning I got up with the telephone ringing long and hard. I answered it yawning. For maybe half a minute I couldn't figure out who was on the other end. Then I got it, Jim Carr just a trifle hysterical.

"Say it again," I said, "slowly."

"I've just been up to Lily Morrow's house with a truck to pick up the stuff."

"Well?"

"Her grandfather's sitting on the porch with a rifle and won't let us in."

"She hasn't got a grandfather," I said.

"Listen! She's got a grandfather and he's got a rifle and he's not kidding."

"Well? What's the story?" I was awake now but I couldn't believe it.

"He says if the studio wants to make out that it gives her enough money to live like a queen it darn' well better give her enough money. Otherwise she keeps the furniture."

"That's nonsense," I said.

"I know it's nonsense," Jim said, "but he's got a rifle and I got to get that stuff out of there today. At least the bedroom."

"Why the bedroom?" I said.

Then he dropped the bomb. "That bedroom is borrowed from Maggie Royal's dressing room suite on the lot, and tomorrow Maggie gets back from location."

"Good lord!"

There was a good big heavy silence for twenty seconds. Then I said, "Where are you?"

"In a drugstore on Sunset."

"You get yourself over here."

Maggie Royal's dressing room. He might as well have said we had borrowed the high altar from St. Peter's and now must get it back before the Pope notices.

Maggie Royal was the number one dollar sign at Gorin's and she had a very bad temper. And if she ever found out her dressing room, her own personal sacred dressing room had been borrowed to publicize some minor little girl she had never heard of, well—everybody connected with the sabotage would be out on his ear in an hour. We were in quite a jam.

I was practically dressed by the time Jim arrived.

I said, "How, in the first place, were you ever fool enough to take that stuff out of Maggie's dressing room?"

"Lily wanted it," he said, "and you told me to make her happy."

"Sure, but . . ." I was trying to get my shoes on. "How did you think you'd get away with it? Maggie will see the layout in Pictures."

Jim spread his hands. "That doesn't matter. She'll be flattered. If she thinks she can set a style that other people copy, that's okay. It means she's got good taste, see?"

"That's what you hope."

Jim pretended to smile. "That's what I hope."

I said, "What about Lily? Didn't you see her? What did she say?"

"She was just standing in the doorway, looking frightened. Grandpa wouldn't let her come out."

I got up. "Well, come on. No use sitting here. Let's find out what makes."

"Listen," Jim said. "That's just wasting time. The old man wants only one thing, a new contract for Lily. He said not to come back until I brought someone with authority. You have no authority."

I sat down. "What do you want me to do, then? Get Gorin?"

"Don't be foolish."

"Then who?"

Jim didn't seem to have an idea. I knew what I was going to have to do, but I didn't like to face it.

"McCabe," I said.

Jim nodded. "Sure, McCabe."

I went very slowly to the telephone. Finally I heard his voice.

I didn't try to tell him over the telephone what had happened. I just said something very unfortunate had happened and I had to see him at once. Well, he fumed and swore for a minute but then he told me where he lived and how to get there. Just before he hung up he said, "This had better be good."

I told Jim to go home and wait. I got into my car and started for Hitch's. He lived way out over in the valley, so I went up Laurel Canyon and along Mulholland Drive and then down the other side past Lily's house. I just wanted to be sure.

Jim hadn't been lying. There on Lily's porch, on a straight chair—one of the two she really owned, I guess—sat Granddaddy Morrow, a rifle across his knees. I didn't stop.

It took me half an hour to get to Hitch's. He lived far out across the valley—a low stretched-out ranch, with very green lawns and lots of flowers.

A servant took me through the house and out into a patio. There, in one of the pleasantest, most comfortable looking spaces I had ever seen in Hollywood, lay Hitch, on a long chair. Near him, busily knitting, sat a very nice-faced woman, with a placid, reassuring smile, who looked up as I came out.

Hitch cocked an eye at me but didn't move. "Well?" he said.

"*Hitch,*" the woman spoke sharply, but it was a kind, possessive sort of sharpness.

"Oh." Hitch got up.

Then he said, "Dan Liscomb—my wife."

"How do you do, Mr. Liscomb," she said. "Come sit down and tell us your bad news."

So I said how do you do and sat down.

WELL, there is no use retelling that conversation. I first stated the facts as quickly as I could and emphasized the points where it looked as if a lot of people would get their heads chopped off. Hitch listened fairly carefully, as if I were simply telling a moderately interesting story which didn't concern him much.

But Mrs. McCabe was all ears. When I was finished she said, "Wonderful. Wonderful. In fact, diabolical. I'd like to meet that old man."

Hitch said, "I guess we'd better go up there and take a look."

So we drove back across the valley, and up into the hills, to Lily's. Hitch didn't speak the entire trip.

In fact, he didn't speak till Granddaddy Morrow stopped us at the steps of the house.

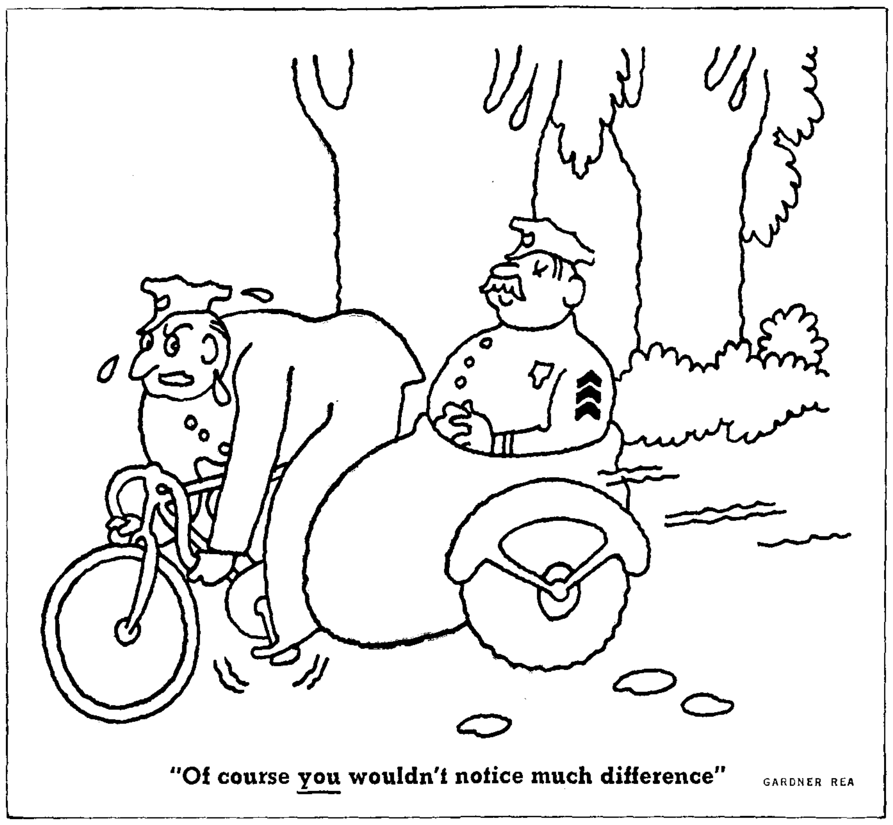
"Who are you?" Granddaddy said.

Hitch said, "My name's McCabe. I'm an executive of Gorin International. I've come up here to find out what all the trouble's about."

"I wouldn't say they's any trouble here," Granddad said, "unless you make it." He spoke in a flat middle-American accent. "I just want a little money for my girl."

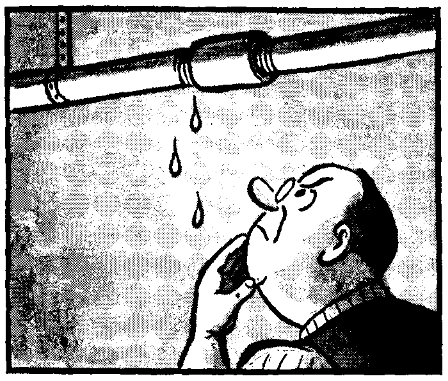
"How come?" Hitch said.

Granddaddy bit his teeth quickly three or four times, his voice came hard and angry: "How come? I'll tell you how come. You people pay her seventy-five dollars a week. First off, she's got to pay a agent and all them unemployment and relief and work taxes. That brings it down to about sixty. She got to send twenty-five to keep her ma going. There's thirty-five. She's got to pay on her car ten dollars. You was the people who kindly arranged for her



"Of course you wouldn't notice much difference"

GARDNER REA



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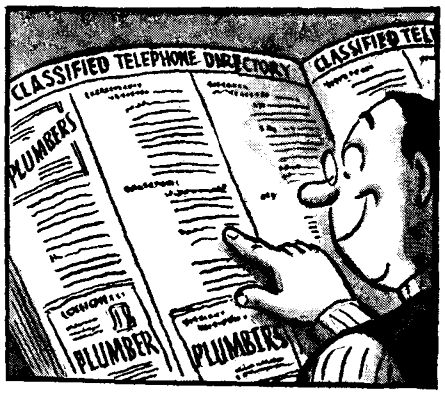

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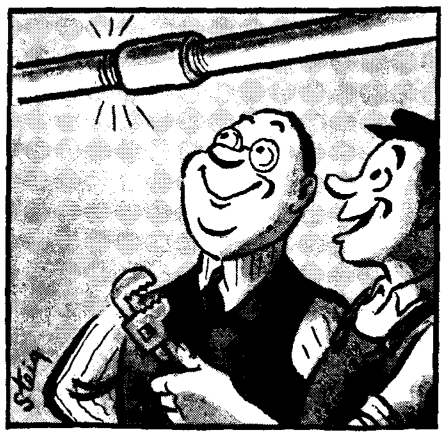

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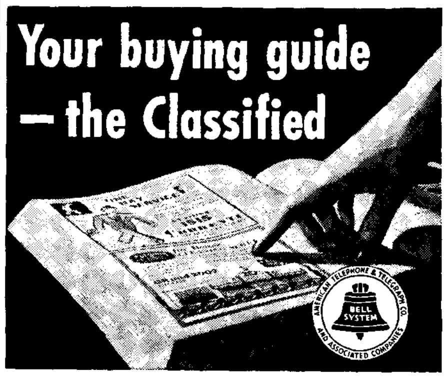
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to get a car when she came out here. Twenty-five. Outa that she's got to eat and pay rent and gas and telephone and get herself clothes. And they got to be the kind of clothes that don't disgrace the studio when she goes out in public. That's how come."

Hitch nodded. Then he said, "She knew all that when she signed her contract."

Granddaddy came right back: "She signed a contract for a stock girl that nobody'd pay no attention to. Then you made her just about a star in her first picture. You got to take the consequences. You got to treat her like a star. It was your own doing."

Just then Lily appeared in the doorway. Her eyes were red. "Oh, Mr. McCabe," she said. There was a catch in her voice.

"Hello, Lily."

"Mr. McCabe, I've told Grandpa he's going to ruin my career. I've told him and told him . . ."

Granddad set his face but didn't look around. "You get back in there, Lil," he said. "I'll handle this."

Hopelessly she turned and went into the house.

Hitch said, "Mr. Morrow, this is a question for the legal department. If you'll come down to the studio tomorrow I'll take you in personally and we'll see what can be done about it."

"Oh, no, you don't," Granddaddy said. "We tried that before. They said if she didn't like her contract she could go on suspension."

Hitch got up. "Well," he said, "we can't come to any agreement so long as you prevent us from taking out our furniture."

Granddaddy shrugged. "All right. But anyway we got the furniture."

Hitch shook his head. "I think the police will have a different view of that."

Granddad nodded. "Sure. Sure," he said. "Get the police. And I'll get Pictures Magazine. They'd like a few shots of Gorin International carting back all the furniture, with policemen around and Lily crying. That would make a good story. Oh, yes."

HITCH stopped dead. Suddenly the old man had hit him where it hurt, and hurt bad. If a story like that got out it would mean ruin. Not only would Pictures be down on him, but every other magazine; the news services would play it up, and nothing he sent out would be credited for months.

Suddenly he turned. "All right," he said. "What do you want?"

The old man croaked rather than laughed. "Five hundred a week, with two-fifty raises every six months, for three years."

Hitch nodded. "Come on, Dan," he said. We started down to the car. . . .

When we got back to the house, Mrs. McCabe had a platter of turkey sandwiches and a big pitcher of milk waiting for us.

Hitch picked up a sandwich, went into the hall and came out with the telephone on a long cord. He settled down very comfortably in his chair, smiled at his wife, and began to dial.

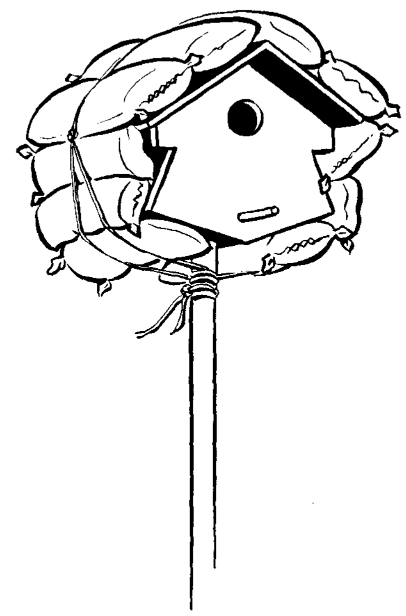
"Now don't you get upset, Myrna," he said, "at what you're going to hear."

At what she was going to hear . . . I've been in Hollywood a long time, but I've never heard a conversation quite like the one Hitch McCabe held that Sunday noontime with Al Gorin.

It took some time to reach Mr. Gorin. He wasn't at home, he was at his ranch. When the ranch connection came through, Mr. Gorin had to be brought in from his swimming pool.

But then, "Al," said Hitch, "I'm in trouble."

There was a pause.



"Listen," Hitch said, "you know that new girl of ours, Lily Morrow?"

Hitch held the receiver away from his ear, so we could listen to some of Gorin's conversation.

Hitch spoke very slowly: "Well, Al, I made a big mistake with Lily Morrow. I don't know how to explain it. I just couldn't help myself."

We could hear a kind of explosion. Gorin's voice went very high: "You mean to tell me . . . you of all people, Hitch McCabe . . ."

There was a dawning look of comprehension and unbelief on Mrs. McCabe's face.

"All right," Hitch said, "I'm not asking for a lecture. I'm in a jam. She threatens to come down here and tell Myrna everything tonight unless . . ."

"Unless what?" Gorin said.

Mrs. McCabe finally found her voice. "*Hitchky McCabe,*" she said.

"Unless I can get her a new contract."

"Oh, oh," Gorin said. "So *I* got to suffer . . . so I'm the one who's got to pay the piper . . ."

"Look, Al," Hitch said, "in twenty years I never asked you a favor like this. In twenty years . . ."

"Well, how much you going to rob me for?" Gorin said.

Hitch explained the details. He explained that it all had to be done quick, in a couple of hours. He even explained just how the whole thing had happened. It was a long, complicated, wonderful lie. And anybody who knows anything about Hollywood would have believed every word of it.

When he put the receiver down, there was a kind of wicked smile on his face.

"There's more than one way to skin a cat," he said, and poured himself a glass of milk.

Then he looked at me. "Dan," he said, "you get yourself up there. The contracts will be around in an hour or so. Then you get that stuff of Maggie Royal's moved back home and fast."

"Yes, sir," I said.

As I was opening the front door I heard Mrs. McCabe's voice. "Hitch," she said, "don't look at me like that. You've got some explaining to do."

WHEN I drove up to Lily's the old man wasn't on the porch, but as I started up the walk he came to the door. With his rifle.

"Oh," he said, "it's you, Mr. Liscomb."

I walked into the house. Lily came running out of the kitchen to me, threw her arms around me. "Dan, Dan," she said, "what happened?"

"We're in," I said. "Everything's under control."

Now the only point I have neglected to make up to now is that I was in love with Lily and she was in love with me. And that this whole business had been planned very carefully.

So we sat down and I began to tell her about Hitch. "Granddaddy Morrow" settled himself in front of a tray. "I'll just finish this snack while you're talking," he said.

"Of course, Mr. Jackson," Lily said to him. "I hope it's enough."

"It's fine, fine," Mr. Jackson said.

Well, we had quite a time the next couple of hours. Lily opened some bottles of beer and we sat pondering on the strange methods talent must use to get itself rewarded.

Mr. Jackson and his rifle stayed till the messenger brought the signed contracts. Then I paid Jackson the twenty-five dollars we had promised him.

"Well, it was fun," he said. "Biggest part I've played in five years. Didn't give a bad performance either, hey?"

"You gave a beautiful performance," Lily said.

"Well, goodby, kids," he said as he started down the walk. "Got to take this rifle back to the costume company now."

"Be careful with it," I said.

"Don't worry," he said. "It ain't loaded."

Lily and I went back into the house. "Darling, darling, darling," she said.

"Darling," I said.

WELL, that's all, except for the shock I got the next morning.

I was in my office as usual just as if nothing had happened. In fact I was sitting at my desk, reading the gossip column in Hollywood Reporter as I always did. I was reading it very calmly, until—

Until I got three quarters of the way down the page. And then, suddenly, leaping out at me in letters of fire were these words: "Lily Morrow's real heart is Dan Liscomb, of Gorin's press department."

I read them once, I read them again. My heart began to pound, my hands went cold.

And I was aware, too, that someone was standing in my doorway. For a minute I didn't dare look up, then slowly I raised my head. It was Hitch, of course.

"You read it, eh?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He came in and closed the door. He walked over and sat down in the chair on the other side of my desk.

"I put that in there," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're going to marry her?"

"Yes, sir."

Hitch nodded. "Let me give you a piece of advice," he said. "When you want to pull a trick like yesterday again, don't hire an old broken-down character actor that's been around in pictures since nineteen-twenty."

"No, sir."

"I've seen that Jackson's face in a hundred movies."

"Yes, sir."

"But it was a very cute trick and I didn't want to spoil it. Danny, you're the best boy I've had in years, and Lily's got the stuff."

He got up. "Now there's something you've got to do for me."

"Yes, sir."

"You've got to get Lily and come out to my house for dinner. Tonight."

"Yes, sir."

"My wife, well, you'd think after thirty years she'd trust me a little more than . . . Anyhow, she wants to make sure. So you be there."

"Yes, sir."

"It's an order."

"Yes, sir."

THE END

Coyote Moon

Continued from page 36

"He's just taking us to the next town, Henry," the fat man in back said.

"Yeah, but he's got three empty seats. That was a good one about the coyote. You got a kind heart, Professor," Henry said, adding, "You going all the way to California with three empty seats?"

"My wife and child were going to ride until the last moment, but the baby was sick so they took the train."

"He's got a baby, what do you know!" Henry exclaimed. "Bertha here, she's going to have a baby too."

Pops spoke up from the back: "Maybe you'll find us jobs in California. All we want is a chance to work for a living."

Professor Piltkin thought in some alarm, "These people aren't going to get off at the next town at all! They're actually hinting that I take them all the way to the Coast!"

THEY were a happy trio, he had to admit. And he was making them happier. Let them ride a while, Professor Piltkin thought.

And then the car, like a horse that pokes a hoof in a chuckhole, staggered in a blowout.

"Sit right where you are, Professor," Henry said cheerily. "This is up my alley—changing tires." But Piltkin had to get out to unlock the spare. Henry insisted on jacking up the car—the dirty part of the job. Pops scrambled out and worked on the windshield, cleaning off squashed grasshoppers. Bertha said, "Anything I can do to help?"

Piltkin looked at her, startled at the faint voice. She slumped back, her wan face tilted, gasping with the heat. "It's the suitcases," she moaned. "Henry don't hold 'em right. Keeps shoving 'em on me."

The professor felt ashamed of himself. "Here I've been wondering how I can git rid of these people in the middle of a desert—an expectant mother and two men who want nothing but the chance to work for a living!" He came to a decision. And when that happened, Professor Piltkin never did things halfway. That was why he was on the War Production Board.

"You'd be more comfortable if I put the suitcases in the trailer—that is, of course, I mean, for a while at least."

He unlocked the trailer door, slung in the suitcases and turned to find Pops standing behind him with the typewriter.

"Maybe this can go in," Pops said humbly, "on account it's busting my knees."

The typewriter went into the trailer. Henry wrapped up the tools. "All set. Stop at the next garage and I'll vulcanize that tube myself. Won't cost you a cent."

They all piled into the car and Bertha sang, "California, here we come!"

It was when they stopped to vulcanize the tire that Henry was really helpful. It was a lonely garage on the roadside, an adobe shack with hammered oil cans for a roof, a lean-to with signs for sandwiches and soft drinks and an old-man cactus with a spare tire hung on its arm. Actually this was the next "town" indicated on the map!

The garageman, who looked like Buffalo Bill, came out while Henry vulcanized the tire.

"We're all heading for the Coast," Bertha said gaily, but her voice went dead, "if we ever get there!"

Piltkin glanced at her and saw another fainting spell coming. He got the ice jug and gave her a drink. She crooned, "I'll be all right if I can only lie down a minute."

The professor was thoroughly frightened lest something happen to this girl while she was on his hands. "Lie in the trailer while they're fixing the tire," he suggested.

"I wouldn't put you to all that trouble," Bertha gasped.

"Go ahead lie in the trailer," Pops said. He picked her up in his arms and Piltkin unlocked the trailer again.

"If I had some soda pop—" Bertha barely whispered.

"Ain't that like a woman!" Pops said. "Give her a place to lay down and she wants roses. We've et nothing all day and she orders soda pop!"

"Nothing all day!" Professor Piltkin said, aghast. "No wonder she's faint! Buy her something to eat. Perhaps we could all eat some sandwiches while we're on the way." He gave Pops a dollar and asked him to get the sandwiches and fill the vacuum bottle with coffee.

"That'll be my job from now on," Pops said eagerly. "I'll see there's always coffee in the jug."

Henry and the garageman came out with the tire. "Thanks for the favor," Henry said to Buffalo Bill. He winked at the professor and said out of the side of his mouth, "Don't say anything to him. I told him it was my car and we're short of cash, so he let me fix the tube for nothing."

Pops came with the sandwiches and coffee and Bertha jumped out of the trailer apparently herself again. Pops forgot about the change for the dollar bill although the professor, who was quick at figures, knew that he was holding out forty cents. Let the old duffer keep it. Henry had saved more than that by fixing that inner tube. They probably needed forty cents for supper!

It rankled, however, when Piltkin noticed how they were gradually filching all his cigarettes. Every time he asked Henry to reach for a cigarette in the dashboard compartment, the artful dodger took out a new package and kept it. Quite a rustler—in a naïve sort of way!

And so was Bertha. She had picked up his collapsible cup for one thing. The professor discovered it was gone when they stopped for a nip of coffee.

"That's funny! I wonder what happened to that cup—a silver cup in a leather case—"

"You had it back yonder when you gave Bertha a drink," Pops said quickly.

"Anyway you got paper cups," Bertha said, unconcerned.

"I'll get rid of them at the next stop for gas," the professor decided. "Wretched vagrants, that's what they are! I hope they get to California and find work. It'll stop their thieving."

He would have said this aloud, but he hated scenes. He rummaged for his paper cups and then discovered that his flashlight and little alarm clock were not there in the dashboard compartment. They might be in his overnight bag where, absent-mindedly, he sometimes left them. He must make certain before accusing anybody.

THE coffee made him feel better, but not for long. The scenery ahead was more and more desolate. Red mesas turned iron black. Professor Piltkin felt lonely. For these people, sad to say, were not of his own kith. They were more like that coyote he had saved.

Well, coyotes have their good points, he reminded himself, as the car buck-jumped in another blowout.

Henry swore this time, but checked himself. "Just keep your seat, Professor, I can do this quicker alone—if you give me the keys to the spare."

Professor Piltkin did not give him the keys. He got out but Henry tried to shoulder him out of the way as he pulled off the canvas cover from the spare. Under the cover he saw an old patched-up retread!

"What do you know about that!" Henry whistled. "An old shoe!"

"It was brand new, except for the blowout," Piltkin said. "You're a crook, aren't you, young fellow?"

"Who, me? The garageman palmed this old shoe on us and kept your new one."

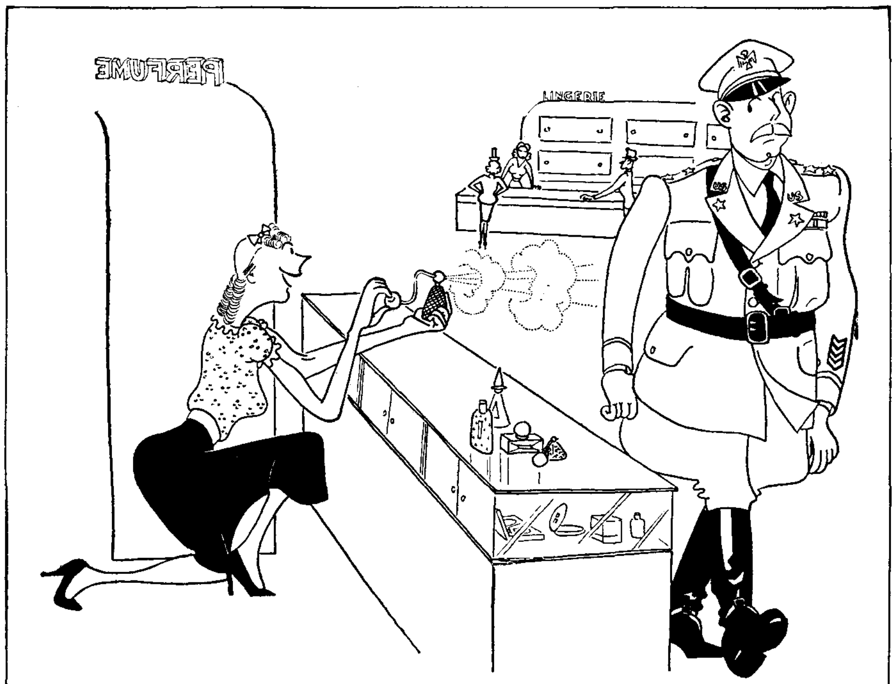
Pops piled out of the car. "What's the argument?"

"Your son told the garageman he was the owner of the car and sold him my good tire."

"Right away he suspects me," Henry said, injured, "when anyone could see that garageman was a crook."

"All right, the police will check with that garageman," Piltkin said confidently.

"Why sure, Professor!" Pops said.



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"That'll land him smack in jail where he belongs. Course he'll alibi and say we traded tires, but who'll believe him? Henry's got two witnesses. I don't mean you: you didn't see what happened. Bertha and me, we're the two witnesses."

Henry set to work jacking up the car as if the argument were settled. Professor Piltkin went back to the trailer, unlocked it and got out the old suitcases. "I'll finish that," he said to Henry who had the car jacked up and was working on the rim. "You people take your suitcases and get another car."

"What's that?" Pops said. "You think we can thumb a ride way out here? Well, let me tell you something. Cars don't stop for hitchhikers in a lonely spot like this. Scared of 'em when it's fifty miles from nowhere. And they're wise!"

"Wise is right," Bertha said, getting out of the car. "But you're wise too, aren't you, Professor?"

"I'm not talking to you," Professor Piltkin choked. "I'm talking to this thief brother of yours—if he is your brother."

"Talk to me later, Buster. I'm busy," Henry said. He turned to his work, slamming tools, swinging tire and rim to place. Pops took a step, standing on one side of the professor. Bertha stood on the other side, her hands on her thin hips, her foot tapping at rattleweed. Henry had dropped the tire and picked up a jack handle.

These people were going to hold him up and steal his keys, John Piltkin thought in a sudden panic. The only thing that stopped them, he was convinced, was the sight of a car coming through an eastern cut in the tablelands.

IT BROKE the tension completely. Even Henry changed his tune. "If you just let me finish this job instead of talking, Professor, we'll get going that much sooner."

Piltkin stopped talking, waited for the car and waved when it was within a furlong. The car swerved toward the opposite shoulder but it kept to the road. And it kept going!

Piltkin stared aghast as it whizzed off, lost shape in the heat waves and dwindled toward the low sun. He heard the girl's titter and Pops chuckling, "I told you a car won't stop in a spot like this!"

He was right. Piltkin tried it again and although the next car slowed down, the driver did not seem to like the looks of things for he picked up speed and rolled on.

"What you doing anyway, Professor?" Pops laughed. "You want to tell 'em to call a cop—way out *here?*"

"I just want somebody to take you off my hands," Piltkin said truthfully. "I'm not making you hike in the middle of a desert, but I want to be alone."

"Oh, so you don't like our company?" Henry said, wrapping the tools. "You give a coyote a lift, but humans are different."

"Not so different," Piltkin mumbled.

"Now you're calling us coyotes?" Henry weighed the tools in his hand.

Pops said soothingly, "The professor means we got our good points same as coyotes. I'm a good father. I fight for my young. We got courage, same as a coyote that takes a ranch dog out to the hills, and then licks it."

Their bullying stopped, at least for a few moments, when they saw an old jaloppy chugging down the road. Piltkin hailed it hopelessly and to his delight it slowed down! He ran to it, kept pace with it as it jolted to a stop, then jumped on the running board.

"Got room for three hitchhikers," he asked the whiskered old rancher, "just to the next town?" He glanced at the back seat which was filled with crates of chickens.

The rancher shook his head, alarmed at this distracted man.

"Wait! I'll give you a dollar. Just to take them to the next gas stand or ranch—anywhere. Two dollars!" Piltkin fumbled for his wallet.

He fumbled some more and discovered without the slightest surprise that his wallet was gone.

"Help me out of this! Please! Don't you understand what I'm saying? They robbed me! I want help!"

The brown-faced rancher said, shrugging, "No sabe. No spik English, señor." His car buzzed and shook as he speeded the engine. It was like a horse shaking off a fly. To all appearances it shook Piltkin off the running board as it spun tires and loped away.

Professor Piltkin went back to his own car in a daze. He was whipped. And he was desperately tired.

"All right," he said helplessly. "I'll take you to the next town. No farther."

"That's talking, Professor!" Henry picked up the suitcases. "Just take us where we got a chance to thumb another car."

They drove on. Piltkin said nothing about his wallet, which he had discovered was missing. If he mentioned it, they might hit him on the head and leave him on one of those badland dunes. As for their picking his pocket, he could prove nothing. They had thrown the wallet away of course, keeping the cash. Luckily they did not get his travelers' checks which he kept in his hip pocket. Hence they had won only a few dollars.

The car sped on into a wall canyon. He scanned it for a sign of a filling station or roadside shack, but saw only the infinite sweep of sage and shadows.

Bertha nursed a worry. "You ain't taking us to a police station, are you?"

"Shut up," Pops snapped. "This little ride we've had together—you know who's going to tell the cops about it, Professor? Bertha, that's who! She was riding alone with you, see? That's what she'll tell about. You made a pass at her, she'll say—"

"If you'll only leave me alone," the professor pleaded, "get out at the next stop and forget me—I'll forget you!"

"Listen, I'm talking, ain't I? Bertha tells 'em how you took advantage of her, her being under age. She gets scared and when she sees two hitchhikers on the road she makes you stop and pick 'em up. She's scared of riding alone with you. Two hitchhikers—that's me and Henry who ain't her father and brother at all. We're strangers and make good witnesses."

Sundown made black streaks of the willow brakes. There still was no promise of life; even the prairie dogs and cactus wrens had gone to bed.

Bertha took up the story, pestering the tired professor like a back-seat driver: "And I'll tell how you made me stay in the trailer whenever you got gas. The garageman who gave us that old tire can check on that—if you tell the police about him!"

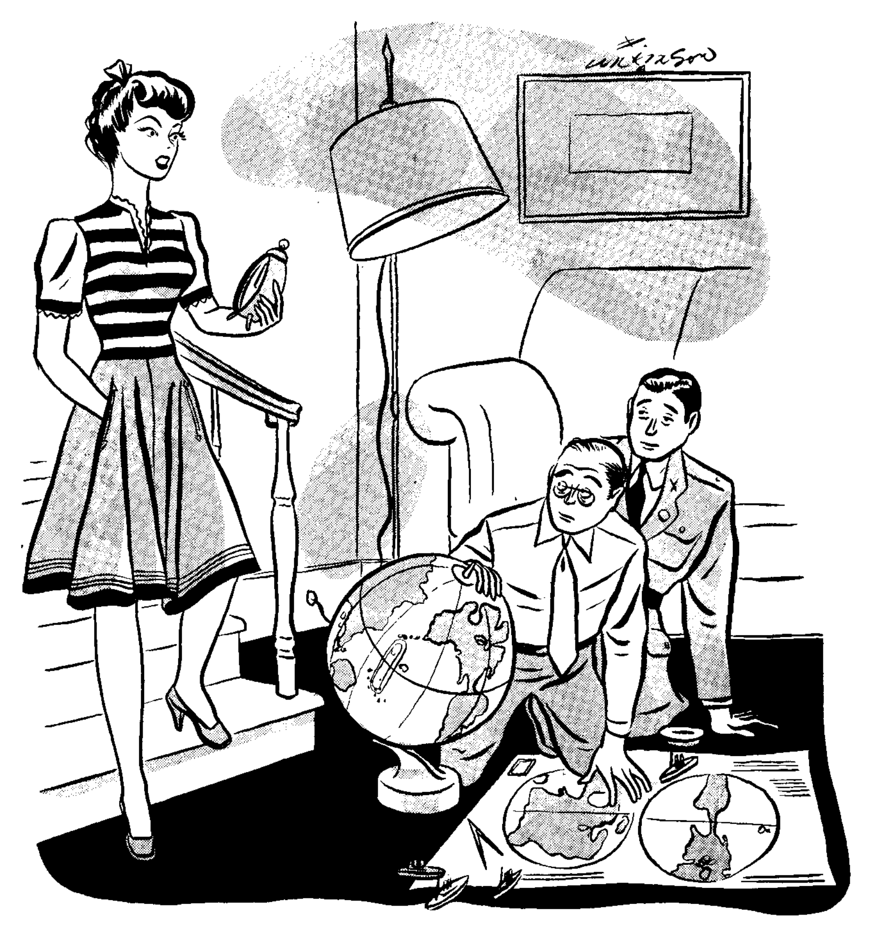
THE highway dipped into a box gulch and Piltkin gave a great sigh of relief. In the cottonwoods on a dry creek he saw the shacks of an auto camp, a filling station and a chow cart! The lights winked like stars in the deep blue—the morning stars of a prisoner's last night in jail!

"Okay. Here's where we get out," Pops said breezily. "Thanks for the buggy ride."

The rascals were in a hurry to get out. They could not be sure, of course, just what the professor was going to do. But they could guess what he was thinking. He could report them and get himself into a nasty mess. He could get out of it but there would be those grins. "Got mixed up with a girl somehow when he was riding out West to meet his wife." It was too much trouble for a lost tire and a couple of dollars in a wallet!

Professor Piltkin was a sensible man. "Let these bums thieve their way to California and get jobs," he thought.

"As for me, a dinner of beef chuck and chili and beans, a thermos bottle of fresh coffee for the ride across the moonlit benches, down the coulees, over the Divide—free as a wild bronc. It'll be great!"



"It's after midnight. Don't you think it's about time my boy friend went home?" FRITZ WILKINSON

"You've got sense, Professor," Pops said as if he had followed Piltkin's exact line of thought.

"But don't forget Bertha," Henry said anxiously, scrambling out with the suitcases.

"I won't forget *you,* Professor," Bertha said sweetly.

More anxious every minute, Henry hurried off to the highway, slinking through the shafts of light from the chow cart and garage. Piltkin noticed that he walked heavily and that the suitcases bulged.

An absurd notion struck him all of a sudden: They might have stolen his precious typewriter! He had put it in the trailer with the two suitcases and Bertha had gone in later to "rest" on the cot. It was utterly absurd, thinking a typewriter could be stuffed in a suitcase, nevertheless he hurried to unlock the trailer, stepped in, turned on the light.

The typewriter was there. So were his clothes on hangers, so were his books, although he did not count them. But he noticed some of them had been piled high on a satchel for some reason or other. His first thought was for a silver-framed picture of his wife and son. He opened the satchel and found that Bertha had stolen about everything that she could pawn, but it was only the picture that Professor Piltkin thought of now.

"They won't get away with that!" he swore, his fingers shaking. They could steal his money and tires and everything else and bully and blackmail him, but they were not going to get that picture of Mary and Chubbs!

HE RAN to his car, but he was so shaky with anger that he flooded his engine. The three hitchhikers, now a furlong away, were thumbing at another car. He jumped out and ran to the garage, hoping the attendant would help in the chase before a car picked them up. But the attendant was inside his lighted shack explaining a road map to a customer.

The customer's car was out at the pump.

Enraged at the loss of the precious picture Professor Piltkin was not in his right mind. He was as mad as if he had eaten the locoweed that grew along the highway. He got into the stranger's car.

He stepped on the starter, and noticed out of the corner of his eye that the attendant and his customer were still poring over their map. Professor Piltkin drove out on the highway.

The hitchhikers thumbed at him, the girl acting her usual part which was to sit dejectedly on a suitcase. Professor Piltkin gave the actress a spotlight, turning on the car's full lights to dazzle her. He was amused that they did not recognize him. Of course they would not, since he had a different car and no trailer! It gave him a sense of comfort, for he was a retiring sort. He turned off the dashboard lights, so that when they looked in, after being dazzled with the headlights, they were blind as bats.

"Room for three of us just to the next town?" the girl asked when he stopped. "My dad and my brother, we don't like to be separated."

Without saying a word, Professor Piltkin opened both doors and they piled in with their suitcases.

"How far you going?" Henry asked.

The professor answered with a cough, and the engine coughed too, stalling. Without turning on the ignition, he made the starter growl and growl.

"You're flooding it, mister. You're flooding it!" Henry said.

Piltkin got out and went to the back of the car. The car's owner would be along any moment now, and Piltkin preferred to withdraw from the whole business. He hated scenes, and he hated trouble. He heard Pops' puzzled voice and knew that he was staring through the dust-coated back window. "He's going to the garage, maybe to get somebody to help."

"I can help you start it, mister," Henry called. "Right up my alley."

"Kind of a queer gent," Bertha said. "He don't talk."

Professor Piltkin slipped past the filling station shack and kept going into the cottonwoods and the auto camp. He climbed into his own car and sat back comfortably, waiting.

He did not have to wait long. The filling station man and his customer came out, both stiffened, staring at each other then out to the highway. "I'll be knocked for a row of blue tombstones!" the car owner shouted.

One of the men ran down the highway toward the stalled car, the other called into the chow cart, and the cook came out tucking his apron into his pants so he could run. Two customers followed him.

Professor Piltkin watched the growing excitement and grinned in the dark. It was great! He saw them all coming back with the hitchhikers and the stolen car, haranguing, shouting, some laughing. "That's a good one!" the car owner hooted. "You were thumbing a ride and I stopped my car and let you in! *I* let you in! Wow!"

Pops shrieked like an old woman, "You're framing us!" Bertha bawled. Henry cringed as they pushed him into the filling-station shack. They pushed Pops in next, and Bertha followed, wringing her hands.

Everyone crowded into the shack—except Professor Piltkin. But he prowled closer. The garage attendant was talking to a big man who had come from the trailer camp. "I saw 'em pass here, trying to thumb a ride and the next thing we know they hopped in this gent's car and rode off till the car stalled—the driver being new at it."

Henry gibbered, "A frame-up! A frame-up! He opened the door of his car, I tell you, and picked us up!"

"Can you beat it!" the car owner snorted. "I was in here reading my road map and they're saying *I* picked 'em up!"

"I'll pick 'em up myself," the trailer camp owner said, "being I'm special deputy in this layout."

"You mean you're arresting us?" Bertha wailed. "But we got jobs waiting in California. We simply got to get there—"

"You'll get there, sister—in two years maybe."

Professor Piltkin had heard enough. No one noticed him. Nor did they notice the two suitcases Henry had set down at the door. Professor Piltkin looked at them with one eye like a chicken—the sunburned eye which was his smart one. Then he reached for the suitcases and sauntered away.

FIVE miles down the highway he discarded the suitcases, but first he retrieved the photo of Mary and Chubbs, and the brand-new shaving case Mary had given him for the trip, and the monogrammed brushes, the box of pearl studs and cuff links and the electric razor. He also retrieved a collapsible silver cup, flash light and alarm clock.

The car hummed and Professor Piltkin breathed deep of the breeze from the big barrancas. It was glorious! An enormous moon came up behind him, glittering on the wind-whipped cedars ahead. It was the kind that Westerners call a "coyote moon" because whenever coyotes see it, they sing.

Professor Piltkin sang as he rode west.

THE END

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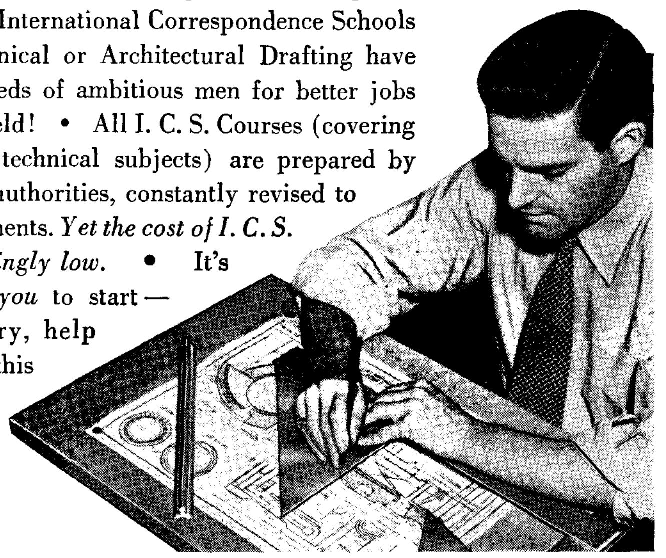

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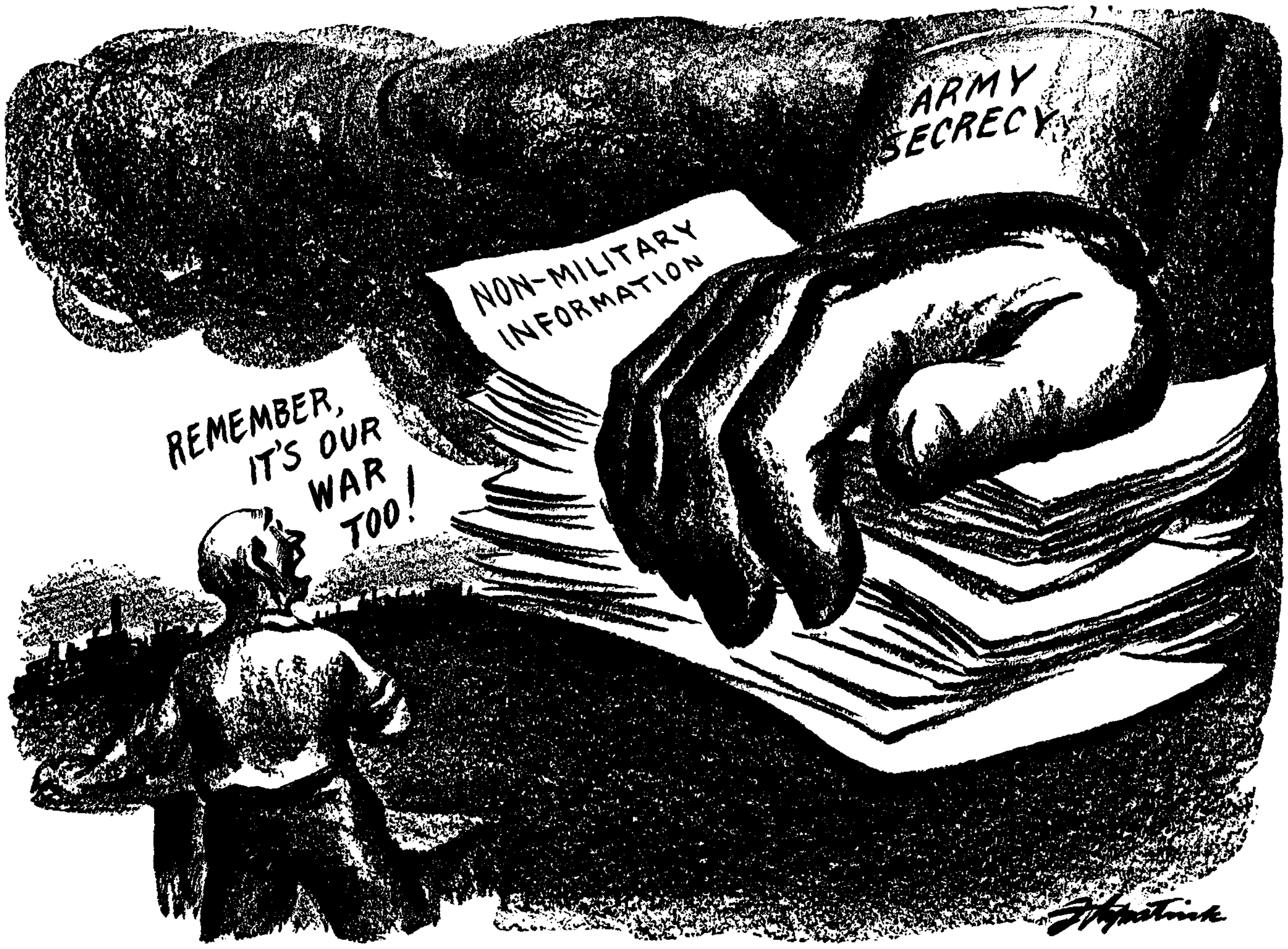


DAVIS VS. THE ARMY

IN THE running fight between Director of War Information Elmer Davis and assorted generals and admirals, we're for Davis. We hope he may succeed in loosening up some of the fighting men's lockjawed secrecy regarding such things as the trial of the first bag of eight German spies.

We realize the necessity for caution in these matters. But we also know that the armed services are loaded with hush-hush gents who would like, if they could, to keep the people in ignorance of all war news except the daily news that the people have got to pay more and more taxes for the war.

Such an ideal is impractical and dangerous, especially in a democracy. As Mr. Davis says, "This is a people's war, and to win it the people should know as much about it as they can." And the only proper test for censorship to apply is: Will a given piece of war information actively help the enemy if released? If it will, suppress it; if it won't, release it.

These eight spies were nailed by the F.B.I., and exciting stories about the roundup were given out. The public had its mouth set for a thrilling trial, with plenty of lurid details that could be safely published, and with testimony of actual value to the enemy withheld. It could have been arranged.

Instead, we were given an exhibition of Army secrecy which would have been normal, everyday stuff in Germany, Italy or Japan, but which did not sit well with Americans. If we couldn't have the publicity on the trial, why all the fanfare about the arrests? Why not keep the whole affair secret till after the war, leaving it to Mr. Hitler to wonder till then what had become of eight of his ace wreckers?

The precedent set by this trial, if allowed to stand, will be a dangerous one. If the Army can get by with this procedure in these spy cases, how long will it be before American citizens are being dragged into Star Chamber trials under definitions of sedition and disloyalty?

We hope Mr. Davis will keep on fighting for adequate reporting of these matters, despite the discouragements which are bound to come his way and the smear campaigns likely to be launched against him. The military has got to remain subordinate to the civil authority in this country, or in fighting for democracy around the world we'll lose it here.

SEC OLIVE BRANCHES

GANSON PURCELL, young, energetic and hitherto very leftist chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, has been making some strange noises of late—strange for Mr. Purcell, we mean. Mr. Purcell has taken to holding out olive branches to the securities-distribution industry.

The SEC chairman sees no reason, he says, why the SEC and the brokers, bankers, etc., should not "institute some form of continuing joint exploration of the problems which confront us from time to time, and which should be of mutual concern." In plainer English, co-operation instead of cutthroat conflict, working together to protect and help the investing public, instead of working at swords' points.

It is an encouraging development, we think, and we are glad Mr. Purcell has somehow evolved to this way of thinking. The SEC came into the picture after the securities business had reached the crashing climax of the cockeyed '20's and had writhed through the worst of a horrible panic. By and large, the SEC has done a good job of policing, cleaning out ratholes and mares' nests, and seeing that suckers get a better break than they used to get.

But the story ought not to come to a halt there. Stock exchanges are legitimate and necessary institutions in every country operating under a profit system. The banking and brokerage community will have tremendous roles to play in postwar financing of various kinds. If the government, through the SEC, will co-operate instead of persecuting, we'll all be better off.

Assuming that Mr. Purcell means what he says, it is a safe guess that he will be met more than halfway by the financial fraternity.

The Last Time I Saw Paris

JUST a few lines about a book which we hope none of the customers will overlook: The Last Time I Saw Paris, by Elliot Paul (Random House, New York, 421 pp., $2.75). Mr. Paul, during much of the long truce, was the spade-bearded, picturesque and brilliant literary editor of the Chicago Tribune's Paris edition and later of the Paris Herald.

We'd like to spread this editorial out for several columns of rave reviewing, but simply haven't the space. All we have room to say is that The Last Time I Saw Paris is one of the most beautiful, interesting, amusing and inspiring tributes we have ever seen to a magnificent city and the people in it . . . and that we don't see how a city which could inspire such a book can ever be really killed.

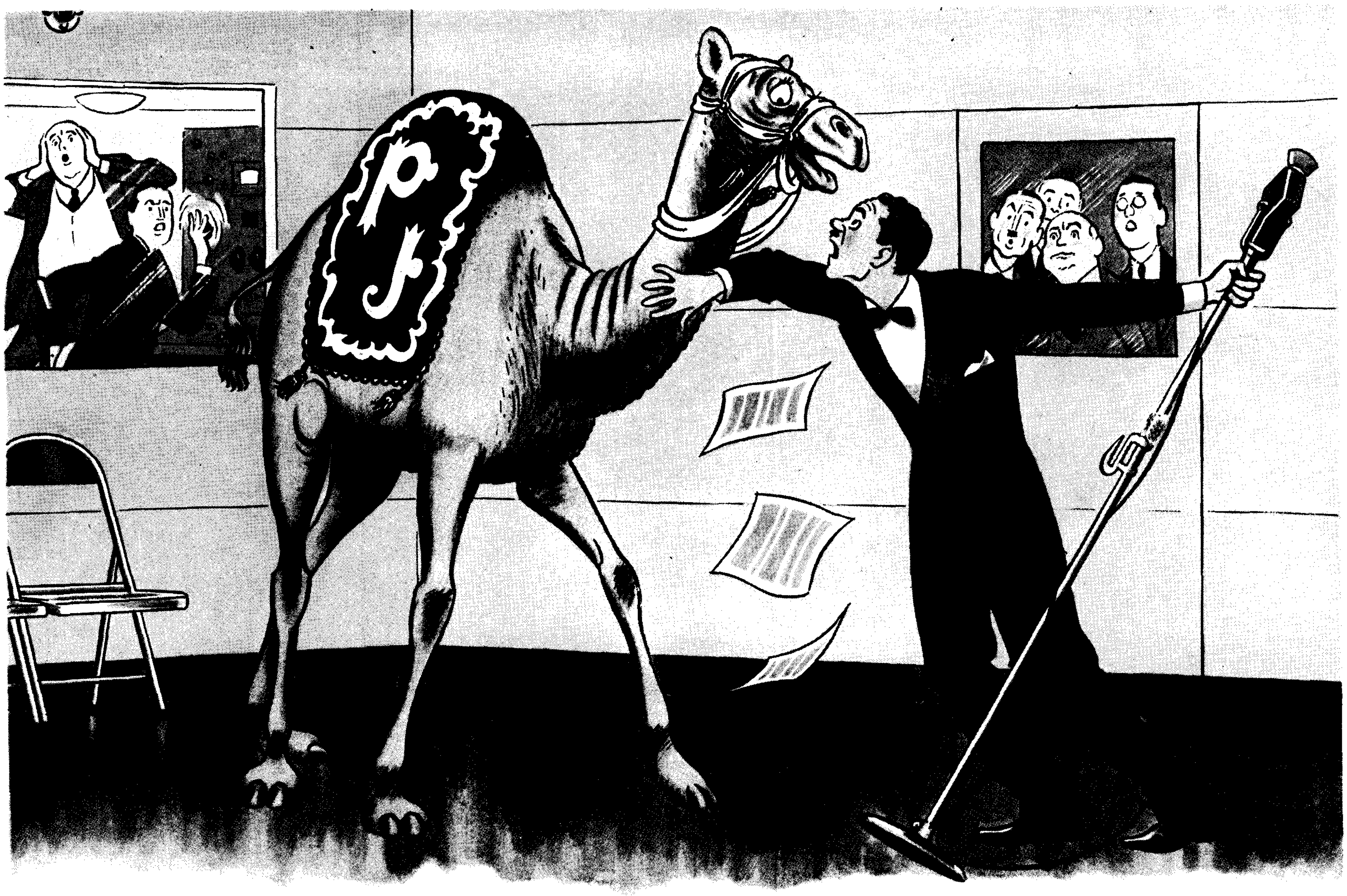
You Can Be Too Cautious

OH, THEY'LL never get married," said a shrewd friend of ours the other day about an engaged couple whom she knew rather well. "They're talking themselves out of it."

And in fact, as she described the case, they were. They spent hours analyzing their feelings for each other. Worse, they spent even more hours worrying over finances, relatives, and all the other obstacles or mishaps which could conceivably hurt their marriage down the years.

Of course, you should be prudent about such things. For one thing, it is plainly foolish to get married unless there is some money in hand and a job or other means of support firmly in the clutches of one or the other party to the agreement—far preferably of the man.

But marriage is essentially an adventure, and one of the great adventures of life. Approach it as a grand and glorious adventure, rather than as a cold business proposition, and you'll improve your chances of finding it a real, lifelong adventure.



"Camel, stay 'way from my mike!"

ANNOUNCER: Due to a circumstance apparently beyond my control . . . go away, camel, go away! There are a million people listening.

CAMEL: Ah, excellently provided, sahib! I am at my best with a large audience. Be so good as to step aside . . .

ANNOUNCER: Step aside, my arrogant omnibus? If you don't hasten your hooves to the nearest exit, I'll have you *hoisted* out!

CAMEL: But, Master, don't you know me? Don't you recognize the living, breathing, *eloquent* symbol of *dryness*—that most-to-be-saluted quality of PAUL JONES whiskey? Ah-h-h, dryness—that lack of sweetness which experts demand.

ANNOUNCER: That's enough of your raptures, my querulous quadruped. Just tell me why this dryness you're boasting of is a reason for crashing this program! Yes, and what's *dryness* doing in a whiskey anyhow?

CAMEL: Why, Master of persuasive speech, it is dryness that brings out the true flavor of this noble whiskey, allows its full richness to come through . . . clear and mellow, like your voice, august announcer.

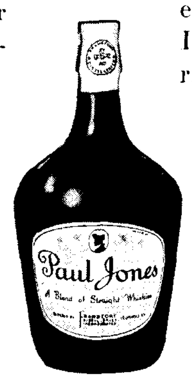
ANNOUNCER: Fine, camel. Just dandy! Except . . . well, who in these times could afford such a jewel among whiskies?

CAMEL: Your pardon, sahib. Didn't you hear me say PAUL JONES whiskey? It's so magnificent of flavor, yet so modest of price that wise men know PAUL JONES as a *great buy!*

ANNOUNCER: Say, Camel, that was positively eloquent! You'd make a swell announcer! I'm taking you downstairs for an audition right now!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones



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